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EDITED BY B. O. FLOWER.

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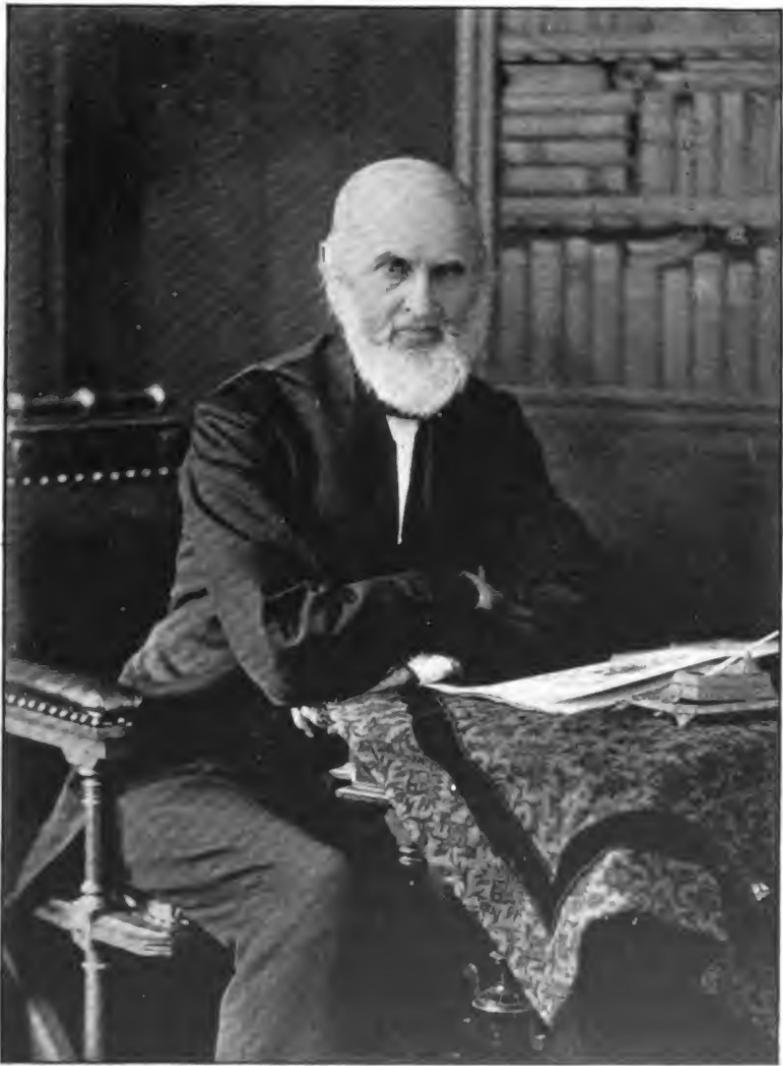
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John Greenleaf Whittier

THE ARENA.

No. XXV.

DECEMBER, 1891.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN THE HEAVENS.*

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

SCIENCE has recently made one of those unexpected discoveries which, by a single bound, stretch the horizon of our knowledge to a prodigious distance.

What a strange achievement! It concerns itself with orbs the human eye has never seen, which it cannot see to-day, which in all probability it never will see.

Incontestably here is an astonishing discovery, whereby is proved the existence of certain stars,—a discovery which enables us to measure and weigh, even to chemically analyze, these stars, which yet are condemned to everlasting invisibility, so far as we are concerned.

At the same time this method of observation apprehends those movements, equally invisible, which take place within the circle of our physical vision, and enables us to determine whether a star is approaching nearer to us, or withdrawing farther from us, even if this motion is not betrayed by any apparent displacement of the star in the celestial arc.

Indeed, every gigantic step in modern science changes our perspective, and immeasurably enlarges the sphere of our knowledge.

Certainly there are at present no celestial engineers capable of constructing the bridge destined to put us in communication with other worlds; but ideas quickly blossom in the sunshine of our era; and, for my part, I humbly acknowledge that I am very proud of having been the indirect cause

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of increasing, by a hundred thousand francs, the capital fund of the French Institute, designed for the encouragement of scientific investigations. The *unknown* of yesterday is often the *reality* of to-day. That venerable lady of Pau, Madame Guzman, may sleep in peace. She cast aside vulgar and superficial tradition, and her name will be allied to the progress of the most beautiful of sciences.

What are these invisible stars, so recently discovered?

Lift your eyes to the sky, and search, among the constellations which overtop the ethereal heights, for one star which conceals itself in the prolongation of the three beautiful stars of Andromeda. You will note two stars, very brilliant, which recall the aspect of the twin stars, Castor and Pollux; but they are less similar, one of the two being very effulgent. This one has received for its designation the first letter of the Greek alphabet, Alpha. The other is named for the second letter, Beta; and it is this latter star which is the object of our unexpected discoveries. The Arabs call this star Menkalinan; but the name has nothing to do with the matter.

The discovery to which the attention of readers of THE ARENA is now directed is a great honor to astronomical science in general, and particularly creditable to the method of its pursuit in the United States, to the Observatory connected with Harvard College, and to Mr. Pickering.

It seems to me that astronomical study is more widely spread in the United States than in France, and (better still) receives more encouragement. Numerous and special observatories have been erected in the United States to the glory of Urania, most of them being magnificently endowed, and furnished with all the appurtenances essential to fresh researches.

Women are no longer strangers to this tendency, and contemporaneous science is indebted to them for part of its progress. They have often a profound love for all that is noble and great, for everything beautiful; inasmuch as they adhere more closely to the ideal, and do not allow themselves to be overwhelmed by that mercantile grossness which so much debases and defaces masculine intelligence. Women lift themselves higher, see farther, dwell in a superior realm, and befriend science by consecrating themselves thereto.

Moreover, their eyes are often better than ours for certain

observations. In France, Monsieur Bouquet de la Grye, at the Institute, has already obtained excellent results by the organization of a group of young girls for the accurate and subtle measurement of photographs representing the transit of Venus.

The discovery which Prof. Pickering last presented to the scientific world was largely due to the minute care which a feminine observer, Miss Maury, had bestowed upon the examination of the images in the spectrum photographed from a particular star.

At the Harvard Observatory, spectrum photographs of the stars are systematically taken. The reflection of the star is received on a prism. In traversing that prism, the light of the star is manifested like a thin, colored ribbon, and it is this little ribbon which is photographed.

This photographed spectrum shows itself striped with transverse lines, which indicate the chemical constitution of the star. By examining these rays with that nice attention in which women delight, and which they carry into the slightest details, Miss Maury perceived that certain rays were double, and that this duplication evinced itself sometimes in one way and sometimes in another.

What was the cause of this unexpected display? Theory pointed to an explanation, and here it is.

This star, whose spectrum sometimes presents these duplicated rays, is composed of two stars, two suns, very near neighbors to each other,—so near, indeed, that the most powerful telescopes in the world are incapable of distinguishing them separately to our view. These two conjoined stars revolve around each other within the range of our visual radius. Of these two, one may be obscured, or even nearly extinguished; but the result of their mutual motion is, that during half of the revolutionary period the principal sun, or star, withdraws itself from us, while during the other half it comes nearer. In the first case its spectrum lines are diverted toward the left, toward the red edge of the prismatic ribbon. In the second case they move towards the right, towards the violet extremity of the ribbon.

There then occurs with light, what also happens to sound when it proceeds from a sonorous source in motion. Every traveller has had opportunities of observing that when another railway train, moving more or less rapidly, passes that in

which he is journeying, the whistle becomes very acute at the moment of meeting, and then immediately lowers itself again. This is because, when the two trains approach each other, the sound-waves are shortened, and the whistle is therefore higher and shriller; whereas, as the trains move farther apart, the sound-waves are lengthened, and therefore the tones become deeper.

Light also is transmitted by undulations. When a star recedes from us, the light-waves are lengthened which we receive therefrom, so that the number perceived in each second is smaller, and the spectrum appears to verge towards the red side; while the contrary effect is produced when the star draws nearer, and the waves of light are correspondingly shortened.

If one carefully compares the rays in the star's spectrum with those proceeding from an artificial and stationary source of light,—like an electric illuminator, for example,—the difference observed in the position of the rays shows whether the star is receding or approaching.

This ingenious method of observation,—for which we are indebted to two eminent scientists, Dappler, in Austria, and Fizeau, in France,—has already yielded surprising results. Among other things, it has shown that certain stars, apparently immovable in the immensity of the heavens, are shooting through that immensity at the prodigious rate of one, two, and three hundred thousand meters a second.

This investigation especially shows that certain stars, which to us appear single, are really double, each being accompanied by another star, to us invisible, a mysterious companion, which rules the destiny of its chief, but is lost in its radiance,—a star inaccessible to the most powerful telescope, but which the photographic spectrum can entrap in a new species of filamentary network.

This star Menkalinan, which glistens not far from the White Capella, is associated with an unseen comrade. These two associated stars revolve about each other at the unheard-of rapidity of two hundred and forty kilometers a second, and each revolution is accomplished in four days. Their orbits measure thirteen millions of kilometers in space. This double sun, estimated by its rapidity, is eight hundred thousand times heavier than the earth. Its distance from the earth is four million times greater than that of the sun,

perhaps one hundred and forty-eight thousand milliards of leagues. In order to distinguish these twin stars from each other, a telescope would be required with an opening width of thirty meters, or a length of six hundred meters.

Such conclusions seem like fantasies, since they involve the discovery of an orb it is impossible for us to see, the estimation of its unimaginable flight, reaching two hundred and forty thousand meters every second of time, and the calculation of its weight; and I should perhaps add, above all, that in order to reach us from that distant point of the firmament, the rays of light, which reveal these facts to our analysis, have required a period of not less than sixty-three years for their transit hither, having departed from their distant home in the year 1828. In studying this star we are therefore sixty-three years behindhand in our knowledge of what is therein transpiring. What we are now observing occurred there three-and-sixty years ago; and if any catastrophe has come to those orbs since 1828, we are not yet able to ascertain anything about it.

Oh Mystery of Infinity! Man, the terrestrial *homunculus*, is able to sound thy depths; but thou compassest him about, as the ocean swallows the grain of sand falling into its bosom.

The night is beautiful, sparkling with suns; translucent space, reaching into infinity, is peopled with myriads of worlds; but all is silent. The universe would remain forever mute, but for the interrogations of astronomy, and only by rare monosyllables does the mighty Sphinx respond to our questions.

Four stars, however, have already yielded their secrets. The brilliant Alpha, of the constellation Virgo,—which bore the Epi (or wheathead) in the ancient zodiac of Babel's Chaldean priests, and is found also in Egyptian tombs,—is linked to an invisible star, which controls it, and makes it move harmoniously in equal periods of four days each.

The beautiful Mizar, of the Great Bear constellation, on the pole of Charles's Wain of the North, has likewise made itself known as another celestial union of two stars of dazzling whiteness, mutually cradled in the same gravitation, and gliding slowly about each other in periods of one hundred and four days.

Then there is Algol, the Devil of the Arabs, shooting his

fires from Medusa's dishevelled locks, who now shows himself to be composed of one dark and one white sun, revolving about each other in two days, twenty hours, forty-eight minutes, and fifty-three seconds, the dark star eclipsing the white at these regular intervals.

No one can boast any prevision of what these new methods of physical and chemical analysis may unfold in the future; and very bold, very blind, are they who dare suppose that science has spoken her last word. As yet we are only within the vestibule of her temple.

If I do not deceive myself, these unexpected achievements of spectroscopy come at this opportune hour, as if to authorize the most enthusiastic hopes,—even those which have contributed to the acceptance of the testamentary document now to be cited.

Let us pause an instant to consider this bequest. For it we are indebted to a very aged lady, Madame Guzman, recently deceased at Pau, who was very greatly interested, especially in her declining years, in those descriptions of the planet Mars given in my book, *Urania*, and in the theoretic possibilities set forth in my *Rêves Etoilés* (Starry Dreams) as to intercourse with that neighborly planet. Here is the passage in her will relating to astronomy :

A prize of one hundred thousand francs is bequeathed to the Institute of France (the Scientific Section) to be awarded to the person, no matter of what country, who finds, within ten years, the means of communicating with any star (planetary or otherwise) and receives a response therefrom.

The testatrix has in mind especially the planet Mars, to which the attention and investigation of scientists are now directed.

If the Institute of France accepts not the bequest, it shall be transferred to the Institute of Milan ; and, in case of a renewed refusal, to that of New York.

The Institute of France has accepted the legacy,—thanks to a supplementary clause, authorizing the use of the interest, from this principal sum, as a recompense for researches into the physical constitution of other celestial orbs, while we await this astounding discovery, which undoubtedly is not yet very near.

In order to enter into communication with the inhabitants of Mars, it will be necessary to photophone (or telephone) to them in this wise: "Hello! Are you there?" To do

this, two things are needful, that the inhabitants should be there, and that they should understand our question.

Even now Mars reaches the earth by means of attraction and light. Astronomers already analyze these two mediums of communication. What is immediately desirable, and will probably come some day, is another method of communication, more subtle and more human.

There is nothing absurd in the idea itself; and this anticipation is perhaps less venturesome than was the expectation of the telephone or phonograph, the photophone or the cinematograph.

It was suggested at first in connection with the moon. A triangle, traced on the moon's surface by three luminous lines, each from twelve to thirteen kilometers in length, would be visible from the earth, with telescopic aid. We can already detect some of the smallest details, for instance, the singular topographical outlines indicated to us by the lunar circle of Plato. A triangle, a square, or a circle of such dimensions, constructed on some vast earthly plain (with the aid of luminous points, reflected from the sun's rays during the daytime, and illuminated by electricity at night) must be visible to astronomers in the moon, provided there are such astronomers, and that they have optical instruments equivalent to our own.

The train of reasoning is very simple. If we should observe, on the moon's surface, a triangle correctly proportioned, we should be somewhat puzzled by it. We might think we saw incorrectly, and ask ourselves if accidental lunar formations might not give birth to such an accurate figure. Undoubtedly we should at first conclude by admitting this exceptional possibility; but if, all at once, we should see the triangle change into a square, and a few months later that square should be replaced by a circle, then (logically admitting that an intelligent effect presupposes an intelligent cause) we should rationally decide that such figures revealed, beyond a doubt, the presence of geometrical knowledge in our neighboring sphere.

From that conclusion it would require but a step into seeking for the purpose which could induce the tracing of such designs upon the moon's surface, and to asking ourselves why, and to what intent, our unknown lunar brothers were forming these figures; and that step would be soon

taken. Did they indicate a purpose to enter into personal relations with us? The hypothesis would not be irrational. It might be pondered, it might be discussed, it might be rejected as arbitrary, or it might be defended as ingenious.

After all, why might not the moon's inhabitants be as inquisitive as ourselves, and even more intelligent,—more truly exalted in their aspirations, less impeded by the glutinous birdlime of material necessities? Why might they not suppose the earth to be inhabited like their own world, and why might not these geometric appeals be for the purpose of asking if we really had any existence?

Moreover, responses would not be difficult. The Moonites would show us a triangle; we should duplicate it here. They would trace a circle; we should imitate it. Communication would then be established between the sky and the earth, for the first time in the world's history.

Geometry being necessarily the same to the inhabitants of every world, two and two absolutely making four in every region of infinity, and the proposition that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles being everlastingly true, the signs exchangeable between moon and earth would not even be as obscure as the Egyptian hieroglyphics deciphered by Champollion; and the communication thus established would quickly become systematic and fruitful.

Besides, the moon is only a few paces off. The distance of three hundred and eighty-four thousand kilometers equals but thirty times the diameter of our earth; and many a rural postman has walked this distance in the course of his life. A telegraphic despatch would cover this distance in a second and a quarter, and light would require no longer time.

The moon is a celestial province, annexed to our terrestrial destiny by nature herself. The cold and dead aspect of our pale satellite, however, is not encouraging to the realization of this project, and fancy can more easily fly to the planet Mars, which never comes nearer to us, it is true, than fourteen million leagues, but is the best known of all the heavenly bodies, and presents such a striking resemblance to our world, that we should hardly be denationalized if transported thither with our penates,—our household gods. The aspect of Mars, indeed, consoles us a little for our disappointment in the moon, for now we might believe ourselves in some earthly country. Continents, seas, islands, streams,

peninsulas, capes, gulfs, springs, clouds, inundations, rain, snow,—seasons of winter and summer, spring and autumn, the alternation of day and night, evening and morning,—are to be found there, almost as they are here. The years are longer, for they last six hundred and eighty-seven days; but the intense temperature of the seasons is absolutely the same as with us, the inclination of the axis being exactly the same in both planets. The days there are also a little longer than our own, because the daily rotation requires twenty-four hours, thirty-seven minutes, and twenty-three seconds; but the difference is not great, as you notice that the facts are known to a nicety, this diurnal rotation being determined within the tenth of a second.

If, in a beautiful starlit night, we examine Mars through the telescope,—when we see the polar snows which melt in summer, the continents bifurcated by intervening seas and huge gulfs, and note its beautiful and varied geographical configuration,—we cannot choose but wonder if the sun, which illuminates that world as it does our own, shines there on no living creature, if the rains fructify nothing, if that atmosphere is unbathed by a single being, and if the world of Mars, as it rolls swiftly through space, is like a railway train rushing emptily along, without passengers and without merchandise. The idea that the earth where we dwell, coursing thus about the sun, could be uninhabited by any living soul whatever, seems so inconsistent that it is difficult to harbor such a conception. By what permanent miracle of sterilization could the forces of nature, existing there as here, be kept eternally inactive and barren?

Is it inconceivable that one should think of applying to the planet Mars the primitive method proposed for intercourse with the moon?

The distance of that world from us is so great, although so much superior to the moon in size, that Mars seems, even at its nearest approach, to be sixty-three times smaller than the moon. Therefore, though viewed through a telescope which magnifies sixty-three diameters, Mars assumes only the dimensions which the moon presents to the naked eye; and an enlargement of six hundred and thirty times would give that planet apparent dimensions only ten times as large as our satellite assumes to the unassisted gaze, though it has a surface a hundred times greater.

If, therefore, anybody expects ever to put into practical operation a project of intercommunication between that world and ours, the signals must be established on a much vaster scale. It is not only triangles, squares, and circles a few kilometers in extent which must be constructed, but the figures should embrace at least a hundred kilometers, always supposing: *first*, that Mars is inhabited; *second*, that those inhabitants concern themselves with astronomy; *third*, that they have adequate optical instruments; *fourth*, that they study our own earth attentively; for to them this earth is a magnificent planet of the first grandeur, the Morning and Evening Star, the most brilliant orb in their firmament. In a word, to the Martians our planet is the Shepherd Star, to which their mythologies have doubtless erected altars ages ago.

This is the secret held by the future. In the history of progress let us not forget that the *impossibility* of yesterday is often the *reality* of to-morrow.

This problem will not be solved to-day; doubtless many centuries will roll away before it can receive practical thought; yet the knot may be cut any day, through some new and unexpected discovery or invention.

The idea of learning the chemical constitution of the stars was declared absurd by Auguste Comte, and by other great minds, but a few years before the spectrum analysis suddenly caused that splendid revelation to fall from the heavens. The lens was a marvel till we became better acquainted therewith; and hence we should deem nothing impossible to astronomy or microscopy. The electric telegraph is another marvel which has transformed the world. May there not exist, among the planetary races, psychical bonds whereof we are as yet ignorant?

We have but entered the vestibule of our acquaintance with the universe. Let our belief in the existence of but one single and solitary eternal Utopia be lost in the well-grounded faith that some day we may go a little farther onward, and still cry *Excelsior!*

Let it be now repeated, that the advances due to spectrum analysis, which we have considered in the commencement of this article, furnish encouragement for the future. The conquests of science are the more marvellous, for being made contrary to the general inertia of humanity, and despite

the obstacles which common life opposes to intellectual pursuits, apart from commerce, finance, politics, and war,—interests which absorb the vital forces of our poor humanity; for intellectual pursuits are far removed from the resounding fanfare of worldly glory, and are sought by spirits humbly separated from whatsoever enters into the immense sum of human vanity. If humanity ever becomes truly intellectual, what giant steps may not be taken in our acquaintance with the universe!

Let us not complain too much! It is glorious to already have our eyes open towards immensity, and to be able to throw a glance along the avenues of space and time. We are beginning to spell out the first pages of the grand volume of the universe. There are other suns and other lights in the infinite, other days and other ages besides our own; and the earth is but one islet in the celestial ocean.

PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE—WHICH?

BY DAVID A. WELLS.

IN replying, at request, to the article entitled "Protection or Free Trade—Which?" contributed by Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge to THE ARENA for November, I find myself agreeing with him at the outset in the proposition, "That it is worth while, before attempting any discussion of the tariff, to clear the ground of cant;" the dictionary meaning of which term I find to be, "a quaint, affected mode of uttering words." When, therefore, Mr. Lodge commences his argument by the statements that "the advocates of free trade in this country not only believe their pet doctrine to be true, but they seem to assume that it is also new;" and that "they further treat it as if it were an exact science, and a great moral question as well," I feel warranted in suggesting that he take the initiatory step in the path which he has indicated by heeding the old proverb, "Physician, heal thyself." With a view of further clearing the ground he next asserts that "the question of free trade or protection is in no sense a moral one. Free traders are prone to forget that their great prophet, Adam Smith, drew this distinction very plainly at the outset." "He never for a moment thought of putting his political economy on a plane of morality." From this proposition I entirely dissent. I do not think that Mr. Lodge can refer to a single line or paragraph in the "Wealth of Nations" that will warrant his assertion. Prof. Thorold Rogers, who edited, with comprehensive notes, the last and best edition of this book, commenting in his introduction on Mr. Smith's definition of political economy, says: "Adam Smith's definition is nearly co-extensive with the theory which seeks to establish the greatest possible good for the greatest possible number. Such a theory differs from that of morals only by the greatness of its object." Recurring again to the dictionary, I find the definition of morals to be as follows: "relating to the practice, manners, or conduct of men,—as social beings, in relation to each other,

and with reference to right and wrong." Now what did Adam Smith do? He pointed out as no one that preceded had done, and as few have since, the sources and distribution of wealth, the inequality of its distribution, and the resulting poverty to the masses (in his day equally as in our own) occasioned by unjust taxation, the granting of commercial privileges, the creation of monopolies, the restriction of trade, and the debasement of money, and how such inequalities could be best remedied or prevented. He demonstrated "with exactness the invariable reaction which always follows a course of legislation which does not commend itself to the moral sense of a nation, and the mischievous consequences that always ensue when public law gives sanction to private selfishness." But what, some may ask, have these investigations and teachings to do with morals? My answer is, everything. They constitute the very foundation of practical moral progress; for there is no disputing the record of all experience, that there is little hope of making a man moral, decent, or religious, so long as through the inequalities in the distribution of wealth, every working hour with him is occupied with the single thought of how to physically live. Vanderkemp, a Dutch missionary to the Kaffirs fifty years ago, fully grasped the truth of this when in defending his policy he said, "that while the spirit of God might come into a brush hut with a cow-dung floor, and abide therein, he had no doubt that it would come quicker and abide longer in a house with a tile roof, clean floor, and glazed windows." And hence the eulogium of Buckle, in which economists, if not the entire public, has generally acquiesced "that this solitary Scotchman has, by the publication of one single work, contributed more to the happiness of man than has been effected by the united abilities of all the statesmen and legislators of whom history has preserved an authentic account."

The truth of the assumption, which Mr. Lodge ridicules, that the doctrine of freedom of exchange represents, or rather *is* a great moral question, does not, however, depend upon the dictum of any one man or set of men, but upon certain incontrovertible and fundamental principles of reason and common sense; a fact that the advocates of free trade in the United States have not hitherto recognized and made use of as fully as they might. Doubtless Mr. Lodge and those who

think with him will say, "what an absurdity!" But let us reason together. If men are born with certain innate and inalienable, or, as Herbert Spencer expresses it, "substantial" rights, then first among such rights is certainly that of "physical integrity" or ownership and control of one's own person. But the possession and enjoyment of this right depends upon and necessarily involves the possession of certain other rights; as the right to free locomotion, the right to the use of natural media, the right of free exchange and free contract, the right of property, the right of free industry, the right of free belief and worship, and the right of free speech, and the denial or abridgment of any one of these to any individual is equivalent to affirming and defending the principle and expediency of slavery.* And as illustrative of how in the case of men almost wholly lacking in the education of the schools but abounding in strong common sense, the right of free exchange was, as it were, instinctively regarded as the correlative of personal freedom, it may be mentioned that the deeds or writings granting freedom to slaves in New England during the latter part of the last century and subsequently, almost always coupled the right of free personal movement with the right to freely traffic or trade; the wording of a copy of one such deed (before us at present writing) executed by a distinguished officer of the Continental army, running as follows: "I being conscientious in the sight of God that it is not right to keep slaves, therefore give to —— and child their freedom to pass and repass anywhere through the United States of America, with his behaving as becometh, and to trade and traffic as though he was born free, without being molested by any person."

Slavery, as it existed in our Southern States before the war, was an exemplification of the theory of protection logically carried out. The objective in both cases, slavery and protection, is always the same, namely: to restrict or prevent, apart from the requirements of the State for its economical support, the producer or laborer from determin-

* Herbert Spencer, in his recent work on "The Principles of Morality" clearly shows that what are called "political rights" are not, strictly speaking, rights at all, but merely the supposed means of ensuring to the individual his natural and substantial rights, as above enumerated. On the other hand, Professor Burgess of Columbia College, in his recent work, "Political Science and Comparative Constitutional Law," holds that there are no natural rights, but that personal liberty and all other cognate rights are exclusively derived from and created by the State.

ing for himself how he shall use the results of his labor—product, wages, or salary; and the plea in justification of such restriction is always the same, namely: general good as manifest from the restrictionist standpoint. If the slave's share of such "good" did not seem to him to sufficiently materialize, he was assured that he would nevertheless be abundantly recompensed for faithfully serving his owner in the world to come; and the assumption of justice and large humanity on the part of the slave-owners was thought to find demonstration in the assertion which they frequently made, that their slaves often came to them with tears in their eyes and besought protection against the abolitionists; an incident that finds a corresponding and most instructive parallel in a statement made by President Harrison in the political campaign of 1888, that "workingmen had come to him with tears in their eyes, and asked him to protect them against the free traders." Everybody, however, now knows that Sambo, notwithstanding, always ran away, when he got a chance, to his enemies the abolitionists, who desired to give him his freedom; as will doubtless, President Harrison's workingmen escape to the free traders, when they come to appreciate that free trade is only another name for an attribute of personal liberty.

Restrictions on the commercial intercourse of nations differ in form only from acts of war; and such acts inevitably tend to develop ill-feeling and acts of retaliation. Falling back on the old, barbarous, mediæval notion that what one gains in trade is some others' loss; and rejecting the real truth of a higher civilization, that trade will not be carried on for any length of time unless both parties to the exchange are mutually benefited, how often is the circumstance that the working men and women of some town or village in England or Germany have been rendered miserable by the imposition of additional or prohibitory duties on the importation and sale of their products, exultingly referred to as an unmistakable proof of the beneficial consequences of such policy to our people? Would it be impudent, for instance, to ask the Rev. Edward Everett Hale (who is entitled to the respect and esteem of all men) how he harmonizes his advocacy of a high protective tariff with his proposal to organize "Lend a Hand Societies"? Does he propose to confine his lending of a hand to the unfortunate of his own neighbor-

hood, or country, and not only withhold his hand in kindness, but use it to inflict a blow upon some other unfortunate who happens to have fallen on the other side of an imaginary line which we term a boundary? Does he stand with the Priest and Levite whose sympathy went out only to their own class, or with the Samaritan to whom all men were brothers? Mr. Lodge considers it a point against the free trade policy of England, that few or no other nations, profiting by her experiences, have adopted it. The fact, however, is that upon the repeal of the British corn laws in 1846, the tendency of popular sentiment and the policy of governments throughout the world was unquestionably in the direction of emancipating international trade from all arbitrary restrictions. But the results of the Franco-Prussian war, and the radical changes since then in respect to war armaments and forces, have entailed enormous additional expenses upon all the states of Europe; and indirect taxes, by means of duties on imports, have been resorted to as the only practical means of meeting increased financial burdens, and this is the reason, more than any other, why England stands almost alone among the nations of Europe as the advocate of commercial freedom.

Whether in view of the facts and experiences as above presented, the assertion of Mr. Lodge, that the attempt of the advocates of commercial freedom "to give the weight of morality to their doctrine" represents "an untenable position," is in itself in any degree tenable, may be safely left to the judgment of the reader.

The second and third points raised by Mr. Lodge, namely, is political economy an exact science? and, is the tariff reformer open to criticism if he assumes that his subject "*is new*"? having no special relevancy in either case to the question under discussion, i. e., as the expediency of protection or free trade, do not seem to call for consideration in connection with this discussion.

Mr. Lodge's fourth point is the experience of England under her free trade policy; and from his assertion that there is "no proof that it has been a brilliant and conclusive success" in that country; and that there is "no evidence that it has had any effect upon the serious questions of the day which touch the welfare of the great masses of the people," I again dissent; and so clear and certain am I in my reasons

for dissent, that if it were possible to submit the question of the national expediency of free trade to a competent and authoritative tribunal, I should be willing to rest the entire case of free trade on the experience of England (or Great Britain) alone and exclusively. The subject thus opened is one of exceeding interest, not as well known as it should be, and to fully set it forth would require many pages. The essential, salient points can, therefore, be here only presented.

For very many years prior to 1842, the entire fiscal system of Great Britain was based upon a most rigid and extreme protective policy. Import (customs) duties were levied on almost every article of foreign production brought into the kingdom. The number of articles on the tariff list of Great Britain as late as 1840 was in excess of fifteen hundred, of which more than four hundred were the raw materials of British manufacturers. There were also export duties and prohibition of exports, coal being an example of the latter. The penalties against smuggling and other violations of the revenue laws were heavy, and the statutes were enforced with merciless severity. England had also a system of navigation laws, concerning which it is not necessary to say more than that they were the model upon which the present absurd and obsolete system of the United States was constructed. It must be evident, therefore, that if the protective policy ever had a chance, free substantially from all opposition, to vindicate and commend itself, it had it here. But what were the results? We will not go back to ancient history, but take the period from 1815 — when the great wars in which England had been engaged for nearly a quarter of a century had terminated — to 1842, a period of twenty-seven years of comparative peace, when the prestige of England and her influence over her outside world were never greater. And yet such was the stagnation of British trade and commerce during all this long period that the value of British exports of manufactures and produce, which was £51,610,480 in 1815 was only £51,634,623 in 1841, an increase in twenty-seven years of only £24,143 (\$120,715). But striking and instructive as are these statistics, they wholly fail to convey any adequate conception of the appalling condition of the country at the close of this period, which is thus described by an acknowledged historical authority.

"Every interest in the country was depressed. In the manufacturing districts mills and workshops were closed, and property daily depreciated in value; in the seaports shipping was laid up useless in harbor; agricultural laborers were eking out a miserable existence upon starvation wages and parochial relief; the revenue was insufficient to meet the national expenditure; the country was brought to the verge of national and universal bankruptcy." *

It was under such a condition of affairs that Sir Robert Peel first took office as prime minister, namely, in 1841. He had been up to this time a believer and defender of the protective policy; but he saw clearly that its further continuance meant ruin to the nation, and that the time had come for its radical modification. His action at first was tentative. It was an attempt to foster trade by reducing import duties, at the same time continuing protection. By the act of 1842, all prohibitions on imports were removed, and all duties of so protective a character as to be prohibitive were relaxed. The number of articles on which duties were abated was seven hundred and fifty. The remainder were left untouched. The results of these remissions of taxes upon trade were eminently beneficial. A deficiency in the national revenue of \$12,105,000 in 1841 was converted into a surplus of \$17,045,000 in 1845, and many who had before doubted or opposed the policy of relaxing protection, became earnest advocates for its continuance. The duties on wool, which had been maintained for centuries, were wholly repealed in 1844; and in 1845, four hundred and thirty articles, mainly raw materials for manufactures, were added to the free list. And from this time forth, reduction of tariff taxation rapidly followed, until the present British tariff substantially levies duties upon only seven articles, cocoa, coffee, dried fruit, tea, tobacco, spirits, and playing cards; and from all of these the protective principle is completely eliminated by the imposition of equivalent inland revenue taxes on any corresponding domestic product. All British navigation laws of a restrictive character were repealed in 1849, with the exception of such as pertained to the coasting trade; and these last were entirely abrogated in 1854.

It is pertinent to call attention at this point to the circumstance, that all the early measures looking to greater

* Noble's English Fiscal Legislation, 1842-1865.

commercial freedom in Great Britain were opposed with the same bitterness, and with the same arguments as characterizes the opposition to tariff reform in the United States at the present time. It was confidently predicted by British protectionists that if the tariff taxes on the import of cereals (the corn laws) were repealed "it would shake the social relations of the country to their foundation, throw great quantities of land out of cultivation and lower wages." When the navigation laws were repealed in 1849, Mr. Disraeli rose in the House of Commons, and declared that this measure endangered the safety of the empire. But note now the results. British foreign commerce, freed from restrictions, increased by leaps and bounds. Its aggregate exports and imports in 1840 of £123,312,000 rose to £268,210,000 in 1854; £489,903,000 in 1865; £697,000,000 in 1880; and £748,000,000 (\$3,744,715,000) in 1890; and to-day the United Kingdom, with a population of 39,000,000, has a commerce equal to that of Austria, France, Germany, and Italy combined, with one hundred and fifty-seven millions of people, or to put it somewhat differently, no other nation, in respect to exports and imports — comparisons being made *per capita* — approximates Great Britain in its results to an extent sufficient to fairly justify a claim in its behalf to the holding of a second place.

Before the beginning of the removal of restrictions on commerce in 1842, the tonnage of the mercantile marine of Great Britain remained almost stationary; and during the years from 1816 to 1840 increased to the extent of only 80,000 tons. Between 1842 and 1849 it gained 444,000 tons. After the repeal of the navigation laws it rose from 3,485,000 tons in 1849, to 4,284,000 in 1854; 4,806,000 in 1861; 5,694,000 in 1871; 6,574,000 in 1880, and 7,759,-000 in 1890. Including the empire, the British mercantile marine at the present time is probably in excess of 10,000,000 tons. Before the repeal of her navigation laws, Great Britain owned only about one third of the world's shipping. To-day she owns about eight twelfths, and of the steam tonnage of the world, about seventy-five per cent.

In no one of the countries of Europe during the last forty years has the increase of population been as great as in the United Kingdom; and this result has been especially remarkable, inasmuch as during all this period Great Britain has not

had a single additional acre of land to put them upon. In no country of Europe, furthermore, has the increase of population been so largely accompanied by an increase in comfort as in England. The evidence on this point afforded by the record of the *per capita* consumption of the leading commodities in Great Britain, which the government has kept and published every year since 1840 is indisputable, and constitutes, from a humanitarian point of view, one of the most wonderful things in the history of the nineteenth century.

The data afforded by the income tax returns of Great Britain in recent years show beyond dispute that while the number of recipients of £1,000 income and upwards is comparatively decreasing in the kingdom, the increase in the number of the recipients of small incomes is far greater than the percentage increase of population, all of which indicates an increasing tendency to equality in the distribution of the national wealth; while in the United States the tendency appears to be the other way, as recent investigations, the results of which have not been disproved, indicate that 25,000 persons out of our population of 63,000,000, own half of the wealth of the country. The deposits in the savings banks of the United States in 1890, were \$1,438,000,000, or in the ratio of \$22.82 per head of the whole population. The deposits in the savings banks and provident institutions of Great Britain in 1888 were estimated at £215,000,000 (\$1,075,000,000), or in the ratio of \$28.28 per head of her entire population. Nearly every advocate of protection in the United States in discussing this subject has something to say about the comparative pauperism of England and the United States, to the disadvantage of the free commercial policy of the former country, and Mr. Lodge is no exception to the rule. But what are the facts? In 1842, the year of the inception of the free trade measures, there was one able-bodied pauper to every thirty-eight of the population of England and Wales. In 1890, the ratio was one in three hundred. In short, there is no evidence that pauperism is increasing in England and Scotland with their marked increase in population; but the evidence is all to the contrary. On the other hand the census returns for 1890 show that pauperism is increasing in the United States; and when Mr. Lodge talks about "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," it is well to remind him that there is not a city or

town in England in which the percentage of returned pauperism is as large as in the city of Hartford in New England.

While crime is diminishing in Great Britain in a remarkable manner, it is rapidly increasing in the United States. In 1885, one person in every 4,100 of the population of the British Isles was a convict; in 1890 the proportion in Massachusetts was one to every 461.

The amount of life insurance in Great Britain is greater than in any other country. Since the inauguration of her free trade policy in 1842, money wages of all classes of labor in the United Kingdom have advanced more than one hundred per cent., while the purchasing power of wages in respect to most commodities has also been very great. In recent years all the evidence tends to show that wages have advanced more rapidly in England than in the United States.

Of all the countries of the world the United States and Great Britain are the only ones that are reducing their national debts. Every country adopting the protectionist policy, other than the United States, is increasing its debt.

In short, in every movement in recent years towards a material betterment of the masses through a reduction of the hours of labor, compulsory education of children, advancing wages, laws regulating the payment of wages, factory and mine inspection, extermination of diseases and reduction of the death rate, cheap postage, diminishing the risks of ocean navigation, as to both life and property, establishment of co-operative and provident institutions, and the like, England has led, and still leads the world; and it is not creditable for a student of history, like Mr. Lodge, to longer attempt to bolster up the protectionist policy of the United States by deprecating the free trade and social experiences of Great Britain.

The other arguments adduced by Mr. Lodge in defence of the protective policy, are general in their nature, and in a limited essay admit of only general answers. They are mainly as follows: 1st. The result of the protection policy has been "to put the United States as a competitor into countless lines of new industries." This is in effect a begging of the question at issue; and an inferential premise that the great development of this country has been due mainly to a system of taxation, and that its great natural

resources, and intelligence, and energy of its people have counted for little. 2d. "The effect of this competition," he continues, "has been to reduce the world's prices in the product of those industries according to the well-known laws of competition." Here again I fail to find any warrant for this assertion. Whatever of influence the United States has exerted in reducing the world's prices—and it has not been inconsiderable—has been mainly through the invention and application of machinery and processes, like the sewing-machine, agricultural implements, vulcanization of India rubber, discovery and utilization of petroleum, and the like, none of which can be fairly attributable in any degree to tariff influence. On the contrary the influence of the protective policy from the first has been to locally counteract and neutralize world-wide influences tending to a reduction of prices. Take in illustration a single example. What did Bessemer effect through his invention? He did not make any better steel than was made before; but he found out a way of making a great economic material cheap, which was before dear; and the protective policy of the United States has been from the very first to neutralize its one great accruing benefit, namely, cheapness; and has been so successful that Bessemer steel, from the day of its discovery and introduction, has cost more in the United States than in any other country of the world, allowance being made for differences in the cost of transportation. That the protective policy has benefited certain industries and greatly enriched many individuals is not disputed; but there is a good deal of evidence that its general influence has been in a high degree destructive. One illustration again may be cited. For many years the Federal Government has levied and collected a tax on the import of crude or partially manufactured materials imported solely for use in American manufactures, of about \$40,000,000 per annum. Forty millions is ten per cent. on four hundred millions of product into which these imported materials enter, and burdened with such an increase of cost, not one dollar's worth of this larger product can be sold in the world's markets in competition with the similar products of foreign manufacturers, which are not burdened with such taxation.

In his more specific arguments in defence of the protective policy, Mr. Lodge has been no more fortunate. For the

purpose of disproving the assertion "made by the advocates of free trade" that the effect of an increase of the tariff is to increase the prices of the products affected, and of demonstrating the truth of what has almost come to be a protectionist axiom, "the higher the tax the lower the price," he prints a long list of "well-known American cotton fabrics to which the McKinley tariff gave additional protection by materially advancing the duties on the importation of similar competing (foreign) products; and which domestic fabrics have nevertheless been regularly afforded to American consumers at a considerably lower price than before the additional protection was granted. Among the staple fabrics thus enumerated, and which serve as a sample of the whole, were the following: "Our Reliance," "Pride of the West," "Pocahontas," "Sagamore C," "Utica Steam Nonpareil," "Wauregan, 100s," "Wauregan Combine." That all of these goods have fallen in price since the passage of the McKinley tariff is not to be disputed. But Mr. Lodge apparently does not know, or if he did, does not tell his readers, that while these cotton fabrics have fallen during the past year an average of 6.4 per cent., the price of the raw material (cotton) which makes up an average of about half their cost, has fallen twenty-seven per cent.; and furthermore that not a piece of goods similar to those he specifies has been imported into the country for at least ten years; but on the contrary, the very brands mentioned have been largely exported, not only to Asiatic but also to European markets. The decline in the price of sugar is also referred to by Mr. Lodge as evidence that the McKinley tariff has not increased domestic prices when everybody knows that the reduction we question was due to the removal of the cause that had previously made sugar high, namely protective duties.

The further presentation by Mr. Lodge of a lengthy list of new industrial establishments that have come into existence since the enactment of the McKinley tariff, as an evidence of its marked beneficial influence, seems almost puerile. For what are the facts. The population of the United States is increasing at the rate of a million and a half every year. To provide this additional number with the mere necessities of life, to say nothing of their luxuries, requires that many new establishments should come into existence each and every year, in all parts of the country; and if Mr. Lodge's

list did not admit of being multiplied by fifty the fair deduction would be that the country industrially was retrograding rather than advancing. Furthermore, I assert, that neither Mr. Lodge, or any other person, can name one industry, or one industrial establishment that has come into existence in this country *in consequence* of the enactment of the McKinley tariff, in which the expectation of obtaining, through increased taxes or trade restrictions, a higher range of prices on the things to be produced, was not the sole reason prompting to such action. In fact it needs but very little thinking to make this conclusion evident to the most dull of comprehension.

There is a unison of sentiment among all true Americans of the desirability of fostering and of protecting our own industries. But the trouble with Mr. Lodge, Mr. McKinley, and the other advocates of a restrictive trade or commercial policy, is that they seem to have no clear idea of what industry is. Industry consists of two factors, or there are two essential elements in it. One is production in the sense of drawing out (*pro duce, to lead forth*) materials or products from natural resources, and the other is exchanging or selling the things produced or drawn out. And industry can no more get along without both factors, than a man can get along with only one leg. For example, if a farmer grows (draws out from the soil and air) 10,000 bushels of corn, and only needs 1,000 bushels for himself, family, and animals, and cannot exchange or sell the other 9,000, the surplus really represents no industrial result, and he might as well have not raised it. He can eat corn, burn it for fuel, convert it into pork or beef, and make whiskey of it. But he cannot clothe himself with corn husks, plow with a corn stalk, wear corn shoes, and the like. To get these other things — to prevent an over-production of naturally useful things — he must sell or exchange his surplus 9,000 bushels; and he must be stupid who does not see that the greater facilities afforded him for exchange, such as good roads, bridges, horses and wagons, cheap and swift railroads and steamships, low tolls, freight and taxes, the greater will be the opportunity for exchange and trade to advantage. On the other hand, poor roads, unbridged streams, few or no railroads and steamships, and high tolls, freights, and taxes, all tend to restrict or destroy trade, and the opportunity for the farmer to

sell his 9,000 bushels of corn to advantage. A twenty per cent. tariff tax may be fairly considered as the representative of a bad road; a fifty per cent. of a broad river without proper facilities for crossing; a seventy-five per cent. of a swamp bordering such river on both sides; a hundred per cent. duty, such as is levied on blankets, window glass, cotton-ties, and the like, can only be properly compared to a band of robbers, who strip the producer of nearly all he takes to market and make him thankful that he has escaped with his life. In short, there has never been a case in all human experience when the removal of restrictions — natural or legislative — on trade did not result in the extension of trade to the mutual advantage of the great majority of the people concerned; and on the other hand there has never been a case where trade has been restricted by mountains, seas, bad roads, tolls, or tariff taxes, in which trade has not decreased, or not developed, to the great disadvantage of the great majority. The man who can get a law passed that will enable him to tax trade or exchange always sees an advantage to himself in the restrictive trade that will result. So also does his brother-in-law who sits behind a bush on the road, with a gun, and says to the farmer who has sold his 9,000 bushels of corn, "You can't pass unless you give me a big part of what you received for it in exchange." Carry out logically and to the fullest extent the views of Messrs. Lodge and McKinley about industry, and you would have every man trying to produce a good deal and sell as little as possible.

THE WOES OF THE NEW YORK WORKING-GIRL.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

IT is not long ago since I stood within the reception-room of a well-known lodging-house for working-girls, only a few hundred yards from what one might call the ugly sanctity of Cooper Union. I had brought a letter to the lady in charge of the establishment, and a sweet-mannered proprietress I found her, with a smile that some sculptor might profitably have stolen for a statue of Benevolence, and with eyes that must have beamed like stars of hope to many a wayfarer whose feet had paused at her threshold. She treated me almost as hospitably as I am sure she always treats the poor waifs that seek her welcome. She scarcely glanced at the letter I had brought her; it was enough that I had come to see and learn about the lodging-house, dear and tender home of mercy which it is. I was shown the clean though plain chambers where the girls ate and slept, the laundry where they washed and ironed, the dressmaking department where they did their hand-sewing, machine-sewing, and (if capable of labor in this line, more skilled than that of certain less apt sisters) their cutting out and fitting on of garments for the feminine customers who patronized them. I learned that the "home" was nearly always crowded, and could not accommodate more than fifty girls; that many had to be turned away from lack of room in the dormitories and dining-halls; that order and discipline prevailed here as the sane and wholesome consorts of compassion and help; that a chance for securing some sort of employment was held out to all who could be received, but that no recommendations were ever given except after a very long trial; and that while expulsion would only result from a defiance of rules, those rules meant in all cases a faithful adherence to work.

I went away from this peaceful and thrifty asylum with the sense that it was indeed a charming protest against that reckless and wholesale cynicism through which the professional pessimist would too often attack society; and I was



Faithfully yours,
Edgar Fawcett

destined later to become convinced that it stood only for one of many similar institutions in our vast town where humanity gives proof of not having ossified into a very adamant of selfishness. True, there are some places of refuge touched by the shame of religious preferment, yet now that all sects visibly weaken with each new decade, and creed threatens in a little while to become merely the trivial coral on which an unimportant fanaticism cuts its harmless gums, this minor evil merits but passing heed. He who carelessly denied the worth of women's lodging-houses would be a caviller of most trifling quality. And yet, to assert that they are in any manner potent forces of aid to the thousands whom poverty and degradation bind with mordant shackles, would be almost equally to err from the actual facts. In using that little word "thousands," one may hide behind a comfortable vagueness. The hideous skeleton of want is almost prettily draped by it, and not until we realize that about seventy thousand women live in New York by their needles alone, do we begin to perceive how enormous a figure this careless generalization may cover. That shelter can be given to no more than a meagre minority of these drudges, all must grant; but it is easy to perceive, as well, that working-women's homes must of necessity protect those who are, for the most part, least worthy of protection. Innumerable are the cases in which fragile girls would rather die than live without those they love. It is the clinging to bedridden or invalid parents, to weak little brothers and sisters, which deepens the terrible pathos of their struggles. Often it is the clinging to kindred who deserve no fondness whatever; and many a sot who reels into some liquor saloon, bloated and thick of speech, has wrung from a toiling daughter's too lenient hand the coin he wastes there in drink. To girls bound by these ties of blood the lodging-house is like a prison. Their tiny rooms in filthy tenement-houses, with the kettle of tea on the stove at their elbow, and perhaps with a sick mother groaning from her mattress in the corner, are sweet liberty by contrast. But sweetest of all is the companionship of their own people, though this not seldom takes for them acrid and domineering forms. I heard but lately of two girls who work all day in one of our largest factories and support a lazy, intemperate father, who is forever pelt-ing them with abuse. All they ask of the ichor-blooded

ruffian is that he shall "mind" their two poor little rooms during the day; but owing to his complete and drunken neglect of this simple task, the rooms were recently entered by thieves, and two plain but hard-earned suits of mourning (worn by the girls on Sundays in memory of the mother who died a few months ago) were ruthlessly stolen. It is only to be expected that the parents and other relations of girls thus forced to fight their way in the world should belong among the lower and lawless classes. One of the most horrible features of their fate is to be found in the piteous ignorance which is born with them, and tracks them like their own shadows ever afterward; for even when they should be learning at the public schools to read and write, the puny strength of their little limbs too often is demanded and taxed "at home." Chapters might be written on the raw diabolism of the working-girl's kith and kin, who may heartily wish to save her virtue from ruin, but who are willing, for all that, to freight her days with leaden discomforts. I know of two other sisters, dwelling at present in East Broadway, who are cloak-makers for a firm of good repute, and by using every effort, and often sitting up after their return from the shop until a late hour with extra work, are enabled decently to support their elderly mother. They give her a certain sum each day for expenditures in the line of general house-keeping; but, to use their own phrase, she constantly "knocks down on them," and either buys them inferior food to allay her thirst for liquor, or else openly deprives them of food that she may drink her greedy fill. And yet these two stern-burdened children are very gentle and patient with her, possibly accepting the existence of her horrid appetite as naturally as they do the color of her eyes or hair. They were doubtless born to take one for granted just as they take the other. And there are so many family horrors like this that the working-girl must take for granted, besides staggering as best she can beneath the onus of her other torments!

It is marvellous how she does manage to stagger without actually sinking. The prices paid her are often a disgrace to her employers, who literally mount from mercantile obscurity to prominence on the bodies of herself and her dead or dying fellow-slaves. The "tailor-made" clothes for women are rendering her position, when she is a sewing-girl,

even more sad than it once was. A New York dressmaker with a prosperous custom, will employ ten girls out of thirty at the niggardly pittance of three dollars a week, the other half getting more, but only a little over a dollar a day at the very utmost; and in certain cases which I could cite, those who receive five dollars a week must make long journeys every morning from places like Yonkers or Jersey City, reaching their destinations at eight in the morning and stitching away till six in the evening, with only the intermission of a half hour at mid-day for luncheon. More than once I have stood in Hyde Park of a Sunday and heard passionate and often eloquent harangues delivered there against the "sweating" processes of London capitalists. But on these occasions I have always felt that no harsher comment could be spoken concerning the complete social failure of our own high-vaunted republic than those to be noted in the unconscious analogy drawn between working-girls of the two greatest cities which England and America contain. For if there these ill-starved creatures reel broken-hearted by multitudes to nameless graves, do they not find here, by like if not equal multitudes, the same forlorn and undeserved goals? In New York it has been clearly shown that there are two hundred thousand working-women, of all ages, and he who runs may read of the despicable wages they receive. Shirts paid for by the very most liberal establishments, two dollars and a half per dozen! In firms of a less generous trend, one dollar and seventy-five cents for the same amount of work, prices of cotton being deducted from the sum earned. Between eight or nine dollars a week for women's chemises of elaborate sort, with tuckings and puffings in lace and cambric accompaniment. Seventy-five cents a dozen for babies' slips, with price of cotton also deducted. Forty cents a dozen for corset-covers. Eighty-five cents a dozen for ruffled skirts, and seven cents an hour for flannel underwear! . . . So the revolting chronicle goes on, with its odious monotony varied merely by the sort of work performed, which is not always even as endurable as that of the needle, packed with bane though the lot of the seamstress may strike us.

In cigar-factories the horror is still more accentuated, for here the vile scents of rankest tobacco are a stealthy and perpetual poison. Five dollars a week are doled out to the "strippers" and "bunchers" at this nauseous and asphyxia-

ting toil, and rarely more. Their clothes and hair reek with the hateful odors of the weed they manipulate; their hands are forever stained with its noisome juices. What wonder that their morals, like their clothes and fingers, are often sadly stained as well? Haggard and jaded, they are not seldom robbed of even the physical chance to seek ease through sin. Their rouge and cosmetics are of so baleful a quality that you might fancy some bedraggled Quasimodo of the slums would alone feel a thrill of response at their pathetic lures. In the vanities of noxious rags, you might dream, they should deck themselves for ghastly coquettices, with but pools of gutter-slime as their mirrors, and as jewelry but the hideous ulcers here and there on their brutally envenomed flesh. . . . With the cigarette-makers it is even more dreadful; with the girls in book-binderies it is almost as bad, their fingers being blistered and often bleeding, so that every movement of the hand means pain. For the laundresses there is less suffering, though acutest fatigue; for the flower-makers there is death in the petals of the false blooms they fabricate; and thus from trade to trade it is always the same story, one in which the degree of sorrow and distress may vary, yet never their essential kind.

The more one observes the joyless lives of working-girls the more he wonders that so many of them should be jealous of their good names. In losing these they not only relinquish a possession about which no one, for the most part, cares much whether it be lost or kept, but they obtain material comforts which must fall on their jaded spirits like some magic mantle woven of starlight and sea-winds. The road to ruin, as we call it, is so fatally easy to them; who shall dare to blame them if they take it? And in so many cases to call it a road to ruin is so purely preposterous. It is indeed nothing of the kind; it is a road out of cold, famine, neglect, despair, into warmth, plenty, protection, hope. The protection may prove transient, and the hope a flower of frailest leaf; but even when seduction has ceded sway to its heir-presumptive, disillusion, the world continues far kinder than it was in the days of freezing attic and stony cot. No attempt is here made to uphold prostitution on the part of these wretched starvelings. This course, indeed, is nearly always with them an ultimate change for the worse; they live their little rosy hour of luxury, and then comes either

the malady engendered by drunkenness or that produced from a worse cause. Drunkenness overtakes them, for the reason that excess and surfeit are apt to follow on abstinence, and that the fatal ignorance by which they are all cursed makes them see only with dulled vision the coarseness that inebriety begets. But cases could be quoted where years of extreme moral laxity, unaccompanied by intemperance, have ended in no hospital tragedy whatever, and sometimes have ended in decent, even happy marriages. For the girls who thus escape the enmity of that savage destiny which seems to enwrap all their kind like the folds of one monstrous serpent, too ardent gratulations cannot be framed. It would be hard to think of any class of human beings more dismally handicapped from their births than are these same poor helpless victims of our massive social mistakes. In countless instances all real education is denied them. They come into a world whose greeting might be symbolled by the threat of a bayonet-point thrust at their faces. They are the Cinderellas of society; their sisters go to the ball, and they must bide at home, but alas! with no fairy godmother, no miraculous mice, no necromantic pumpkin. The "prince," in a certain sense, comes to them, and here is the horrible part of it. As if their hapless feet were not already beset by enough deep and miry pitfalls, a certain human (or shall we say "inhuman?") antagonism forever assails them. Only the very ugly are free from this continual temptation, this persistent, Mephistophelean assault. As youth and maidenhood are seldom an ugly combination, these grief-doomed beings rarely reach the age of sixteen without having sensuality somehow address them, in tones either stealthy or bold. The charge would indeed be unfair if it were brought against all men of our metropolis under five-and-thirty; but how large is the male throng that regards working-girls as fair prey for passions at once conscienceless and deliberate? Men of actually the best repute regard what they would call an "adventure," in this connection, as lightly, as jocosely as they would regard having quaffed a bottle of champagne too much at their favorite club, or having ridden a thoroughbred in a "gentlemen's" steeplechase. I do not for an instant mean that they boast of their *bonnes fortunes* publicly among their intimates, after the fashion of characters in Bulwer's worst novels, and in some of Ouida's worst as well.

The growth of good taste has luckily delivered us from such vulgarities. But has it delivered us from the silent and secret raids upon feminine virtue which add a new anguish to the working-girl's already heart-breaking fate? I recall, years ago, hearing a man of position and excellent so-called character, say carelessly in a fashionable club that if A. T. Stewart really carried out his idea of a great lodging-house for working-girls (he alluded to that yet incomplete edifice which is now the Park Avenue Hotel) it would swiftly become one of the most notorious brothels in town. This gentleman spoke quite at random; he doubtless had not the least vicious personal feeling; he merely expressed a current sentiment with respect to "men about town" in their estimate and general treatment of the working-girl. And now, ten years later, she is fair game for the lewd fervors of the opposite sex, just as she was ten, twenty, thirty years before. The whole deplorable drama goes on to-day precisely as it went when our grandfathers were urchins. The difference is merely a numerical one; more toil-dulled eyes are made to sparkle now than then by gifts of trinkets, little clandestine feasts, rolls of coveted banknotes, and all those insidious details of enticement which the tired child of labor cannot but prize as a wilted weed prizes the dew. Of course the whole question is a complicated one. Innocence is by no means always on the feminine side of these intimacies, and coyness is often assumed by Daphne toward a pursuer who could teach her nothing in the art of deceit. But the weight of blame should not, for this reason, be shifted from those harder shoulders where it properly belongs. The fault of the alleged "gentleman" is in all circumstances far greater than that of the unlettered working-girl, with the stars in their courses, as it would seem, her bounden foes! She has the immense excuse of a guideless, a spurned individualism; at the great, strange banquet of life, she is like a kicked scullion who crouches by a crevice in the grand hall of revellers and scents with greedy nostrils the odors of meats that she is not deemed even worthy to serve. He, on the other hand, has the immense drawback of an existence passed amid enlightenment and good repute; in the commission of any such wanton act he is like a wayfarer who wilfully quits a clean road and plunges his feet in mirk and bog, of which he already knows the black taint, even to its utmost filth of soilure.

That great and good woman, Mrs. Annie Besant, not long ago declared that much potential aid for those of the starving and agonized among their own sex was possessed by the London ladies of wealth and consequent high standing, but that all their movements in this direction were drearily lukewarm. With the ladies of New York is it not precisely a similar state of affairs? The chief trouble with their charities always has lain in their making them a pastime rather than a pursuit. They visit Baxter Street and Bayard Street very much as if they were going to a menagerie. The few earnest women (or shall we call them angels?) who have almost devoted their lives, here in New York, to the succor and amelioration of this woe-begone sisterhood, will tell you, if you ask them, that in the large masses of cultivated matrons and damsels there is a mournful weakness of eleemosynary purpose. But if men are selfish, why take to task the wives and daughters who as yet are content admiringly to reflect them and no more? It seems to me that we touch the very horrible centre of this unassuaged social sore when we state that most of our well-placed women, who could aid their kind, will not really aid them, and that they are bored unspeakably by even the small, dainty profferings of time and pin-money which the modish churches they attend demand that they shall exploit. The ordinary woman of New York society is a good wife and an excellent mother. She has her aims to get her growing-up maidens into the "right set," and her darling sophomore son out of collegiate perils at Columbia. She has an eye upon the real or menaced infidelities of her dear husband, and her curtain-lectures to prepare from week to week, whether they be hot philippics or only tepid reprimands. There is her visiting-book to be watched and weeded; there is Mrs. Manhattan to be lunched, or Mrs. Moneypenny to be glared down. There is the opera, and gossip with one's intimates, and a scheme to make Mrs. Schenectady send herself and lord cards for the next Patriarchs' ball without really having seemed to cringe for them, and that new "very select" dancing class to which Carrie and Fannie haven't yet been asked, but to which they must be asked, *ruat cælum*, or else when they come out they will be horrid little wall-flowers (don't you know?), not on speaking terms with a single soul among the real "swagger" gentry. She has all these "duties," this charming New

York wife and mother, and myriad more of a like sort. How should it concern her that girls of the same age as her Carrie and Fanny are starving, slaving, coughing up blood, dragging themselves from dirty vermin-thronged beds at five in the morning, being blackguarded and beaten by drunken parents, being tempted by rakes whose very lust seems a heaven of refuge to them? How should all these grisly things concern *her*? "Of course, you know," she will tell you, "I'm interested in the Skin and Cancer Hospital, and I contribute to the Woman's Protective Union on Clinton Place. Dear Doctor Silverspeech thinks I ought to, and I do just as he tells me. I make the girls follow his advice, too. They belong to the Amsterdam Sewing Society. It's just too lovely. Mrs. Amsterdam is so sweet, and so genuinely religious. And the girls, although they're sometimes thrown with poor creatures from Avenues A, B, C, and all such frightful places, don't mind it a bit, because Mamie Van Corlear belongs, and Lottie Van Dam, and . . . oh, well, don't you know, just the kind of girls that I want mine to grow up with and go out with into society."

And what of Doctor Silverspeech? He is simply one of the many clergymen who smile upon this terrible species of hypocrisy. If the working-girl of New York has any arch foe it is that sad fraud which to-day is termed Christianity. If to-day there is any class of men who entirely desert the requirements of their avowed profession it is the class of the clergy. They draw salaries — and some of them very large salaries — for preaching the doctrines of the Galilean to people whom Christ himself, if he were alive this hour, would cover with invective. For even Christ, we must remember, sometimes lost his temper, sometimes got fearfully out of patience; as he did, for instance, when he overthrew the tables of the money-changers in the temple, and again when he "looked round about on them with anger" in the synagogue at Capernaum.

The clergy of our time and town are just as Christian as expediency permits them to be, and not a jot more. Perhaps it is cruel to blame them, for if they took up fiercely and devoutly such a charitable cause as that of the oppressed and stamped-on working-girl, their congregations would begin to yawn, and in that yawn they would see an omen of empty pews, and empty pews would mean curtailment of their

apostolic incomes. If I may humbly write so, it seems to me that these "divine" gentlemen (with certain happy exceptions) think quite too little of their "divinity." They appear to spend a great deal of their time in squabbling like testy old women among themselves, and to waste a great deal more in orotund insults to the lofty and perhaps the only true thinkers of our century, Darwin, Huxley, and (of all men!) Herbert Spencer! Yes, even Herbert Spencer, the shadow of whose mind, now cast as it is for a little while longer upon earth, spreads there so vastly that when he dies the world will miss it as Switzerland would miss an Alp!

Ah, gentlemen of the clergy—and of the New York clergy in particular—two hundred thousand wretched New York working-women need your help far more than these noble scientific regenerators of the age need your anathemas! Cleave a little closer, pray ye, reverend gentlemen, to your alleged "Christianity," and accord us a kindly dearth of your fifteenth century polemics. Mankind will be the better for it, and (I dare swear) the poor working-girl as well!

WHITTIER, THE NEW ENGLAND POET.

BY GEORGE STEWART, D. C. L. LL. D.

THOUGH Mr. Whittier is, happily, still with us, and his task is unfinished, it is safe to conclude that his best work has been given to the public. Three or four years ago, the writer spent a few hours with him at his pleasant home in Amesbury, Massachusetts, at that trying season for men advanced in life, mid-winter. The poet did not complain of ill-health, but he looked very frail, and his seventy-nine years told their own story. He spoke cheerfully of his surroundings, and welcomed the visits of friends. A few books he read, and now and then he sent poems to the magazines. His private correspondence had grown to great proportions, and he was seriously thinking of diminishing the strain, even then. Dr. Holmes' printed slip offered an ingenious solution of the difficulty, and it was often in his mind, he said, to adopt it. The fame which his verses had won surprised him, but the hundreds of applications which yearly came to him from strangers, asking for his autograph, took something away from the pleasure which he naturally felt at hearing that his lyrics had made their way to the hearts of the people. In person he is spare and tall. Age has stooped him a little, but not too much, while his bright, kindly face is sweet to look upon. The photographs and engravings do him scant justice. In them he is represented as a severe and ascetic man, cold in eye, and unsympathetic in manner. But ascetic and severe he is not, and his sympathies, always easily touched, lend to his countenance a sweetness and beauty which the camera has never been able to catch. He is a member of the Society of Friends, and in his correspondence and talk, the conventional "thee" and "thou" are freely used. Familiar with the drama from Shakespeare to Bulwer Lytton, he never attended a theatrical performance in his life. Neither has he ever gone to hear a lecture, even when the orator of the evening happened to be a guest at his house, and lectured in his own neighborhood.

After Longfellow, it may be said that Mr. Whittier is the most popular of all the American poets. He is distinctively the poet of New England, and his best and most characteristic work treats especially of rural life and movement in the new world. His contemporaries have picked their flowers from the pastures of the world, but Whittier has confined himself to the homely scenes, and incidents, and episodes belonging to his native country. Indeed, he has gone further, and has limited his vision almost to the circle of States embraced in the term New England, New Hampshire in particular receiving the greater amount of attention at his hands. To find how faithfully he has described country life in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, one has only to take up Mr. Longfellow's delightful series of "Poems of Places," two volumes of which are devoted to poetry written about New England, and compare his work with that of the other poets on the same subject. He excels alike in treatment and in number. His touch is always delicate and true, and even the homeliest things in common life lose their commonplace texture in the setting he gives them. A lyrst of undoubted strength and individuality, Mr. Whittier falls short when he attempts the epic or the drama. The lyric readily lends itself to his muse, and the leaping numbers proclaim at once his correct and remarkable ear for melody, and his fine sense of touch. His poetry suggests the idea that his gift is fluency of expression. Rhyme, apparently, has no terrors for him, and one can imagine that he revises and changes very little. Some of his more striking pieces were undoubtedly written at white heat. Imagination of the highest order they do not exhibit, but of their music and harmony there can be no question.

Before considering his work, a little may be said of the poet in the way of biography. An interesting life of him has been written by Dr. Underwood, who has adopted the same agreeable method of inducing the English reader to look at the writings of Mr. Longfellow and Professor Lowell. Mr. Stedman, the banker poet, gives us, in his exhaustive "Poets of America," much in the way of genial criticism concerning the subject of this sketch, and in various essays by different pens, the Quaker poet and his career in letters have been discussed and enlarged upon. Some day an adequate life of him will appear, but in the mean-

time, the public will have to be content with fragmentary notes. He was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, on the 17th of December, 1807, in a house which still stands a short distance from the main road. The curious pilgrim is attracted to the spot, for it is the scene of many of the poet's tenderest songs and pastorals. At seven years of age, the lad was sent to school, where he met Joshua Coffin, the historian of Newbury, his first teacher and life-long friend. There is a schoolmaster mentioned in "Snow-bound," the most *genre* of Mr. Whittier's work, as a

"brisk wielder of the birch and rule,"

but the portrait is not intended for Coffin. It is that of a young man, unnamed, who came from Dartmouth College, with face

"Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard."

Whittier's school-days were uneventful, and his opportunities for gaining an education were limited, the schools being poor, and the teachers, who were changed every year, having little skill in their art. Books, too, were few in number. In his father's house, there were not more than twenty volumes all told, and the majority of these were dull indeed. One book, the reader will admit, had little in it to attract a youth of Whittier's calibre. It was the "Davideis," by Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker poet, and the inspirer of Milton's "Paradise Regained." Yet the New England boy read it, and re-read it, and the Puritan blood in his veins was thrilled with the story of David's life, albeit his biographer relates the tale in stilted phrase, and a style that is dulness itself. The book is a memory only now, but it formed a part of Whittier's early reading. A book of travel or of adventure was eagerly prized by him, and often he would walk many miles away to borrow a new volume. Of course, the reading of the Bible was a constant practice in the Whittier household, and on First-day afternoons Mrs. Whittier read and expounded the Scriptures to her children, and familiarized them with the truths of the Old and New Testaments. When not at school, Whittier worked about the place, learning, among other things, the craft of the shoemaker, though he did not adopt the calling

in after life. Until he was eighteen, he lived at the home-stead, and worked on the farm. One day a "pawky auld carle" stopped at the house for refreshment, and according to the custom of those days, the visitor was regaled with bread and a mug of home-made cider. In return for this courtesy, he sang in a full, rich voice, "Bonnie Doon," "Highland Mary," and "Auld Lang Syne." The ballads impressed the youthful poet at once and he longed to read, in a book of his own, the songs and poems of Burns. Joshua Coffin was the first to put into his hands the volume his heart craved, and he read it with great delight, mastering the dialect by the aid of the glossary. He soon began writing verses himself after the manner of the Scottish poet. These efforts, however, have not been preserved, but the influence of Burns over Whittier's mind has remained ever since. His elder sister warmly encouraged him to persevere and her advice he took, but his parents were not admitted at first into the secret. William Lloyd Garrison, the poet's senior by three years, founded, in 1826, the Newburyport *Free Press*. To that journal Whittier sent "The Deity," — a paraphrase about the prophet Elijah. It was amateurish, of course, but as a first effort it proved by no means discreditable. Garrison admired it, and gave it a prominent place in the Poet's Corner. Whittier's heart jumped when he saw it in print. He was mending a fence when the news-carrier came riding along the road at a dashing pace, and as the paper fluttered at his feet he picked it up and perhaps the first lines which caught his eye were his own verses. It is said that he "stood rooted to the spot, and had to be called several times before he could return to sublunary affairs." He was hoeing in a cornfield when the editor called to see him. Garrison had learned the name of his contributor, through the poet's sister, Mary, and he was so hearty in his praises and congratulations that Whittier was profoundly touched. A family council was immediately held. Whittier *père* was called in, but he remonstrated against putting literary notions into the young man's head. There were many obstacles to surmount. Garrison advised Whittier to attend a public institution where he could receive proper training. This expense, however, the elder Whittier could not afford. The farm barely paid its way, but at last the young man thought that he saw a rift in the

cloud, and he resolved to take his friend's advice. He acquired the mystery and art of slipper and shoe making, and during the ensuing season he earned enough to pay for a suit of clothes, and his board and tuition for half a year. He went to the academy in Haverhill, in April, 1827, where he remained six months, prosecuting his studies with zeal and energy. In the following winter, he taught the district school at West Amesbury, and in the spring he returned to the academy for another term. While studying and teaching, he continued to write for the press, and for a time he occupied the chair of assistant editor of the *American Manufacturer*, a protectionist paper, friendly to the aspirations of Henry Clay. For this service he was paid nine dollars a week, but his father requiring him on the farm, he returned home, and remained there until July, 1830. It will not be necessary to trace in detail Whittier's editorial career. He became connected with many papers, and his writings in prose and verse soon grew voluminous and popular. He succeeded George D. Prentice in the management of the *Weekly Review* at Hartford, Conn., and finally became chief editor of that journal. A year and a half later, he went back to Haverhill.

In 1833, his great life-work began in earnest. It was at that time that a little band of brave men took their stand on the slavery question. The abolitionists, as they were then called, were regarded with high disfavor by the people of the North and South alike. They were openly assailed and insulted in the streets, mobs struck them down, and in the public lecture-rooms they were attacked with missiles. The very word abolitionist was used as a term of reproach. Seldom has a great reform been carried to a successful issue under social trials so severe, and the wonder is that men could be found willing to undertake the cause of the slave at the sacrifice entailed. Every person connected with it literally carried his life in his hands, and the unfriendly press, conducted as it was with bitterness and rancor, hounded the assailants of the movement to deeds of violence and atrocity. In Philadelphia, on the 4th, 5th, and 6th December, the National Convention was held. Garrison had just returned from England, full of the spirit of British freedom of speech and manhood. Whittier attended the Congress as delegate and secretary. Wendell Phillips, in his

prime, was the principal speaker. Whittier signed the famous declaration of sentiments, and became, by that act, forever committed to the cause. A copy of this document he still has, framed with the wood of Pennsylvania Hall, which the pro-slavery mob destroyed a few years afterwards. In 1834, he helped to establish an anti-slavery society in Haverhill, but at the first meeting the crowd broke in and scattered the audience in all directions. Samuel May with great difficulty escaped death, and Elizabeth Whittier, the poet's sister, was severely bruised. But these scenes were only a repetition of experiences going on all over the Northern States. Whittier with voice and pen warred against the blight on his native land, and his poems, at first despised, after a time burned into the minds of the people and influenced public thought. He wrote so much that his work, at this period, proved often uneven in merit. Few of the anti-slavery poems are worthy to stand alongside of his later pieces, but their sincerity and earnestness give them an exalted and assured position in the literature of America. It must not be forgotten that many of them were written for a purpose, and that purpose they served well. The "Songs of Freedom" have a place of their own in the letters of the United States, and though the critic of style and of manner may find them faulty and wanting in certain forms of poetic beauty, no one will doubt their vigor and terrible earnestness. The noble "Song of the Slaves in the Desert" is very strong. Its origin may be traced to *Richardson's Journal*. One evening the female slaves were full of excitement, and sang in their strange, weird fashion the melancholy dirge which they often chanted when in a fearful mood. The song was in the Bornou or Mandara tongue, and the word *Rubee* was frequently heard. Curious to know the purport of these plaintive strains, Richardson asked Said what the slaves were singing about. The interpreter responded, "They sing of *Rubee* (God), and they ask from Him their Atka, which means their certificate of freedom! Oh, where are we going, O God? The world is large, O God; Bornou was a pleasant country, full of good things; but this is a bad country, and we are miserable." Over and over again these poor creatures sang these words, wringing their hands till fatigue and suffering struck them down, and then the silence of the

desert remained unbroken for a time. It was this sad story of anguish and despair that emphasized itself into the heart of the New England poet, and he wrote his tearful, pathetic song with every sympathy keenly aroused.

In another poem, he cries:—

“ Woe, then, to all who grind
Their brethren of a common Father down.”

And again he exclaims with indignation:—

“ What, ho ! *Our countrymen in chains?*
The whip on woman's shrinking flesh?
Our soil yet reddened with the stains
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh ?

“ What ! mothers from their children riven ?
What ! God's own image bought and sold ?
Americans to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold ?”

These songs nerved the people to action. Sharp and aggressive and full of truth, they became formidable weapons in the hands of the campaigners. Garrison deprecated political action, but Whittier was strongly in favor of it. Garrison refused to vote, but Whittier had great faith in the ballot-box. Both men pursued their way, working together when convenient, and never losing sight of the mighty task they had in view. Whittier's aim was to reach the masses, and, while he wrote much in prose, he soon found that it was his poetry which touched men's hearts and inflamed their breasts. So he kept on singing his songs of freedom, and this burst in the *Liberator* fell like a thunder clap on startled ears:—

“ Go,— let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat ;
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote ;—
Will not the scorching answer come
From turbaned Turk and scornful Russ :
'Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
Then turn and ask the like of us ?”

At the meetings of the anti-slavery societies, poems by Whittier were always read amid enthusiasm. Then came

the war and Lincoln's proclamation emancipating the black man, and the despised abolitionist's victory was complete. But the old Adam died hard, particularly in Boston. It was proposed, on the 1st of January, 1863, to celebrate the edict of freedom to the slave. It proved a difficult task to get men to serve on the committee. Singers were invited to take part. Most of them returned their invitations with indignant comments, and the chorus was meagre and unsatisfactory. But, after all, the meeting was fairly successful, though the music was weak. Emerson read his "Boston Hymn," and his serene and benign presence, doubtless, saved the demonstration from failure.

The outbreak of hostilities between the North and the South was the signal for the writers of war songs to move the country. Whittier, from whom much was expected, hesitated to engage his pen. The secession movement he regarded as the performance of a madman. Of its failure he never held the slightest doubt, but being a man of peace, he wished to remain a silent but heart-wrung spectator. Once, indeed, he said that he would not write, but his mind underwent a change, at the last, and the splendid collection, "In War Time," was the result. The poems in that volume appeared at intervals, during the progress of the fratricidal strife. Most of them are in ballad form, and the more famous of them all is "Barbara Frietchie," — founded on a legend which, in after years, the poet discovered was not historically correct. Whittier had the story from a Virginian lady. It runs thus: "When Lee's army occupied Frederick, the only Union flag displayed in the city was held from an attic by Mrs. Barbara Frietchie, a widow, aged ninety-seven years. She was born in 1766, and was ten years old at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, and fifteen years old at its close. At that impressionable age, patriotism exerted deep influence on her mind. On the morning when the advance of Lee's army, led by Stonewall Jackson, entered Frederick, every Union flag was lowered and the halyards cut. Every store and dwelling-house was closed. The inhabitants retired indoors, the streets were deserted, and, to quote the official report, the 'city wore a churchyard aspect.' But Barbara Frietchie, taking one of the Union flags, went up to the top of her house, opened a garret window, and held the banner out. The Southern

army marched up the street, saw the flag, and obeyed the order to halt and fire! A volley was discharged at the window from which the flag was displayed. The staff was partly broken, so that the bunting drooped. The old lady drew it in, broke off the fragment, and taking the stump with the flag attached to it in her hand, stretched herself as far out of the window as she could, and waved the stars and stripes over the heads of the troops below. In a voice of indignation, shrill with age, she called out, ‘Fire at this old head, then, boys; it is not more venerable than your flag.’ The soldiers in gray fired no more, but passed on in silence and with downcast looks. She secured the flag in its place, where it waved unmolested during the whole of the occupation of the city. She died a few days after the Federal troops entered Frederick, some say from joy, others assert that her death was caused by excitement and fatigue:” —

“Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

“Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

“Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

“And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.”

The abolition of slavery and the close of the war left Whittier free to deal with less aggressive forms of human life and activity. From his muse have come some of the sweetest pastorals of the time. His stanzas are always simple. They ring with melody and are lavish in fancy, though, perhaps, not of the highest order. His art, measured by the canons that one would apply to Tennyson, is crude, but of his naturalness, his interpretation of rural life and work, his buoyancy of spirit, and vividness in the employment of local color, nothing can be said in the way of dispraise. Whittier is not a scholar’s poet, though learned men may read and enjoy him. He writes for the people, just as Ebenezer Elliott, the corn-law rhymer, wrote, though, it may be said, the American poet’s work is a superior metal and finish. Whittier’s pastorals have emphasized in strik-

ing terms the beauty of local river and stream, hill and valley about Massachusetts, Maine, and New Hampshire. They are rich in lyrical intensity, and readily win the favor of the reader. His masterpiece is undoubtedly "Snow-bound." Of that the critics are all agreed. It is a delicious story of country experiences in New England, and the fact that it is largely a reminiscence of the poet's own early life lends additional charm and attractiveness to the narrative. Stedman calls it Whittier's "most complete production, an idyl already pictured for him by the camera of his own heart." John Burroughs declares it to be "the most faithful picture of our northern winter that has yet been put into poetry," and Underwood says it is "the dearest expression of Whittier's genius." It is full of heart touches and vivid word-painting. The whole round of daily life in a farmhouse is described. Not a detail is wanting. The story is picturesque, the incident and episode are adroitly managed, the portraiture is true to nature, and, from the first line to the last, the performance is even and perfect. This scene will convey an idea of the poet's manner, in one of his loftier flights in description:—

"The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm on inland air.
Meanwhile, we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinneying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows."

And this:—

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red long before us beat
The frost line back with tropic heat;
And, ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,

The merrier up its roaring draught
 The great throat of the chimney laughed ;
 The house dog on his paws outspread
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head ;
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;
 And, for the winter fireside meet,
 Between the andirons' straddling feet,
 The mug of cider simmered slow,
 The apples sputtered in a row,
 And, close at hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's wood."

The "Tent on the Beach," which in chronological order follows "Snow-bound," is especially interesting on account of its strong, local coloring. The scene is laid at Salisbury Beach. The bay, the Merrimac, and the Isle of Shoals, are all within view. The poet, Bayard Taylor, and James T. Fields, are the principal *personæ* of the poem. The idea and treatment are simple, and the talk, always exquisitely natural, is of old times. The portraits are thus outlined. Of himself, the poet writes : —

"And one there was, a dreamer born,
 Who, with a mission to fulfil,
 Had left the muses' haunts to turn
 The crank of an opinion mill,
 Making his rustic reed of song
 A weapon in the war with wrong."

The one

"Whose Arab face was tanned
 By tropic sun and boreal frost ;
 So travelled there was scarce a land
 Or people left him to exhaust,"

was Bayard Taylor, poet, traveller, and diplomatist.

And this is Fields, the poet's friend, publisher, and adviser.

"One, with beard scarce silvered, bore
 A ready credence in his looks,
 A lettered magnate, lording o'er
 An ever-widening realm of books."

"The Barefoot Boy," is a homely effort which made its way into popularity at a bound. Its perfect simplicity is,

perhaps, its highest recommendation. The artists took it up. Eastman Johnson painted a lovely picture of the lad with his cheeks of tan and turned-up pantaloons, and the chromo manufacturers sent copies of it broadcast. Prang, the art publisher, produced a very fine impression of the picture. Whittier admired it so much that he wrote a most flattering opinion of its merits. Some time after this, a wretched imitation of the Prang "Study" appeared in the print market, bearing the poet's endorsement. The paltry forgery so disgusted Whittier that he promptly wrote to Prang, saying: "I have heard of writers who could pass judgment upon works of art without ever seeing them, but the part assigned me by this use of my letter to thee, making me the critic of a thing not in existence, adds to their ingenuity the gift of prophecy. It seems to be hazardous to praise anything. There is no knowing to what strange uses one's words may be put. When a good deal younger than I am now, I addressed some laudatory lines to Henry Clay, but the newspapers soon transferred them to Thomas H. Benton, and it was even said that the saints of Nauvoo made them do duty in the apotheosis of the prophet, Joseph Smith. My opinions as an art critic are not worth much to the public, and as they seem to be as uncertain and erratic in their directions as an Australian boomerang, I shall, I think, be chary in future in giving them. I don't think I should dare speak favorably of the *Venus de Medici*, as I might expect to find my words affixed to some bar-room lithograph of the bearded woman."

Underwood says that "'The Barefoot Boy' is clearly autobiographical, and between its simple lines we look as through magic lenses into the very heart of his childhood."

"Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall,
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides."

"Maud Muller," though often faulty in metre, illustrates very well the poet's method of telling a story in verse. His deep religious feeling is emphasized notably in the "Brother

of Mercy," "The Gift of Tritemius," a very powerful poem, "Barclay of Ury," and "The Two Rabbis." Two poems have been written by Whittier on "The Sisters," one after a picture by Barry, — musical and tender, — and the other in ballad form, vigorous, and trenching strongly on the dramatic. The latter tells the tragical story of Annie and Rhoda, who lived near the great sea. They awoke one night, startled by the sound of roaring waters, and the noise of heavy waves climbing the rocky coast. Annie was gentle and timid. Rhoda was fearless and bold. Annie shuddered at the blast, and cried in fear and agony, but Rhoda ordered her back to bed, and said no good ever came of watching a storm. But Annie still shrank down in terror, for above the din and loud roar of the battling elements, she heard her name called, and nearer and nearer came the cry on the winding blast of the storm. It was the voice of a drowning man, and Estwick Hall, of the Heron, was out in the fury of the tempest. But Rhoda, who loved Hall of the Heron, said to Annie: —

" . . . with eyes aflame,
Thou liest, he would never call thy name!

If he did, I would pray the wind and sea,
To keep him forever from thee and me."

Then roared the angry sea again, and another blast rode on the gale, and a dying wail reached the stricken ears of the sisters. Hall of the Heron was dead!

In Whittier's "Pennsylvania Pilgrim," life among the Quaker colonists of two hundred years ago is depicted with keen directness of purpose. Francis Daniel Pastorius is the hero of the poem. He was a doctor of laws, his alma mater being at Nuremburg. While at Frankfort, he became interested in the teachings of Spencer, the head of the society of Pietists or Mystics, who in the seventeenth century revived the worship of Tauler and the Friends of God. In 1683, Pastorius crossed the ocean and settled on a tract of land near the present city of Philadelphia, which had been purchased from William Penn. He joined the Society of Friends, and became the recognized head and law-giver of the place. He drew up a memorial against slave-holding in 1688, which was adopted by the Germantown Friends. Whittier says that this was the first protest ever made by a

religious body against slavery. The characters in the poem are drawn with nice discrimination, particularly those of Pastorius and his wife, Anna, the daughter of Doctor Klosterman of Mulheim. All that is characteristic of Quakerism, and the zeal and faith of its votaries, are set forth in this tribute with an enthusiasm not frequently encountered even in Whittier's verse. The poet's large Catholicity is revealed in every line, and no suggestion appears of affectation, narrowness, or prejudice.

Little need be said of Whittier's prose writings. A portion only of them has been preserved and published. At best his prose is ephemeral. "Margaret Smith's Journal," a sort of historical novel, or series of character sketches, is the more important performance of the collection. It deals with the early history of the colony, and to the antiquary offers much that is entertaining. The author of the journal is supposed to be a Church of England woman, and she treats with candor the problems of 1678. Here and there poems appear, scattered through the narrative, but the quaint manner of the tale is its chiefest quality. Whittier has also written "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," "Literary Recreations," and "Miscellanies," but their value is not of much moment. One of his minor essays is devoted to a dissection of Carlyle's "Latter-day Pamphlets." In this the Sage of Ecclefechan is roundly taken to task for his attitude on the slave question. But it is solely as a lyrist that the fame of Whittier will live. In this department of poesy he is supreme. He never married. For years his constant companion was his sister, Elizabeth, with whom he lived, now at Amesbury and again at Danvers. She, too, was a graceful poet, and in one of her brother's volumes, some of her more striking pieces are included. These are "The Dream of Argyll," "Lady Franklin," and "The Wedding Veil."

FAITH IN GOD AS A PERSONAL EQUATION.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

FROM time to time our seats of learning send out experts to study some just occurring phenomenon, a meteor, comet, eclipse, or transit of a planet across the sun. The sky is a clock. It is important to fix the moment when an astronomical motion or change takes place. Even trained observers differ in the quickness of their sight and accuracy of their recollections. To secure all possible certainty in the record an average is taken of the several conclusions at which they arrive, that the exact revolutions in the heavens may be registered in the knowledge of the human mind. In diverse fashion, for a greater end, the same method may be used and held good with those whose inner sense and memory report the supernal manifestation we call God. These deeper seers are too many to be in any single catalogue referred to or named. We take a just liberty in citing a few for what, according to their various intellectual constitutions, their witness may be worth, selecting modern instances rather than ancient, to make a present judgment more clear.

First, let us summon to the stand the chief soldier of the last century, Napoleon the First. For any prejudice on his part in favor of religion or the church we might search into his origin, education, character, or conduct in vain. Never from any bias of veneration or disposition to worship, or inclination to accept ecclesiastical tradition, was a transcendent intellect more completely divorced. By no actor on this stage of the earth have the conventional rules of deportment been so summarily set aside. The ten commandments were not principles he minded, but counters with which he played. Henry Ward Beecher granted some privilege of deception "if the lying were sublime." But Bonaparte's mendacity was often mean. His love of country degenerated into idolatry of himself. Devotion to his dynasty destroyed affection for his wife. He could not be accounted honest or pure. He fell from the throne because

he renounced allegiance to the truth. "He that resists the moral law," says Emerson, "fights with an enemy not subject to casualty." Yet no unfaithfulness or demoralization quite quenched the keenness of the Corsican conqueror's sight. He was not so irreverent in theory as he seemed to be in fact. Listening to the discourse of the French atheists at evening on board ship, from the East, he pointed to the star-lit skies, and said, "Your talk, gentlemen, is very fine; but who made all that?" He declared that the duration beyond his own of Christ's kingdom was proof of his divinity. Christ to him was one with God. In the light of reason alone, insulated as far as it may be from the glow in the heart, he renders a deposition free at least from superstitious taint. He was not a believer on the score of being a follower or a saint. If, as writes an apostle, the devils believe and tremble, we subject them to no deduction or discount for the evidence they give and grudge. The French despot, at this point of the personal equation, must, therefore, be allowed unimpeached to come as witness for the power and order and personality in the universe for which he so stoutly stands. The best painting of him is not as in the council or on the field, but on deck amid the scorners, and the constellations, and the tossing waves. His vouchers for a Deity demonstrated, more than did his code or his conquests, the altitude of his thought. To the Christian creed he yields the unsuspecting verdict of an understanding that was immense. When his brother Joseph, King of Naples, charged him with coldness, he answered, "My friendship has the dimensions of my mind." If the value of his theologic opinion is to have the same measure as his private regard, the observation he made to his infidel comrades merits large scope and weight. His conception was from a purely rational contemplation of the material world. David says the fool in his heart denies God. Napoleon was no fool. An ill-equipped doctor of divinity, like one who sees with half an eye, or grasps with his left hand, he yet found the invisible energy so real and overwhelming as to force, despite prevailing disbelief and against all prepossessions, his unqualified assent.

But to establish a personal equation, his solitary name or oath would not suffice. What, on the same problem, says one so unlike the great captain as that foremost of German thinkers, Immanuel Kant? He does not find proof enough

in the outward world. With a speculative process he tries to eke out the argument from design. Doctor Samuel Clarke, before him, had offered an *a priori* proof of the being of a God; and when a student of his book pronounced it unintelligible, the class-professor answered, "Is it not better to say you do not understand it?" But, even in his own improved restatement, it did not quite satisfy Kant. He felt constrained to retreat for its confirmation, from metaphysical reasoning to the moral sentiment in the soul of man. To the word of nature and the guess of theory he was convinced that conscience must render its aid, and be the voice of God. "Two things," he said, "are sublime, the human conscience and the stars." To the outer he joined that inner light without which the firmament would to us, as to the brute it does, shine in vain. From this kindling in our heart which discloses the law of duty, ere from the hand of any Moses its lines could be cut in stone, the Infinite Divinity, if not comprehended, is authoritatively shown.

And his mind is the sky,
Than all it holds more great, more high.

Such, in the personal equation of faith in God, is the note added by Kant, who surpassed in discernment the French emperor, while doubting the strength of his plea. In his idea all the spheres that roll in the upper vault could not persuade of an almighty roller anybody in whose own bosom the same resistless push is not felt, prescribing an orbit of behavior grander than that coursing through measureless space, which, as we muse, becomes a figure of our obligations, but to the insect reveals no order and suggests no law. Man makes with his mind the things he scans with his eyes. They do not exist to the beast. To the soul they express or indorse a righteousness unbounded and alive, and admonish us to do right because it is right, and from that motive alone.

But as the old Greek sage said, the world flows. All is a river. There is something hard and rigid in law without love, inspiration, and grace. Against the Jewish system Paul accordingly protested as of "works." Doctor Channing, one said, "was kept from the highest goodness because his sense of rectitude was so overwhelming and severe." Creation is a circle, not a straight line. Beside the man of

action and the philosopher, we must have the poet or beholder of beauty to finish this personal equation of faith. With Kant and Bonaparte, let us conjoin Wordsworth, perhaps the chief of recent singers if we take him at his best. He is not blind but open-eyed to the frame of our abode, and not insensible to the claim of uprightness with its categorical imperative after nature's imperative mood. But he supplies the third note of beauty for a harmonic chord. Thus that harp, which is the universe, is well strung to celebrate the praises of the Author in whom it consists and endures.

The three concordant elements are braided together in our bard's curiously composed and happy style which leaves nothing out. But at first he is congenitally transported and almost infatuated by the scene into which he is born.

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion.

Rock, and mountain, and wood overcame him with their forms. He needed no interest "unborrowed from the eye." In nature-worship he was our great high-priest. As the serpent is said to charm its victim, and hold its prey motionless to be devoured, so the world wound him in its monstrous coils. The image of wood or stone, which the idolater rears, generates other idolaters, and continues idolatry without end. So Jupiter, and Mars, and Venus in the sky, named after heathen deities, in default or oversight of the unseen object of reverence, are unawares adored. The stars, we lift our eyes to, gaze back and subdue our minds. But this absorption in nature was, in Wordsworth's case, only a temporary phase during the period of his youth. Seneca says, beauty is the outside of a person and by no dissection disclosed. So it is a surface index of the creation, the veil hung over every omnipotent work. The dates of Wordsworth's pieces, as well as the diverse moods and motives of his verse, hint his ever profounder penetration into the soul of things, while he never misses or omits their entrancing spell. Witness his "Ode to Duty" as evincing this advance:—

Stern lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
 And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh
 and strong.

Here is a long step forward from his earliest lines, loyal as he still is to the nature which a supernatural transcends, and which beauty forevermore fails not to complete and clothe. But he feels

Something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
 A motion and a spirit that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

He no longer stops and rings at the door, or admires the house of the Lord for its splendid architecture, but enters as a guest to unite and identify himself with the Being by which all is built, and who presides as host.

Grazing the rock of fetishism does the poet fall into the gulf of pantheism? If so, Paul was there already with his "God above all, and through all, and in all." There is no pantheism where there is prayer, although prayer and praise have "imperfect offices," as Wordsworth declares, when the human has share and fellowship with the divine. But he worships the Lord, as the older prophets did, "in the beauty of holiness," and in the personal equation this is his especial contribution to our faith in God.

Thus power, integrity, and beauty are by Napoleon, Kant, and Wordsworth set forth. What symbols are in their names! None of them, however, laid on science the stress for which that other great observer, Charles Darwin, stands. He, more than anyone else, has traced from structural beginnings the evolution of organic life. The "long road from the oyster to Plato," owning some breaks on the way, yet not missing the direction and unaltered trend, he has surveyed. He does not pretend to describe, formulate, or even conceive, but only assumes, the primæval energy by which it was laid out and still runs on. But he has a lowliness in which veneration of the indescribable streams from a fathomless

source. His homage is to what was ineffable in the thought of the devout Jew who turned over the leaf on which was written the word he dared not speak. If he be not a theist by profession, he bows as gently before "the perfect whole" as at a shrine does the bishop in any cathedral, or disciple of a pious school. The mystic is right claiming in his essence to be God or of God, but wrong with any ambition saying to others, "I and my Father are one." "Enter into thy closet!" Silence is the ear or whispering gallery of our speech to him or his to us. This communication was clear and open for Darwin, though, like many a student, he never displayed or could lay it bare. The one in the universal is taught by this evolutionist and foremost scientist. The unity in terrestrial life has by no ancient or modern author ever been shown so amply before, although he does not hold to the definitions of any theological school or handle the horoscope of a future lot. He confesses his ignorance, but does not practice reticence, being the most candid of men. He casts away alike assumption and reserve. He knows of nature more than does anybody beside, but of what outstrips it he specifies not a jot. He is asked what, in our doubt of coming events, we shall do. *Our duty*, is his reply. So, in the personal equation, this physicist and Kant, the metaphysician, agree. On behavior by naturalist and philosopher and poet and captain, the dominant accent is laid. Darwin declares that, in his devotion to close investigation, his imagination had been starved, and his relish for poetry, even of Shakespeare, lost. Anton Rubinstein said to me, "These people who ask *wherfrom and whereto* I find it difficult to be with." To the *what* of fact Darwin's interest and appetite were confined. But over all mist of shifting fortunes to befall towers moral obligation to a height w' which Horeb or Sinai could not vie. In this "conclusi of the whole matter" Darwin accords with King Solomon whose Book of Proverbs has the same drift and end.

In this personal equation the English explorer is matched by the American commander Grant. When he lay sick and dying that general was asked by his minister to name the greatest thought that had ever reached his mind. He answered, "That I have tried to do my duty." Nothing leaves his lips about Vicksburg or Shiloh, Atlanta or Richmond. He tells what he had endeavored, but nought that

he had achieved. Not a syllable of total depravity, or trinity, or atonement, or immortality is uttered, but of conduct alone he speaks. When the clergyman reads of the healing miracles, which the Bible reports, as though they might be continued, Grant listens and makes no remark. On his record alone he rests.

Thus only in the binding moral sentiment is agreement to be found. Emerson says, in the ecstacy of devotion we must flee from our doctrine of divine impersonality "as Joseph left his coat in the harlot's hands." But he adds that religion is moral throughout. Dr. Wayland declared that his Baptist brethren did not preach morals enough. Dr. Hedge said to me, "God is the moral supreme! Duty, well interpreted, includes the whole, not only action, but worship, too. If there be a God, we ought to revere and obey him, and so Jesus makes the two great commandments to be love to God and man. If there be a heaven we should with long forecast fit ourselves for such a home. The right, largely construed, takes in all we can do, or be, or become. Every consideration we may entertain converges and concentrates on our character and will. On the personal equation, this is the decision without dissent, of all the intellectual peers.

Abraham Lincoln, the patriot, is one witness more. His patriotism was not an empty or noisy profession, but like the pent-up flame that turns a hundred wheels in the mill or on the track. As a dispassionate but steady and consuming fire it wrought all other affections to the service of itself. He would save the nation "with or without slavery," biding his time and the hour of doom. Urged by Sumner, or pestered by Chase, or anticipated by Fremont, he in his patience never failed, but matured his plan. When Secretary Stanton called him a fool he said Stanton was apt to be right. To Phillips, branding him as a slave hound, like the master who was silent under accusation, he made no reply. When Douglass informed him he was thought to be slow, he said, "You may observe I never go back." To deliver the land in all its compass he was raised up. In such aim he persevered. What was his support but that Divine Providence on which he waited, while the shadow of martyrdom fell on his far-away and mournful eyes? On the God he could not hurry he leaned. Early in his his-

tory as a lawyer he had written a treatise to disprove the idea of a personal God as described in the creeds. But with a greater task, as he said, than Washington's in his hands, he was driven back to the Being he had denied. The father of his country made no appeals more solemn or so direct as his to the Most High. He covenants with Him like Abraham his namesake. He will free the bondman if God will grant a signal victory to our arms. In his secret bosom the solemn promise that some might think superstitious was made; when the tide of invasion was turned back the contract was kept. But for the discharge of his office alone the superhuman help was sought. He wanted the wind of inspiration to sail the ship of state, at whose helm he stood. He prized the fountain of his piety for its flow into the channels of his duty; and as food to the sentiment of right and impulse for a people's redemption his religion was dear to his soul. In this view all the characters we have cited concur. Even Bonaparte, who ended as the subjugator, began as the savior of France, with a mission he accepted, and had no right, or liberty, or wish to shun. Whether the pre-eminent man be a victor or sage, bard or discoverer, or civil and political head, he must refer to and acknowledge an adorable power that sustains his deeds or prompts immortal words. That the persons I cite I also correctly represent, or that they are competent to testify, we need for proof only the trumpet of fame by which their titles are blown. The verdict in their personal equation is the existence of God.

The worth of such an equation, as bearing on a primary and fundamental persuasion, we can scarce overrate. It is a plus quantity, and a positive contribution not to be cancelled or set aside by the minus figure or pure negation of atheism and unbelief. No atheists and infidels appear by any quality enabled to vie with their opponents or meet them in the lists. "The denying spirit," as Goethe calls the devil, is inferior in mind as well as virtue to the one which affirms. "To take God out of history," says Emerson, is "to take the sun out of heaven." "Character," says Hedge, "is the centre. Genius, in comparison, but the accident in a man." The catalogue of unbelievers presents few examples of either of these traits, which in the believing company so shine and abound. But, says one of the old saintly fathers, "*aliquando*

in exiguis ecclenia;" sometimes the church exists in a minority of a few. So faith must not be defined by dogma, or limited to a sect, or shut up in sacraments, or bounded by a denomination, or cut to the measure of any compromise, or shorn of its majestic spiritual proportions by the edge of any opinion which scholastic logic can shape and grind. Profession without conviction is pretence. "Words alone," says Goethe again, are "smoke that clouds the celestial glow." From Socrates to Jesus, neither of whom wrote down but only spoke out their doctrine, the charge of recreancy has always been brought against the men whose trust in their Author was most entire. Episcopacy's latest sentence deposes from its ministry a clergyman for doubting the bodily resurrection of an unbegotten Son. "If the bread and wine be taken from the table," said a communicant, "what have we left?" Whatever is true, and good, and everlasting, remains, is the unanswerable reply.

Out of hundreds, scarce less distinguished, I have selected a few names. A "cloud of witnesses" who can count!

Is the personal equation better made up of a measureless multitude, uncelebrated in story, who have created and marched after the leaders of their host? However, in some sense it may so be, yet original testimonies of competent observers have a weight which the subservient camp-followers cannot claim. In the scientific personal equation every man is capable and renders an independent report. Only those persons who do not borrow their ethical opinions, but are authors of their own thoughts, can in any matter of responsible judgment turn the scale. A human crowd may signify hardly more than a school of fish, flight of birds, perch of parrots, swarm of bees, or flock of sheep. The guides, who give purpose and direction to affairs, must, in our estimate, stand forth or be singled out. In a broad way the whole Christian communion is the personal equation of faith in God. But Christianity, like a fissiparous creature, divides and subdivides spontaneously into Greek, Romish, and Protestant bodies, whose radical unity, amid marked dissimilarity, is harder than that of the animal kingdom to trace. Religious differences and contradictions unavoidably arise. Many in the fold, who chafe under the yoke of arbitrary rule, lack courage and keep still. Outspoken dissenters undergo trial, and are disciplined or dropped. Prin-

ciple loses its premium, and policy gives an uncertain sound. We cannot poll the temple on any question of morals or theology for a final vote. Entering a richly carved, finely ornamented, and softly cushioned place of worship, Mr. Garrison said, "This church seems so entirely fitted for the accommodation and comfort of man as to leave no room for God." His house is in the pious breast. They preach his word who do his will. They are alone the witnesses not forsworn, and take their authority from the Holy Ghost.

Atheists who disown, and agnostics who ignore the divine Being have only disfavor from superior intelligences and no consent from the general mass of mankind. But into our equation some main articles of ecclesiastical courts do not come, because, from being subjects of long dispute, they suffer at last discredit and disuse. A human fall, an infallible book, a virgin birth, and a mortal rising from the grave are still written in creeds and engraved in chancels, but not inscribed on the tables of the heart or proclaimed with the once familiar unction from the desk. Added to worldly doubt an intra-mural scepticism now eats the substance of these dogmas away. When we go about the metaphoric Zion and Jerusalem of our sires, to tell of the towers, one stone upon another is not found. The outward cathedral stands, but the congregation which is its interior is honey-combed with unbelief. A building will crumble if the foundation be sandy, or it will sink or settle in made land. So we can have for the rock of principle no safe substitute of artificial props. How deeply by clergy and laity this is felt every recent trial for heresy is proof. When by a bare majority of his judges Mr. MacQueary is warned or condemned, and resigns before he can be expelled, we learn how widely the symbols of worship are questioned and their basis sapped, till the whole insincere structure seems a card castle needing no earthquake to topple over what a little wind of debate will blow down, as an avalanche may be started from its delicate poise on the mountain-side by a motion or a breath. There is sometimes doubt whether that is more than a shower which proves to be a flood. The French minister saw a revolution when his master, Louis XVI., fancied only a revolt. But religion is too mighty in our nature that any fatal catastrophe should be feared. The ark of confidence in the power, we are made by, has room for

every soul. Schism is a safety-valve, not an alarm. Volcanoes scare and do not ruin the world. At moral eruptions let us not quake! Something must happen as the spirit grows too great and potent to be held any longer in the form. But it escapes and is not destroyed. When the Hebrew bottles had burst all of the wine was not spilt. The shaking and rending of the Orthodox, Presbyterian, Catholic, Episcopal, Trinitarian, or Unitarian bodies, is not for their harm but reform. For what do they exist but the betterment of the world? Their catechisms will be wisely shortened, and their decaying rituals pruned. The wheat will be garnered, and the chaff burnt. Only when purged from error can truth have its emphasis and use. Atheism itself is a challenge for a better theism, and Thoreau said it might be comparatively popular with God.

ASSOCIATION IN CLUBS WITH ITS BEARINGS ON WORKING-WOMEN.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

WERE these pages to be merely a chronicle of the many clubs of many orders, designed for the general help and enlightenment of wage-earning women, its telling would be left to other hands. Of the facts and incidents making up each year of such work, hundreds are ready to speak, and of fullest knowledge. They have given their best time, strength, energy, and faith. Organization has not, as it so often does, affected personal work or interest. On the contrary, these clubs have done more toward individualizing effort than any recent scheme of philanthropy, and their scope is steadily broadening.

With the particular we can all deal through printed reports of single clubs, or the larger one of the general convention of all clubs for working girls, held in New York in April, 1890, and followed by the less formal but well-nigh as important yearly meeting for 1891, in which steady interest and great increase in numbers were reported. It is the general aspects of the movement that are in question, and of this there can be given hardly more than outline of some thoughts as to both methods and principles; the necessity that lies at the heart of the matter, and the purpose that most needs fulfilment.

To one who watches the course of progress as a whole, the nineteenth century holds one fact unknown to any other since time began. From the day when man and woman left Eden behind, and entered the world without the gates, mutually accusing and excusing, profound curiosity as to each other has filled the mind of both. Each generation has settled to its own satisfaction the office, the duty, and the general status of its women, and the succeeding one worked out its own conception as diligently and with as enthusiastic conviction that the final solution had come, as if no other had

ever lived or spoken. It was the riddle of the Sphinx still unsolved, and whether any day that time will know is to give final reply, who shall say? Poet, philosopher, law-maker, each and all have had their say, and still for every fresh comer on the stage, the old puzzle has the same place; and eyes, look deep as they may, find that below every depth sounded lies another still unfathomed and, it may be, unfathomable.

So long as outward interests made small part of the life of woman, and their chief end was as speedy a seeking and finding of the individual man who was to be her special phase of the general problem, women remained for each other a secondary matter. Now and then a great friendship proved what treasures might lie in close relations between women, but for the most part, there was subtle antagonism born of all past conditions, and an inevitable result of that past and its dealings with women. It is the nineteenth century with all its complex conditions that has opened up to us the true interpretation of the past, that has given birth to the wide sense of mutual obligation, and demonstrated what is still but in its beginning, the fact of capacity, and what training may do for mind and spirit.

Negative virtues summed up in all that patient, courageous endurance of hard conditions must mean, have filled the past. To-day the positive ones are uppermost, and to all women some form of action outside old lines is becoming possible. To do something, to do a great many things as continuously and as perfectly as possible, is the ambition of the American woman, and she fulfils her desire in a thousand ways. Barely a generation ago, her only outlets beyond the home were the sewing and the missionary society. To-day, every town of any size has its woman's club and its committees for general work, and chief among these is always philanthropy, and the whole machinery for evening social inequalities and diminishing the spread of poverty and crime.

Out of it all has come a strong conviction. It is that no work has vital power that does not rouse in those for whom it is undertaken an impulse toward personal effort. It is the individual we seek in the unformed mass. Individuation, not massing, is the law of progress, and to arrive at this conviction is the chief end of most of the work already done.

Everywhere this thought has begun to stir, and from prison, reformatory, asylum, alike comes the report of experiment, investigation, patient and curious searching into causes, and the record of results.

To this long category is now to be added all phases of organization among and for working women and girls. At once we recognize that it is principally within the last decade that their claims have been made plain. The philanthropist has ignored them and, from the nature of their lives, they have been cut off from most of the possibilities opening before their more fortunate sisters. More than for most women, was there mutual distrust and suspicion. For the lowest order of worker, competition of the fiercest made this inevitable, while for every ascending grade it remained true in lessening but always certain ratio.

To-day, the same conditions, intensified, hedge about all industries open to women, these now numbering over four hundred. The struggle for most of them has been of a nature unknown to any previous generation. It is marvellous that in the midst of a thousand temptations, of privations of every order, the knowledge that wages by no means keep pace with the increase of trades, and that limitations are sharper and sharper, that the record for most is that of honest, hard-working, patient lives. To preach co-operation to these women has been till now a waste of time. "Homes" have for many years offered them shelter at the lowest possible price, and thus a common meeting-ground ; but few accept the life they impose. To the independent spirited worker, they are tainted always by the implication of charity, by inflexible rules, and usually by sharply defined sectarianism. Of late, also, it has been found that some employers take advantage of their cheapness as an argument for reducing wages, and thus they are in added disfavor.

"Friendly Societies" were the first success. These originated in England, naturally a generation in advance in such thought, and owing this advance to Kingsley and Frederick Maurice, and the list of eager followers, who, forty years and more ago, faced conditions but now becoming our own. The growth of the mercantile spirit, with its greed for money-getting, has brought in its train a decreasing wage, the sweating system, and all the evils born of the mad rush for wealth. No nation faces a more complicated problem.

A hundred alien elements brought in by emigration, compete with native labor, and make stumbling-blocks for the feet of all workers, and thus distrust has intensified; and to fuse the mass of opposite creeds, desires, and purposes into any coherence and unity has appeared less and less a possibility.

The history of labor in this country had included from the beginning, organization for men. This was accepted as necessary and inevitable, and the workingman, even when most discontented and unreasonable, had come to represent something firm, self-reliant, and loyal to his class. The consciousness of his manhood and his rights as a man were ingrained facts, but till the Knights of Labor sent out the "Preamble" which, in spite of their failure to live up to it, is one of the most perfect exponents of both the rights and duties of the worker, women had no share in the scheme.

Under the old regime, all workers had been part of the family. The apprentice system included this, but the sudden broadening of all avenues to wealth, brought about by the enormous growth of the country, and the improved machinery which met the new demand for production, ended the old and brought in the new. Inevitably in this new, the individual dropped out of sight. Workers became simply "hands" and remain so. That bodies owning souls and brain are also to be included, forms no part of the consideration. Society had long concentrated its work principally on the criminal, and thus a mass of hard working, patient women and girls who also must earn, and who began the work, untrained, undeveloped, and gaining their knowledge of both life and work through sharp experience, walked in our midst unregarded and uncared for.

In the great cities a portion lived at home, but the large part were lodged in tenement-houses, or, if a little higher class of worker, in narrow hall bedrooms of cheap boarding-houses, or clubbed together in a larger one.

The report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor for 1884, on the working-women of Boston, their wages, lives, and general conditions, was one of the first strong impulses toward betterment. As in all suddenly defined need of action, the movement began almost simultaneously at different points, Philadelphia taking the lead. The "Working-Woman's Guild" of that city, an offshoot of the New Century Club, owes its life as does also that of the parent stem,

to the wisdom and energy of a woman who has always ignored recognition, and gone her quiet way, bent only upon accomplishing her purpose, Mrs. Eliza S. Turner, the first president of the New Century Club. It was to her that New York workers turned when the thought came also to them that the dreary lives of shop girls and general workers might be lightened, and there are points in the Philadelphia system still to be attempted in New York.

There is small occasion for criticism of methods. All know the untiring energy and devotedness of Miss Dodge and her work, and the Convention of Working Girls Clubs held in New York, in April, 1890, demonstrated the extraordinary change that six years of work had brought about.

For every city where the experiment had been tried, hundreds had learned two things that underlie the formation of any such organization. First, that there are means of happiness and of growth within the reach of all workers, and second, that out of such organization grows a feeling of mutual trustfulness, solidarity, and "a confidence in the power of concentrated action, which will enable the worker to make effectual claim to larger and juster share of the product of her labor."

Seventy-five societies banded together to these ends, met at the New York Convention, and gave three days to general discussion of what had already been done, and of methods of enlarging the work. Full details can be found in the formal report issued shortly afterward, and to be had on application to the secretary.*

One of the most vital phases of effort connected with the movement is the White Cross Society, and the special talks to girls, hundreds of whom have received from this source their first lesson in the laws of life. Classes of every variety, from languages to cooking, have been formed, and the Philadelphia Guild, an absolutely unsectarian one, has included light carpentering, and other features of industrial training.

Further detail of the practical side is unnecessary, since he who runs may read. That there is sometimes too evident an attempt to wipe out dividing lines, and reach the level of the lowest worker, is at least a venial fault. At best it is a task filled with difficulties. The sense of perfect equality, — the "I'm as good as you are" feeling, is strong in every

* Miss Virginia Potter, 262 Madison Ave., New York.

one. How to guide this personal independence so that it may keep the soul of wholesomeness within, yet learn that there is no equality save as souls seek the same things and those the highest, is the problem to be solved.

A myriad questions arise which only experience can answer. But one thing is certain. Of all the clubs forming on every hand, none are of such vital power, or so essential to any growth for women, as a whole, as these for the worker. Her wage at best for the whole United States is, as given in the report of the United States Bureau of Labor for 1888, entitled "Working Women in Large Cities," a trifle under five dollars a week. The actual figures are \$4.84. These mean sharp limitations; so sharp that when their possibilities are summed up, one has hardly words to praise, in just measure, the patience, the fidelity of the mass of these workers. Every influence from without tends to force them to a dead level and to keep them there. It is, then, a demand upon more fortunate women, to lighten hard conditions, and give to all the knowledge in which lies their only hope of escape.

Admit as we must the ignorance, incompetence, and want of discipline in many, it is necessary to look, not at the individual, but the mass out of which is to be developed the capacity which alone gives title to rank as individuals.

"Masses," wrote Emerson long ago, "are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands, and need not be flattered but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, drill, divide, and break them up, and draw individuals out of them."

It is this work that is to be accomplished by the whole enormous system of clubs. They are simply one form of the higher education, the development of the lacking sense among women, and thus there can be no over-estimation of the value. But they are means, not end. Association for many purposes, voluntary and not enforced co-operation, is the life we accept as the natural outgrowth of any genuine civilization, nor can we fix the limit of such growth or such association. Yet always behind it, it is the individual soul, — the individual right to the best and highest that life can give, that is to come.

On this point there must be no doubt. More and more we must be freed from every bond of mere custom and tradition,

every blunder or error of the past, still casting its shadow on the present. It is liberty that is to grow. Not license, which wears its mask, but the liberty born of conflict and conquest of error; liberty that will carry with it equality of opportunity for development of every faculty born in one, and thus secure to all honest work just wage to the worker, and something in life besides work.

Our present danger lies in supposing that these clubs give all that the worker needs or has right to ask. On the contrary, they are simply the token of the better day she is to know. They are our education no less than hers. They mean the growth of justice to the individual, the dominion of a principle toward which the ages have struggled, and in which every circumstance of life has made women deficient. What generations may still pass before the lesson is learned, who shall say? Yet, when once the book is unsealed, we learn quickly, and thus how can we doubt that the future whose dawn even now flushes our east, holds a life known as yet chiefly to the dreamers? The new century so near its opening brings with it the promise for which the past has waited. One prophet at least has realized its significance, and it is Victor Hugo who shall give us its keynote:—

“For four hundred years the human race has not made a step but what has left its plain vestige behind. We enter now upon great centuries. The sixteenth century will be known as the age of painters, the seventeenth will be termed the age of writers, the eighteenth, the age of philosophers, the nineteenth, the age of apostles and prophets. To satisfy the nineteenth century it is necessary to be the painter of the sixteenth, the writer of the seventeenth, the philosopher of the eighteenth, and it is also necessary, like Louis Blanc, to have the innate and holy love of humanity which constitutes an apostolate, and opens up a prophetic vista into the future. In the twentieth war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, animosity will be dead, royalty will be dead, but man will live. For all there will be but one country,—that country the whole earth; for all there will be but one hope,—that hope the whole heaven. All hail, then, to that noble twentieth century which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit.”

CITIZENSHIP AND SUFFRAGE; THE YARBROUGH DECISION.

BY FRANCIS MINOR.

NOTHING demonstrates more clearly the importance and necessity of the ballot for woman than the apathy and indifference with which the movement in its favor is regarded by men generally.

The object and purpose of that movement is to secure for one half of the people or citizens a political right, which is at present monopolized and enjoyed solely by the other half.

A favorite method of objection with men of weak minds is that of saying, women do not want to vote; if they did, they could have the ballot in twenty-four hours. Such statements are contemptible. They are untrue, to begin with, and they treat a grave political question in a frivolous manner.

It has been publicly stated by a senator of the United States, upon the floor of the Senate, that more petitions in favor of woman suffrage had been presented to Congress, than upon all other subjects combined. But the matter does not rest upon the basis of the number of petitioners. Federal suffrage is a right or privilege of Federal citizenship, and as such, should be enjoyed by all citizens who desire to exercise it.

It is the duty of the national government to protect this right, although not a single petition had been presented for that purpose. It would be an alarming state of things, if fundamental rights depended upon the whims or fancies of individuals, and they do not thus depend.

For more than twenty years, Congress has been petitioned to submit an amendment of the Constitution forbidding the denial of the right of citizens of the United States to vote, on account of sex. Judging the future by the past, it is doubtful if such an amendment will ever be proposed.

But the Supreme Court having decided that the right to vote for members of Congress is based upon the Constitution

of the United States, it becomes a matter of vital importance to ascertain whether or not the provision of the Constitution to which the court refers is broad enough to include women as well as men. If it should be found to be so, then the work will be greatly lessened and simplified. It would then only be necessary to petition Congress to pass an act giving effect to the constitutional provision. This would be necessary, because the Constitution is not self-enforcing, but congressional legislation is required to make the right practically available. To promote a clearer understanding of the matter, the reader should keep constantly in mind the difference between Federal and State suffrage.

The duality of suffrage is often lost sight of, even by persons otherwise well informed; and this is due, in part, to the union of the two rights in the same individual and in part to the fact, that at the polls the entire election is conducted by State officials and under State auspices, the Federal supervision of the election which is sometimes had serving the purpose merely of a report for the information of the House, or for the United States Circuit Court. Under these circumstances, the vast majority of voters easily conclude that their right to vote for every office is derived from the State, when, in truth, the States have no jurisdiction whatever over the Federal right of suffrage. Their authority is confined to the control of Federal elections, and even this is subject to the superior power of Congress.

Section 4 of Article I. provides:—

“The times, places, and manner of holding elections for senators and representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing senators.”

To the general voter it is a matter of indifference, whether the vote which he casts for a member of Congress is given under one authority or the other, so long as he is permitted to exercise the right. To the disfranchised citizen, however, the matter appears in a totally different light.

Again, under the Federal, as well as under the State Constitutions, there is a difference between the right to vote and the qualifications for voting, although they are often confounded; and this confusion, more than any other one thing, is the cause of women being denied the right of

Federal suffrage. It should also be borne in mind that the term "people," as used in the original Constitution, is identical with that of citizen, now more commonly employed. To many this may seem to be a piece of superfluous information; nevertheless, the Supreme Court of the United States laid great stress upon it, and called particular attention to it, in the case of *Scott v. Sandford*, 19 Howard. Under the Federal Constitution again, there is no such thing as half-way citizenship. A person is either a citizen of the United States, or he is not, and Federal suffrage is conferred only upon the "people" or citizens, who are possessed of full citizenship, and consequently are members of the national body politic. In a closely contested congressional election, this might become an important question. Yet these foreigners, who are not citizens, and may never become such, many of whom cannot read a line of English, are permitted to vote for our national law makers, while intelligent native-born citizens are denied the right. It is a shame that the men of this country permit such a thing!

But the cardinal difference, the difference of differences, between the Constitution of the United States and those of the several States, in regard to the right of suffrage, lies in the fact that under the former the element of sex is wholly eliminated!

The language of the Constitution which establishes the right of suffrage is as follows:—

"The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States; and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature."

Article I., Section 2.

The right to vote for members of the House of Representatives is thus vested in "the people of the several States," without condition, limitation, or restriction of any kind, and especially without reference to sex. *As men and women unitedly constitute the people, unitedly they are entitled to the franchise. The right is bestowed upon both classes, and neither is authorized to deprive the other of its exercise.* Let it be repeated that under and by virtue of this section alone, men have voted for members of Congress since the foundation of the government; not because they are males; not because of their sex, as is the case with State suffrage, but because they

form a part of the people of the several States, in whom this Federal right is vested! And for precisely the same reason the other half of the people are also entitled to exercise this Federal right.

If it be asked, why, then, have men, during all these years, deprived women of so plain a right, I reply, that it is not incumbent upon me to state *why* a wrong has been committed, but only to point out how it may be remedied. It may be stated, however, that this century of wrong-doing is the result of an erroneous construction of the second clause of the section, relating to the qualifications of the electors. The Constitution established the right of suffrage, but did not prescribe the qualifications of the voters. In place of doing this, it adopted the qualifications of the several States for their voters, and required the Federal electors to conform to them.

To ascertain these, the Federal electors in each State must examine the law of the State, and comply with its requirements on the subject of qualifications. None of the States, so far as I am aware, make *sex* a qualification for voting. It is made an element or condition of the *right* to vote, and in this way the right to vote in the States has been confined to males, the qualifications of the voter being an entirely different thing. But even if some States were to rank *sex* in the list of qualifications, it would apply only to their own voters. The Supreme Court has well observed in this Yarbrough case, that the Constitution of the United States is not only a part of the law of every State, but is the paramount law. The right of Federal suffrage was established in order that it might be exercised, and cannot be defeated by a State law disguised as a qualification.

When the Federal Constitution was framed, and for many years thereafter, the qualifications required of State electors were three in number, to wit; age, residence, and property.

This last qualification has long since been dispensed with, leaving only age and residence. As a matter of course, women could comply with these, as readily as men.

But the trouble began, and is continued, by mistaking or confounding right with qualification, and it is to this latter only that the Constitution refers. In addition to this, no special attention was given to the subject by men. Their right to vote being undisputed, they did not grieve over the

wrongs of the other class, and thus the matter has drifted along.

It will now be proper to consider the two decisions of the Supreme Court which bear directly upon the subject of Federal suffrage.

The first is the case of *Minor v. Happersett*, 21 Wallace, in which the court held that the right of Federal suffrage, claimed by the plaintiff, did not exist. The decision was not adverse to the plaintiff on account of her sex, as commonly supposed, but because the court at that time was of the opinion that the subject of suffrage belonged entirely to the States; the court holding that the United States has no voters of its own creation, and that the Constitution of the United States does not confer the right of suffrage upon anyone.

Entertaining these views the decision was necessarily adverse to the plaintiff. In reference to the matter of sex, the court said, that "sex has never been made an element of citizenship in the United States. In this respect men have never had an advantage over women. The same laws precisely apply to both." It further said, "if the right of suffrage is one of the necessary privileges of a citizen of the United States, then the constitution and laws of Missouri, confining it to men, are in violation of the Constitution of the United States, as amended, and consequently void."

This decision was rendered in 1875. Nine years later, in the *Yarbrough* case, 110 U. S., the court had changed its views, and decided that the right of Federal suffrage does exist, and is based upon the Constitution of the United States. The importance of this last decision, therefore, cannot be over-estimated. Although the question of woman's right to the ballot was not in terms before the court, it is necessarily involved in any adjudication of the question of Federal suffrage.

It is made so by the Constitution, which permits no distinction to be made between citizens of the United States as regards this right. The right of suffrage, as declared by the court to exist, is vested in "the people of the several States."

The people consist of men and women. The right is, therefore, vested in men and women.

An extract from the *Yarbrough* decision is here given:—

After a statement of the facts, the court said:

"But it is not correct to say that the right to vote for a member

of Congress does not depend on the Constitution of the United States. The office, if it be properly called an office, is created by the Constitution, and by that alone. It also declares how it shall be filled, namely, by election. Its language is:

“The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States; and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature.” Article I., Section 2.

“The States in prescribing the qualifications of voters for the most numerous branch of their own legislature, *do not do this with reference to the election for members of Congress. Nor can they prescribe the qualifications for those, eo nomine.* They define who are to vote for the popular branch of their own legislature, and the Constitution of the United States says the same persons shall vote for members of Congress in that State. It adopts the qualifications thus furnished as the qualifications of its own electors for members of Congress. *It is not true, therefore, that the electors for members of Congress owe their right to vote to the State law, in any sense which makes the exercise of the right to depend exclusively on the law of the State.*”

We are next to consider the practical use to be made of this decision, and a further quotation from the decision itself will show what ought to be done. The court said: “The principle, however, that the protection of the exercise of the right is within the power of Congress, is as necessary to the right of other citizens to vote in general, as to the right to be protected against discrimination. The exercise of the right in both instances is guaranteed by the Constitution, and should be kept free and pure by congressional enactments whenever that is necessary.”

Acting upon the suggestion of the court, the form of an act for this purpose is submitted.

AN ACT

To protect the right of citizens of the United States to register and to vote for members of the House of Representatives.

Whereas, The right to choose members of the House of Representatives is vested by the Constitution in the people of the several States, without distinction of sex; but for want of proper legislation has hitherto been restricted to one half of the people; for the purpose, therefore, of correcting this error, and of giving effect to the Constitution:

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

Section 1. At all elections hereafter held in the several States of this Union for members of the House of Representatives, the right of citizens of the United States of either sex, above the age of twenty-one years, to register and to vote for such representatives, shall not be denied, or abridged, by the United States, or by any State, on account of sex.

The authority of Congress to pass such an act, is not only upheld by the Supreme Court, but its passage is enjoined upon that body.

In the Virginia convention of 1788, which was convened to consider and ratify the Federal Constitution, Mr. Madison, one of its framers, was asked to explain the meaning of the fourth section, particularly as to why Congress had an ultimate control over the time, place, and manner of holding elections of representatives, to which he replied, that the power was reserved because, "should the people of any State by any means be deprived of the right of suffrage, it was judged proper that it should be remedied by the general government!" — *Elliot's Debates* 3. 366.

No time could be more auspicious than the present, for the exercise by Congress of this reserved power, in view of the fact, that more than thirty millions of the people are deprived of the right of Federal suffrage. One would suppose that a fact of this character would arouse general attention, and the wrong be corrected, but as we all know, such is not the case. The principle of the equality of all citizens under the law has never been reduced to actual practice. The right of suffrage represents, or is intended to represent, that equality. The woman suffrage movement is designed to bring about that result. Its motto is, *one law for all citizens alike*. Can anything be fairer or more just than this? There is no compulsion in the matter. Those who do not wish to vote need not do so, but the law should make it possible for all to vote. In consequence of the difficulties encountered, many suffragists are disposed to compromise the matter, and accept partial suffrage. I think this is a great mistake. It is a surrender of principle. It is an admission that the right may be given, or withheld, which is not true of Federal suffrage. That right is established in the Federal Constitution for all the people, or citizens, and should never be compromised or surrendered.

It was in reference to the fact that Federal citizenship carries with it Federal suffrage, that the Supreme Court, in what is known as the Slaughter House Cases, 16 Wallace, crystallized the whole matter in these memorable words: —

“The negro having, by the fourteenth amendment, been declared to be a citizen of the United States, *is thus made a voter in every State of the Union!*”

An entire volume is compressed in these words.

Women are citizens of the United States, and are “thus made voters in every State of the Union,” needing only congressional recognition of the fact. A sixteenth amendment would add nothing to their right, except that it would include State suffrage. But why postpone the exercise of the Federal right on this account? Let women be recognized by Congress as Federal voters, and the States would, of their own accord, blot out the word “male” from their constitutions.

THE LOGIC OF PORT-ROYAL AND MODERN SCIENCE.*

BY PROF. T. FUNCK-BRENTANO.

INTRODUCTION.

SUCH were the corruptions of the Roman Church in the seventeenth century, that a protest was inevitable against doctrines so Jesuitical, so subversive of true Christian religion. This protest led to the beginning of Jansenism.

The first to protest were two friends, pious and austere men, brought up in the knowledge of the Church Fathers and of the Gospel,—Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, and Duverger, Abbé de St. Cyron. The former, after whose name their common disciples were called, opposed the benighted doctrines of the Jesuits, in his *Augustinus*, a profound and serious book, in which, bringing back to light the principles of St. Augustine, he demonstrated that no one could be saved unless he had freed himself from the sinful inclinations of the flesh, and had reconciled himself with God by an intimate faith-principle, leading to a life of obedience and holiness.†

The views of these two friends were chiefly aimed at an inner and individual regeneration of the heart, and found special favor with a sisterhood of young ladies, of which St. Cyron became the director, and which had for Abbess the celebrated Mother Angélique Arnault,—namely, the convent of Port-Royal des Champs, situated three hours' walk from Versailles.‡

By the side of this cloister of nuns, there soon came to establish themselves—in order to devote their time entirely to prayer and study—the famous Recluses of Port-Royal, distinguished and prominent men, who suddenly renounced the world, believing

* Translated from the French and Annotated by G. H. Albert Myer, with Introduction by the Translator.

† *Histoire Universelle*, by Vuillet.

‡ We believe that, in the judgment of an enlightened charity, many Christian societies, who are accustomed to denounce each other's errors, will at length come to be regarded as members in common of the one great and comprehensive Church, in which diversities of forms are harmonized by an all-pervading unity of spirit. For ourselves, at least, we should deeply regret to conclude that we are aliens from that great Christian commonwealth of which the nuns and recluses of the Valley of Port Royal were members, and members assuredly of no common excellence. (Extract from a note appended to the discourse on The Church, delivered in the First Congregational Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, Pa., Sunday, May 30, 1841, by Wm. Ellery Channing, and published in his works.)

that they could serve God better in retirement. The first of these was Antoine Lemaistre, a celebrated lawyer, and nephew of Mother Angélique. Then came his brother, Lemaistre de Sacy, the translator of the Bible; Antoine Arnault, the youngest of the brothers of the Abbess, a Doctor in Divinity at the Sorbonne, and a celebrated writer; Nicole, the moralist, and many others. This sort of free, independent cloister became for France a source of light, and exercised a great influence over her literature. These priests, physicians, magistrates, scholars, thus brought together and living a common life,—given up to piety and study,—also occupied themselves extensively in questions of education. They published excellent works destined for the young, and founded schools into which they sought to draw the children of the best families. These solitary Jansenists spared no effort to propagate their principles, and struggled hard against the preponderating influence of the Jesuits. The government and the Jesuits became alarmed at the strides this sect was taking, and obtained from Pope Innocent X. (1653) a bull condemning five of the principal propositions found in the book of Jansenius; and as the Pope maintained his sentence, the Jansenists were led to attack, not only the loose doctrines of the Jesuits, but also the infallibility of the Pope, and many other abuses.

The charge of being virtual Protestants was next brought against them, which accusation they boldly denied; and then followed the persecutions instigated against them by the Jesuits. It was then (1654) that Pascal published his celebrated *Lettres Provinciales*,* in which he scourged his adversaries with such severity, such wit, such satire, such eloquence, and in a style so nervous and so bewitching, that the order never recovered from the blows thus inflicted upon it. The quarrel was appeased for a while; but Louis XIV.—finding the Jesuits to be zealous adherents of absolute power, and always indulgent towards his scandals—declared himself more and more against the Jansenists, who appeared to him as disguised Protestants and enemies of ecclesiastical unity.†

* Here is a pithy extract from these Letters of Pascal:
If we wish to correct anyone with advantage, and convince him of his error, we must observe from what point of view he beholds the question; for his view usually seems true from that side. We must admit that truth, and at the same time show him the other side, the wrong side. He will be satisfied with that, for he will then perceive that he was not mistaken after all, but simply failed to see both sides.

† On his deathbed Louis XIV. protested to the Cardinals De Rohan and De Bussy, that he was dying in the faith and rules of the Church. Then, looking up to them, he added, that he felt sorry to leave Church affairs in the condition they were in; that he had been ignorant of them; that they knew—and that he called them to witness—that he had done nothing concerning such matters except what the Jesuits wanted; that he had done all they wished; consequently it was they who had to answer for him before God for all things done, and for those also that were left undone; that once again he would vow that he held them responsible before God, and that his conscience was as clear as that of an innocent child. Having implicit faith in their dealings, he

In 1709 the nuns of Port-Royal, having refused to sign a new formulary against the doctrines of Port-Royal, the Lieutenant of the Police and his men not only destroyed the rebellious establishment, but they went so far as to plough up the ground on which the nunnery had stood. Soon after (1713) the Jesuits extorted from Pope Clement XI. the condemnation of the increasingly popular and scholarly Commentary on the New Testament, by Father Quesnel, a leader in Jansenism. The bull of condemnation, called *Unigenitus*, excited great astonishment in the Christian world, to which the condemned propositions seemed so very orthodox and biblical. Parliament registered the decree with some modification ; but the Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris, and eight other prelates rejected it. Long did violent measures and sentences of imprisonment or exile continue to exasperate the people, and to weaken the government, whose intermeddling and illiberal persecutions provoked the indignation and scorn of all good minds.

AUTHOR'S PRELUDE.

In those beautiful studies, to which it seems as if we could not look back without taking them for models, Sainte-Beuve considered their Logic as the most celebrated and useful work of the gentlemen of Port-Royal.

had committed the whole matter, with full powers, to their charge. What a terrible thunderclap ! But the two cardinals did not allow themselves to be scared. Their calmness was proof against everything. Their answer breathed security and praise, and the King once more repeated that, in his ignorance, he had thought, as the best means of quieting his conscience, to let himself be led by them in all confidence, in consequence of which he considered himself absolved, and charged them—before God—with the responsibility. He added, as to the Cardinal de Noailles, that he called God to witness that he did not hate him, and that he had always felt sorry of what he thought himself in duty bound to do against him. (From Memoirs of the Duke Saint-Simon, edited and annotated by A. N. Van Daehl, Professor of Modern Languages, Massachusetts Institute of Technology : Ginn & Co., Boston, 1880).

As is well known, the ancient religion of the Gallic race was Druidism. In the year 160 Christianity was introduced by the Romans, and in those early times the power of the Church dominated that of the King and nobles. It was the protection of society, amid the disorders of barbarism, and was the centre of learning, culture, and art.

As early as 1205 the persecutions against the Protestants commenced by crusades against the Albigenses. These cruelties were only the prelude to a series of persecutions, culminating in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1572, when it is said that twenty-five thousand Protestants perished.

The name of Henry IV. will be forever remembered as the originator of the Edict of Nantes, by which Protestants were granted liberty of conscience, and full rights of citizenship ; and it is to the shame of Louis XIV. that this edict was revoked by him, and the persecutions resumed.

To a public protest, made by Voltaire against this inhumanity, about the year 1761, is owing its virtual abolition ; and the Revolution of 1789 ended all pretense to the support of a law wholly opposed to the principles of the Revolution.

The Ordinance of Louis XIV., dated 1698, is often quoted with emphasis : " We want, as much as possible, that schoolteachers be installed in parishes where there are none already, to instruct all the children, — and especially those whose fathers and mothers are professing the so-called reformed [Protestant] religion—in matters relating to the catechism and necessary prayers, to conduct them to the Mass every working [week] day, as also to teach those how to read and write who may stand in need of the same." (Condorcet and the French Revolution.)

The illustrious critic did not foresee that the very next generation would strike this book from its programme of studies.

We may certainly more admire the power of Descartes, the depth of Pascal, the magnificence of Bossuet; but none except Aristotle has surpassed, in precision, justness, and intellectual vigor, the authors of the Logic of Port-Royal. Arnault, who was its editor-in-chief, had the genius of common sense, and he stamped its indelible mark upon the general work, which work we might call the Berny Cross of the most remarkable thinkers of modern times.

Underneath a portrait, made in the seventeenth century, which reproduced his features at once austere and mild, we read that Master Antoine Arnault was priest and doctor of the House and Society of Sorbonne. He received from his contemporaries, like Louis XIV., the surname of Great. The tribute seems exaggerated to-day, this Logic being out of fashion.

Suspected in turn of Jansenism and of Gallicanism, attacked, persecuted, tracked, Arnault, in his Letters, rectifies Descartes, confounds Malebranche with his Treatise on Ideas, supplements Bossuet by his Meditations upon the System of Nature and of Grace, triumphs over Pascal in his treatise on Geometry, begins his General Grammar, and writes in six days, for the young Duke de Chevreuse, the principal part of the Logic, establishing upon an immovable foundation the science of thought.

The Port-Royalists adopted the Logic, enlarged it, and made it so much their own, that when we read, in subsequent editions, that this part is by Arnault, this one by Nicole, this third one perhaps by Sacy, this passage by Descartes, this one by Pascal, we imagine ourselves before a monument, upon each stone of which is written the name of the workman who carved it, while the architect was the genius of the most glorious century of our history. That century had, for its master in the art of thinking, the great Arnault.

SECTION I.

There are no errors in philosophy of which Arnault does not indicate to us the nature and cause. At the same time there does not exist a discovery, not a scientific invention, of which he does not reveal to us the secret.

We read in the first chapter of the Logic: "The word *idea* is among those which are so clear that they cannot be explained, because there are no clearer and no simpler words." Some subsequent logicians, instead of holding to this primal evidence, thought it necessary to explain ideas by sensations. This quite naturally led others to demand evidence, and at the same time to claim the absolute certainty of abstract and necessary ideas, which cannot be explained by any sensation. Both parties were thus committing an error, the consequences of which were incalculable. Among these controversies and discussions, the sensational hypothesis gave rise to systematic and essentially materialistic theories in psychology, morals, politics, natural history; while the other hypothesis became the origin of theories of the whole universe, — systems founded upon purely abstract ideas.

The very principle of the Logic of Port-Royal having been disowned, the classification of the ideas adopted by the venerated Logic were soon overlooked.

"Although everything that exists is particular," writes Arnault, "nevertheless, by means of abstractions we conceive several kinds of ideas, some representing one thing only,—as the idea each one has of himself,—and others which may represent several things, such as the general conception of a triangle."

Ideas representing one thing only are called particular, or individual, and that which they represent is termed individual; and those representing several things are denominated universal, common, or general.

To these two great classes of ideas, so clearly defined, subsequent logicians added two new classes: sensible ideas, or ideas *à posteriori*, such as the ideas of blue, red, warm, cold, which are caused by different kinds of sensations; and abstract ideas, or ideas *à priori*, such as being, cause, substance, time, space, which the mind conceives apart from sensible and particular ideas.

The thinkers of Port-Royal would have found this distinction artificial. Sensible and abstract ideas, which they understood as well as we do, seemed to them simple intellectual phenomena, included in the formation of particular and general ideas. Sensible and abstract ideas do not, in strictness, represent ideas of anything. There does not exist any abstract blue, red, warm, or cold, but there are

things blue, red, warm, and cold. Likewise ideas of being, of cause, of substance, of time, of space, cannot represent objects. They exist only so far as they represent other ideas, considered in their general sense. For example: *Being* means all things that are; *cause*, all things producing effects; *space*, all things extended. An abyss separates these two ways of apprehending the extent of ideas.

We have accustomed ourselves to reason about sensations of warmth, of coldness, of hardness, of resistance, about ideas of being, of cause, of substance, as if these sensations and these ideas represented something in themselves; whereas the thinkers of the seventeenth century never considered them in this wise, unless to deny them every kind of certainty,—as Descartes denied sensible ideas, and Pascal abstract ideas. For men like Pascal and Descartes, sensations were too inconstant and uncertain to enable them to serve as foundations for scientific thought. As to abstract ideas, they considered them, like the ideas in mathematics, not in their abstract, but in their common meaning. In the minds of the seventeenth century, time was the measure of movement. Descartes defined matter by the idea of extension; Port-Royal simply made the idea of substance an idea more general than that of bodies, and relegated the divers ideas of cause to the phases of rhetoric. "We clearly conceive," write the Port-Royalists, "being, existence, duration, order, number, provided we think only that the duration of everything is a mode, or a fashion, in which we regard a thing, so long as it continues to be; and that likewise order and number do not, in fact, differ from the things ordinated and numbered."

In applying thus their most logical ideas to the concrete and real existence of things, the writers of the seventeenth century acquired a simplicity, a precision, and an amplitude which accounts for the clearness of their thought, as well as for the stability of their doctrines, recalling the Greek philosophy in its period of splendor.

Descartes, Arnault, Pascal, Bossuet, conceived their ideas, and the things they represented, with as much force and fulness as Molière, Corneille, and Racine conceived the characters and passions which they expressed. These logicians, as well as these dramatists, seem to us inimitable.

But why has progress continued in mathematics, which like philosophy, treats of both abstract and sensible things?

Descartes discovered analytical geometry; Pascal, the calculation of probabilities; Leibnitz and Newton, integral mathematics; while in philosophy we have strayed from the great line marked out so triumphantly by the seventeenth century. It is, we believe, because we have strayed from the method, so simple and so just, by which Port-Royal estimated the extent of ideas.

No mathematician pretends that the line, the unit, or the number really exists outside of his mind; that there are, in the actual world, lines without width or depth, points without dimension, units or numbers without particularities; while philosophers imagine that particular objects correspond as well to their abstract sentiments as to their necessary ideas. No mathematician, in the course of his calculations, would add, subtract, multiply, or divide substances of different kinds, would add inches to equations, would subtract angles from numbers; while philosophers, in their speculations, have undertaken the task of adding or deducting the sensation from the idea, and completing the being by the not-being.

Descartes declared, in formal terms, that in the composition of his Discourse on Method, he took as guide the example of mathematics. Arnault, looking for rules of synthesis, could find none better than those of the geometricians. These great examples have been forgotten. On the contrary, in searching for verities, by means of ideas whose true extent we do not conceive, we are driven irresistibly towards the wildest fancies. And thus it happens — while mathematics has not ceased to develop itself, and has become the most admirable of sciences — that we have come to ask ourselves whether or not there still exists a science of philosophy.

Port-Royal had formulated all the desirable elements which go to make of philosophy an exact science; but the later philosophers wanted to surpass the celebrated Logic. They thought they could discover at once the fundamental principles of all science and of all certainties, and they failed to perceive that in their precipitation they were neglecting the most elementary conditions necessary to success.

SECTION II.

We have just shown how the wise principle of the writers of Port-Royal was abandoned, and how their classification of ideas was perverted, and, what is worse, how the new

philosophers — carried away by the zeal with which each one followed his own particular point of view, according to the direction he had chosen — went so far as to abandon even the Axioms of Port-Royal. These Axioms, so clearly and so absolutely true, appeared like the remnants of scholasticism, and seemed at the same time too simple and too old-fashioned. The philosophers preferred to create methods, to invent contradictions, to discover the phenomena of the mind, the laws of the association of ideas. They went so far as to establish the canons of the discovery of causes.

Having abandoned the Axioms of Port-Royal, they found themselves, in the midst of all sorts of novelties, utterly incapable of discovering any truth whatever.

The Port-Royalists maintain seven axioms, referring to propositions. The first two are the most important.

Axiom 1 says: "The attribute is expressed in the subject by the affirmative proposition, according to the whole extension the subject has in that proposition."

Axiom 2 adds: "The attribute of an affirmative proposition is affirmed according to its whole comprehension, — that is to say, according to all its attributes."

It is understood that the word *comprehension* expresses the whole of the attributes contained in an idea; and the word *extension*, all things to which said idea applies.

Axioms 3 and 4 complement the two first ones; the last three refer to negative propositions. We shall stop to consider only the two first ones. They contain the most perfect rules, governing all progress, all discoveries of the human mind; and at the same time they contain the most complete doctrine of induction known in science.

Plato uses induction as the means of establishing an accord between all the things we know, by the immortal ideas of them. Says Aristotle: "Induction teaches the medium term of the syllogism, and blends itself with the demonstration, which alone, in rising as high as universal essences, gives man the certitude of knowing that he does know." Bacon sees the spread of science only in inductions, which discover the original nature in the phenomena whose multiplicity is enough to astonish the mind. Each of these great geniuses measures induction by the scale of his own powerful mind. Port-Royalists are more modest in their

ambitions. They simply teach us the laws of judgment, and thus they alone permit us to penetrate the character of the inductions of the humblest minds, as well as the sublimest inductions of the greatest thinkers. All the laws of the intellectual history of humanity are summed up in the Axioms of Port-Royal.

A child knocks himself against a chair, gets angry, and attributes to the chair the intention of hurting him. This is a judgment from a given opinion; and is an induction like that of the savage, who, finding a stone queerly shaped, makes a fetich of it, believing it is owing to itself that the stone is thus strangely formed. These are the first reasonings and the most elementary inductions that men can make. The mind, yet little developed, imposes its own notions upon the objects and facts which strike it.

Let us return to the First Axiom: "The attribute is expressed in the subject by the affirmative proposition, according to the whole extension the subject has in the proposition." To apply this Axiom to the reasoning of the child, in order to prove its truth, would be equivalent to recalling the story of Monsieur Jourdain, in Molière; for to demonstrate that, in saying all lions are animals, we do not affirm that lions are *all* the animals, is incontestably so clear, that everyone, in his own judgment, is thinking methodically, without knowing it. Nevertheless we must persist. We cannot, without nonsense, pretend that this paper is this table, that this table is this house; and, when we affirm that this shadow is Peter, or that the fixed stars are suns, we take the ideas of Peter and of the sun, which are particular, in an attributive, or general sense. We say of this shadow that it is Peter, because it has the exterior outline or motions of Peter, and of the fixed stars that they are suns, because they have the general qualities of the sun. Thus, in every affirmative statement, the subject is taken, according to the expression of Port-Royal, in its extension, and the attribute only in its comprehension.

The Axiom is absolute. It does not change when, instead of applying our faculty to a simple subject, we apply it to a whole judgment. The latter becomes, in this case, the subject of a second judgment. Example: *This cloth is black, because all black objects absorb the rays of the sun*, is a proposition containing a judgment based upon a previous judgment;

and we have a conclusion in which the first judgment, *This cloth is black*, becomes the subject of the second.

Now one judgment, becoming the subject of a second judgment, is necessarily taken (as expressed by the first Axiom of Port-Royal) no longer according to the comprehension of its attribute, but according to the extension of said attribute. The latter, which in fact was attributed in the proposition expressing the first judgment, becomes the subject in the proposition which expresses the second. This is in the line of mathematical evidence. Thus, in the example just mentioned,—*This cloth is black, because all black objects absorb the rays of the sun*,—does not the attribute *black*, in the first judgment, represent, according to its comprehension, all the qualities of black, but, according to its extension, all the things to which these qualities belong,—that is, to all black objects?

It took, however, centuries of progress in the science of optics to reach this judgment, to comprehend the relations between the extension of the attribute *black* and the characteristics of light. Originally, like the child who makes his first inductions, men possessed neither the knowledge nor intellectual development necessary to enable them to give such an extension to their judgment. Their inductions stopped at the most elementary relations which mind, as yet little developed, spontaneously perceived between itself and the judgments emitted.

Such a judgment is that of the child, who, in striking a chair, believes the latter has hurt him intentionally. The child simply extends his first judgment, *This chair has hurt me*; and it is he himself who becomes, with the chair and the fact of his having felt the hurt, the subject of the second judgment. He identifies the act he accomplishes with the object from which he received the shock, and concludes: “This chair hurt me, because it wanted to hurt me;” and he gets angry with it. Instinctive and purely imaginary induction—which has no other reason than the absence of every other element in the extension given to the judgment which the mind makes—becomes, in these conditions, the subject of a second judgment.

It is by such reasoning, or by such inductions, that men have always interpreted things,—the course of the sun, the return of the seasons, good and bad fortunes which hap-

pen to them,—attributing the movement of the stars to motor spirits, the changes of season to special divinities, joys and griefs to good or evil geniuses.

But while they were creating their legends and fables, men at the same time discovered language, invented agriculture, and melted the metals, thus laying the foundations of future civilization.

What difference was there between the first inductions of men, which were only imaginary, and those we may already call scientific?

The Second Axiom says: "The attribute of an affirmative proposition is affirmed according to its whole comprehension," — that is to say, according to all its attributes; and Port-Royal adds: "*Comprehension* marks the attributes contained in an idea, and *extension* the subjects which are contained in said idea." It follows, consequently, that an idea is always affirmed according to its inclusiveness, because, in taking away any of its essential attributes, we destroy and completely annihilate it, and it is no longer the same idea; and therefore, when it is affirmed, it is always affirmed according to everything included in it. Thus, when we say that a rectangle is a parallelogram, we affirm of the rectangle everything included in the idea of the parallelogram; for if any part of this idea were not proper to the rectangle, it would follow that the whole idea would not be proper to it; and in this wise the word *parallelogram*, which implies the total idea, would have to be denied, and not affirmed, of the rectangle. This is evident truth, which Port-Royal emphasizes still more by saying: "The *identity*, which marks every affirmative proposition, regards the attribute as enclosed in an extent equal to that of the subject."

In uniting the two Axioms and the precise explanations of Port-Royal, we have a complete answer to the question regarding the difference between the fable and the first discoveries of the human mind.

The one, as well as the others, issues evidently from a judgment upon a given judgment. In the legends and fables the judgment bears upon events and things extraordinary and surprising,—the motion of the stars, the changes of the seasons, surprises and illusions; but in the first inventions and discoveries, it bears upon a sound enunciated, a seed fallen from a fruit, the ore melted in the fire. But while, in

legends and fables, the extension accorded to the first judgment, becoming subject for the second, includes only the relations included in the first judgment with the characteristics of the human mind,—in inventions and discoveries, this extension comprises one essential attribute besides, contained, according to the expression of Port-Royal, in the attribute of the first judgment. Therein consists the whole difference. Induction changes neither rule nor method; but instead of applying itself to the interpretation of the great phenomena of nature, it applies itself to the most elementary conditions of human existence. The first man who was impressed by the sounds emitted by his fellows, and, in judging that impression, supposed that he who had uttered that sound had felt an impression identical with the one which he himself felt, discovered the first word. He perceived the essential attribute of every language,—namely, that every sound emitted by the human voice indicates an impression, a sentiment, an idea. Another man, who perceived another essential attribute, adapted equally to the culture of plants, of fruits and grain, gathered the seed, confided it to the earth, and harvested the fruit. A third discovered the melting of metals ; and perceived an essential attribute peculiar at once to the fire and to the ore, whose form is changed by the fire.

The search among these inventions and discoveries for anything except a judgment upon a given judgment—an application of the Port-Royal Axioms—would be in vain. Such a man has pronounced such a sound; consequently, all the sounds emitted by man express his impressions. All languages, and their endless forms, are derived from this induction. Such a plant bears such fruit and such seed. It follows, then, that the same kind of seeds, under the same circumstances, will produce the same kind of plants and the same kind of fruits. This induction gave rise to agriculture and all its progress. Fire changes the form of a certain ore; consequently all ores, of the same kind, change their form when submitted to the action of fire. This induction was the first development of the art of metallurgy.

Neither Arnault, nor any of the gentlemen of Port-Royal, ever thought of giving that bearing to the Axioms; but had they done so, they would have simply assimilated the first great inductions of the human mind, to inductions gained through enumeration. Peter, Paul, a certain number of men

have died, and consequently all men are mortal,—an induction purely experimental, which gives us neither complete science nor complete certainty. It no more reveals to us the reason why men are mortal, than it teaches us why such men speak a certain language, why such a seed yields a certain fruit, or such a metal melts at such a degree of heat.

The difference between imaginary and experimental inductions consists, according to the Axioms, in the fact that the part played by imagination, in experimental inductions, is less than in imaginary inductions; and, moreover, that the mind, in all its experimental inductions, affirms an essential attribute peculiar to a simple judgment, in taking that attribute according to its extension.

SECTION III.

The Axioms contain a constant truth. If the child, in his imaginary induction, assigns his own will to the chair which has injured him, it is because he knows of no other essential quality of the fact that irritates him, and which he judges. In like manner the first men, to whom speech, agriculture, and the working of metals were revealed through the perception of certain facts, did not assign to these facts any other essential attributes than those already affirmed by experimental induction.

A last application of the Axioms yet remains. Let us suppose that the mind, in its inductions, conceives all the essential attributes peculiar to one or several simple, pre-conceived judgments,—whereof Port-Royal furnishes us the example when affirming, of the rectangle, that it is a parallelogram,—and includes all the essential attributes belonging to the parallelogram, without one exception. Applied to a judgment in this manner, our two Axioms give the formula of the greatest reliability, and of the most complete science which the human mind can attain,—an absolute formula, which sums up in itself all possible inductions, and every science that can be imagined. It is true that, in the seventeenth century, the renaissance of science was at its dawn, and no one could foretell the immense development science would take. The limited knowledge possessed by the logicians of Port-Royal, even, did not permit them to give to their Axioms the range we give them here. They stopped at the enumerative induction, and did not, in the expositon of the method, go

beyond the rules of Descartes' Analysis and Pascal's Rules of Geometrical Synthesis. The Axioms they established are none the less the precise formula of the most universal laws of thought; they explain the highest and the most perfect inductions.

Arnault said: "In every affirmative proposition the attribute is affirmed according to *all its essential attributes*;" and he added: "The identity, marked by every affirmative proposition, considers the attribute as included in an extent equal to that of the subject."

If now, after taking for the subject of the proposition a whole judgment, instead of a simple subject, we further take — in lieu of this simple and unique judgment — divers judgments, in order to form the subject of a new judgment, we in turn discover that said subject, composed of several judgments, is ruled, like every subject, by the same Axioms.

Example: Galileo observed falling stones, running water, a lamp swinging from the dome of Pisa. He marked, to use the expression of Port-Royal, the *identity* of these qualities in divers subjects, in taking these attributes according to their extension, in order to make them the subject of a complete judgment. He perceived that all bodies fall towards one another, and discovered the force of gravity. Moreover he expressed, to use again the words of Port-Royal, the *essential attribute* of the force of gravity, which he had just discovered: that all bodies fall towards one another in direct ratio to their masses, — without masses, no bodies, — and in inverse ratio to the squares of distance, — without distance, no fall; and that every mass falls in precisely the same manner, and, according to the distance, in the same ratio. Having discovered the force of gravitation, Galileo formulated its laws.

Let us take a simpler example in mathematics. The angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. That is to say, the attribute of the space measured by the three angles is identical with the attribute of space situated on the same side of a straight line, which is also equal to two right angles. The induction made by him who first discovered the value of the angles of a triangle does not at all differ, from the point of view of the rules proceeding from the Axioms, from the induction made by Galileo in discovering the law of the force of gravitation.

We might look for examples not in science alone, but also in practical life.

A corpse is found upon a public road. We are to give a judgment upon the attributes of said corpse, in taking them according to their extension. Is it an accident, a suicide, or a murder? Let us suppose the corpse to have a wound in the neighborhood of the heart, and that no weapon be found near him. The decision of the second judgment is, that here has been a murder. The discovery remains to be made of the identities which mark the essential attributes contained in the first attribute,—a wound in the region of the heart, and the absence of a weapon. To superficial minds this would seem sufficient to convict the murderer; but if this is all we know, the crime must surely remain unpunished. There will have to be made, according to the formula of Port-Royal, the discovery of all the essential attributes contained in the attribute of the corpse, — the weapon that caused the wound, the armorer who made it, the merchant who sold it, the person who owned it at the time the crime was committed, his presence on the premises, any interest which could prompt him to the act, the way in which it was done. Take away any one of these essential attributes, or the identical relations the first attribute contains, — the identity between the form of the wound and the form of the weapon, the identity between the person who possessed the weapon and the person found on the premises at the moment of the crime, the identity between the will to execute the murder and the act accomplished, — and immediately the certainty disappears, the evidence vanishes.

The interest presented by certain criminal lawsuits proceeds from the obscurity of one or another circumstance, which destroys the evidence necessary to complete certainty.

If, in a criminal proceeding, a knowledge of any one of the essential attributes, and the relation that attribute marks between the different circumstances which accompanied the crime, should fail, the crime, as regards the accused, ought to be, according to the energetic expression of Port-Royal, denied, and not affirmed. "That is why," said Arnault, "there is a very profound meaning in the words of Aristotle, namely: that demonstration concerns the interior, and not the exterior reasoning." This sentence marks the last point at which we shall stop.

SECTION IV.

Complete induction obeys everywhere and always the same rules. Whether it concerns the discovery of the force of gravitation, the value of angles and triangles, or the perpetration of a crime; whether the second judgment be reached in a sentence, the product of the inspiration of a moment; whether, on the contrary, it has cost years of effort, like the discovery, made by Newton, of the laws of gravitation; or whether it be the result of the minute inquest by an examining magistrate, — the rules are as constant as the Axioms of Port-Royal are immutable.

Far from following the example of Aristotle and the Port-Royalists,—who attributed the progress of science and the conditions of certitude to the inner reasoning,—believers in the theory that logic is dependent upon evidence peculiar to sensible ideas, attribute scientific progress to exterior reasoning, to experience, to induction as formulated by Bacon.

Monkeys warm themselves at a fire kindled by travellers, but do not think of feeding it. A child, on the contrary, thanks to his intelligence, sees the relation existing between the fire that burns and the wood one puts into it; whereas scholars, like Stahl, explain the cause of the flame by phlogiston. How can their observation of the same experimental fact, namely, of the burning wood, leave the monkey in ignorance, inspire a correct judgment in the child, and lead the scholar into an erroneous judgment? The fact is the same, the experience identical. The latter, then, cannot account for the difference between the judgment of the child and that of the scholar, nor explain the incapacity of the monkey for seizing the relation of causality this judgment contains. The inner reasoning, as explained by the Axioms of Port-Royal, gives, on the contrary, all the reasons.

When Lavoisier discovered oxygen, and explained the phenomenon of combustion, had experience unveiled to him the existence of oxygen before he made this discovery? He found himself before this phenomenon, in the same state of mind, if we may so express ourselves, as the monkey before the fire. He felt the different effects, but did not understand the relation existing between these effects. He first reasoned like a child, and perceived a relation between the fire and the burning matter; but far from addressing himself, like

Stahl, to his imagination, in order to explain the phenomenon, he observed carefully, as the second axiom of Port-Royal demands, an essential attribute, peculiar at the same time to the matter that burns and to the medium, — that is to say, the air in which it burns, — an essential attribute, marking an identity between the two, — the attribute of weight. He therefore weighed the mercury which he was going to burn, and the air in which the mercury was to burn, and so made his immortal discovery.

NOTE. We cannot help adding that all discoveries, whatever their nature, obey the Axioms of Port-Royal. Let us take an example from the discoveries of Edison. Electricity is a movement; sound is a movement; and he (Edison) perceives the identity contained in the attribute of this double subject, in taking it according to its whole extension; consequently he reasons that the movements of electricity must transmit the movements of sound. Absolutely in the same manner Lavoisier, whom we have mentioned above, discovered oxygen in perceiving the identity between the mercury that burns and the air in which it burns. In the latter case the identical attribute is weight; and in the example of Edison, it is movement.

SECTION V.

Thus the Axioms of Port-Royal explain the progress of science as well as the development of human thought,— starting from its most primitive impressions, and reaching up to the expansion of all its forces and faculties.

They do more: they enable us to understand the dialectics of Plato, who wants us to discover, through immortal ideas, the accord between themselves of all our acquirements. They reveal to us the power of Aristotelian demonstration, which exacts the discovery of the essential forms, through which alone one can reason.

The attribute of every judgment, taken for a subject in a second judgment, according to its whole extension, constitutes the primitive of the genus in question, of which Aristotle speaks, and by which alone we demonstrate. This stone falls, because all stones fall; this triangle has a certain property, because all triangles have that property. These are the very examples chosen by the great Stagirite. The application of the First Axiom explains to us the sound theory of Aristotle; that of the second, the doctrine of Plato. To discover all the essential attributes contained in the attribute of a given thing, is to find, according to Plato, the immortal idea of it, — or, as we should say to-day, its immutable laws. Thus the Port-Royal Axioms, so modest and so simple,

bring us back to the admirable conceptions of the two greatest thinkers of humanity.

However vast the aspirations of Bacon, and however powerful his estimate of nature, the illustrious Chancellor's inductive method is the only one which does not adapt itself to the Axioms of Port-Royal. Bacon pretends that we must arrive at definite simple natures, original natures, such as warmth, cold, weight, light, density. Even if science had not proved that heat and cold are derived from the same force, as also weight and lightness, the Axioms of Port-Royal demonstrate that such must be the case, since the so-called simple natures contain common essential attributes, and are, therefore, of the same genus.

As to the Axioms Bacon speaks of in his *Organon*, they so much differ from those of Port-Royal, that they served only to lead minds astray at a time when the Axioms of Port-Royal had been forgotten.

"The organs of the senses," writes Bacon, "have an analogy to the optical organs. This takes place in perspective,—the eye being like a mirror and like water,—and in acoustics,—the organ of hearing having an analogy to the cavern, which arrests the sound and produces the echo."

In our days a successor of Bacon, Stuart Mill, endeavors, by a whole System of Logic, to give "this body of Axioms, this summary of the spirit of all sciences." "If," says the first canon of his discovery, "two cases or more of a phenomenon, object of research, have only one common circumstance [the hollow of the ear and the hollow of the cavern], one circumstance, in which alone the cases agree, is the cause or the effect of the phenomenon [the sound produced in the ear, and the echo produced in the cavern]."¹ The canons of Stuart Mill may be twisted every way, but nothing else can be brought out of them except the Axioms of Bacon.

It is useless for us to pause longer to consider the so-called experimental induction, or method. In order to make an experiment, be it ever so elementary, we must emit a judgment upon a given judgment, and follow the Axioms of Port-Royal.

SECTION VI.

Let us then take back our ancient and beautiful Logic. It is by its first principle,—by its division of ideas and also by its Axioms,—the surest guide we can follow, as well in

the interpretation of the discoveries and inventions of the past, as in the direction we must give to thought in the future.

Let us recall that beautiful passage of Nicole: "Men are not born to spend their time in measuring lines, in examining the relations of angles; their minds are too great, their lives too short; . . . but they are obliged to be just, equitable, judicious in all their discourse, in all their actions, in all the affairs they handle." Not a single error has been made in social, private, or public morals,—whose terrible consequences some sombre event in our history reveals,—of which Port-Royal had not defined the first causes in the analysis of Sophistry. And yet this is still another part of our beautiful Logic which has been the least understood. The proof of its incomparable rightness, and of the forcible truths it contains, could easily have been seen. It would have sufficed to open the chapter on Sophism, to find the clearest explanation of each error in doctrines and acts. Sheltered in this reading we should find ourselves on an immovable rock, from whose height we could observe the tempest of human faults and passions.

But alas! Port-Royalists were addressing themselves to men of their own time. In order to develop their ideas, the authors of the Logic had recourse to examples which soon became obsolete, in the presence of the progress their work itself had prompted. This work thus eluded imperceptibly the French genius, in proportion as the country let itself be invaded by foreign sophistry.

This movement has been going on for nearly two centuries. Positivism, evolution, pessimism, nihilism, psychology *à posteriori*, psychology *à priori*, natural rights of force, imaginary public rights,—we have welcomed and absorbed every error, without intellectual counterpoise to sustain us, without compass to guide us upon that dashing sea.

Let us then go back to our ancient French Logic, which was — to use a word of Sainte-Beuve, — the first truly philosophical Logic. It is still the most truly scientific. Our old masters in the art of thinking still are, and will ever remain, our masters.

QUALIFICATION OF THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE, THE NEED OF THE SOUTH IN SOLVING THE NEGRO QUESTION.

BY ROBERT HENRY WILLIAMS.

THE writer of this paper is a Republican, but one who is he believes in touch with the political feelings and political motives of the leaders of Democratic opinion in the South, and who can speak with some degree of confidence regarding the present real attitude of this class of men toward the negro as a political factor in the government of the Southern States. It has been a favorite theory at the North that unlawful interference with the exercise by the negro of his constitutional right to vote arises not from any real fear of intolerable or destructive government, so much as from an inherent prejudice against the negro himself, — an unalterable repugnance to the recognition of him as the political equal of the white man. That such a theory has had in the past much basis in fact there can be but little doubt; and indeed the occasional utterances of certain Southern men, holding high public places, give some color to the belief that this theory is still the correct one. But the drift of Northern sentiment for a number of years has been in the direction of a more unimpassioned view of the subject, until the opinion has come to be pretty generally acquiesced in, that where hostility to the negro as a voter still exists it is to be attributed to a dread of misrule rather than to the less defensible motive of prejudice.

When Southern men of intelligence and integrity stand up and solemnly assert that it is self-preservation and not prejudice that leads them to participate in or connive at the suppression of the negro vote in certain sections, these men are only asserting in effect that it is not the negro vote as such, but the ignorant and vicious vote they are seeking to protect themselves against. And it is the full import of this latter proposition that is not recognized all at once. Owing

to the sensitiveness of both North and South upon all questions touching the political status of the negro, neither section clearly states, if indeed it clearly understands, the real ground of Southern opposition. The color of the negro or his previous condition of servitude or some other irrelevant matter creeps in to obscure the real issue. The truth is, the negro as a negro has nothing to do with the question. If every black man in the land could by some magical process be made white to-morrow, the danger to the South, such as it is, would be essentially the same. To be sure, the South herself in the event of such a transformation might not be so quick to proclaim her danger, but her hesitation or her silence would not alter the fact. Take it from its peculiar setting and it is apparent that the question to be considered by all right-thinking men is simply one of the danger to the South of a vast ignorant population, and of the best means of meeting such a danger. When intelligent and conscientious citizens, no matter of what section, can be brought to view the subject in this light, and in the discussion of questions affecting the suffrage can put aside all foreign considerations and come to apply the same principles to the South as to the North, there will be a better understanding on all sides and more harmonious conclusions. When it is once clearly seen that Mississippi and South Carolina are in reality but seeking to escape by unlawful means identically the same danger which Massachusetts and Connecticut escape by constitutional amendment or legislative enactment, and that the law is violated in the one section only because the danger is greater and the lawful means of meeting it less than in the other, all parties will then be in a position to advise together as to some plan for enabling the South to accomplish within the limits of the law what is now sought beyond them.

But it is asked: If what has been said is true, why do not the Southern States follow the example of Massachusetts or Connecticut and escape the dangers arising from their ignorant vote by an educational qualification of the suffrage? Indeed, the fact that the Southern States have not adopted some such course has been advanced recently by certain influential journals in the North as an argument against the sincerity of the South. Why, they say, if it is not prejudice against the negro that is influencing you but your dread of the ignorance and irresponsible character of a large pro-

portion of your voting population, do you not add to your elective franchise an educational or property qualification, applicable alike to white and black, as you have a right to do under the Constitution of the United States? The argument sought to be conveyed by such a question is to be deprecated, inasmuch as it serves no other purpose than to revive the old theory of prejudice, and obstruct again the way that is being cleared to a common understanding. If the course suggested by the journals referred to were as open and easy to the South as they assume, their argument would not be without weight; but with the conditions what they are, it proves nothing. There are serious difficulties in the way — difficulties not to be overcome by any one party in the South, or even by a union of the progressive elements of all parties. Let us see. The fundamental condition upon which the Southern States were re-admitted to representation in Congress was that their constitutions should never be so amended or changed as to deprive any citizen or class of citizens of the United States of the right to vote, who were entitled to vote by the constitutions then presented. Though this condition imposed, as every one knows, for the purpose of protecting colored citizens in the enjoyment of the elective franchise never was binding in law, and was soon rendered unimportant by the amendments to the Federal Constitution, it nevertheless did its work well, too well, in fact. For it forced the States, in order to regain their places in the Union, to present constitutions guaranteeing the utmost freedom in the use of the ballot. No provision was made, if indeed any was mooted at the time, by which the legislatures can prescribe educational or property qualifications any more than they can prescribe race or color qualifications. The prohibition is absolute. Whatever the States are to accomplish in this direction must be done by amendments to their constitutions. Undoubtedly constitutional amendment is the better way of effecting changes of so fundamental a character, but is this way in the present case practicable? The situation is curious, to say the least of it. We observe that the greater need the South has for a qualified suffrage, the farther removed she is from it; the greater her danger, the more hopeless her defence. For it is plain that in any State, aside from party considerations, the proportion of the ignorant vote may be taken as an exact meas-

ure of the difficulties to be encountered in attempting to disenfranchise it. Men can hardly be expected to cast a ballot to disenfranchise themselves. All efforts at restriction must, in the very nature of the case, be made by the educated and the moral alone. But can we look to see these united in the Southern States? Can we hope for such a thing as an obliteration of party lines and a grand fusion of the better elements of all parties upon this question? Scarcely! Practical politics pronounces such a dream utopian. But even if it could be realized, the difficulty would not be removed. The size of the ignorant vote would still be able to checkmate any move toward constitutional amendment. That this is no random statement may be gathered from a reference to the following table compiled for six of the Southern States, from the Census Report on Illiteracy for 1880:—

VOTING POPULATION 21 YEARS OLD AND OVER.				VOTING POPULATION 21 YEARS OLD AND OVER UNABLE TO WRITE.		
STATES.	WHITE.	COLOR'D.	TOTAL.	WHITE.	COLOR'D.	TOTAL.
Alabama	141,461	246,075	387,536	24,450	206,878	231,328
Georgia	177,967	143,471	321,438	28,571	116,516	145,087
Louisiana	108,810	107,977	216,787	16,377	86,555	102,932
Mississippi	108,254	130,278	238,532	12,473	99,068	111,541
North Carolina	189,732	105,018	294,750	44,420	80,282	124,702
South Carolina	86,900	118,889	205,789	13,924	93,010	106,934
Total for the Six States	813,124	851,710	1,664,834	140,215	682,309	822,524

It is possible that the above proportions have changed somewhat since 1880, but whether in the right direction or not, it is hard to say. And moreover, it is evident from a glance at the table given that unless there has been a most decided change for the better no one can seriously wonder

that the South has not undertaken to restrict her suffrage by constitutional amendments, or can reproach her with insincerity because she has not done so. At best, with party spirit laid aside and with an ideal division of the opposing forces along the line of education, there would be small chance of success.

There is a way, however, by which the South may reap the benefits of a much needed limitation of the suffrage, and that is by an amendment to the Federal Constitution. It is useless to deny that the negro question in its political aspects is a national question, and always will be a national question, until the law of the land is everywhere respected, and until the South is provided with some lawful means of escape from the dread excited by her vast ignorant vote. The nation gave the negro freedom; it gave him citizenship; it gave him the right of protection against discrimination in the use of the ballot; these were the gifts of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments.

So far all was well. And theoretically the general government went no further; but practically, as we have seen, it made suffrage universal in the South, and by calling into being at a single stroke a new class of voters, equal in number to the old, put it out of the power of the States themselves to exert even a just and reasonable control over the elective franchise. Here it is, after all has been said for and against the policy of reconstruction, we come upon whatever of mistake the general government made. The course it pursued with reference to the suffrage may have been the wisest at the time, when the South still felt the sting of defeat, and the sentiment against the political equality of the negro was too strong to permit of a distinction between the fit and the unfit; but that is not the question now. It is only an incidental or collateral consequence of reconstruction measures that is before us at present — namely, the South's want of power to secure a restricted suffrage in law, and her existing practice of securing it in fact. And if the national government is responsible directly or indirectly for this condition of affairs, it is difficult to see why the same power should not address itself to a removal of the disorders. It cannot afford to stand aloof when justice to local State government and a due regard for the dignity and authority of national law both call for action. The advo-

cates of the *laissez faire* policy have little support for their position except easy consciences and a disposition to shirk political questions requiring grave and serious thought. The South herself asks to be let alone, not because she prefers lawless methods of protection against a "free ballot," but because they are all she has, or has offered her. She sees that all plans of national interference in her affairs are one-sided; that they are all directed to the greater security of the rights of one class of her citizens without regard to the possible injury to the other. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that she would rather take care of herself in her own way. The general government then should act, but act with liberality and wisdom. The time has passed when the abnormal political conditions at the South can be soundly and harmoniously adjusted by any measures tending to remove the present check the South holds upon the negro vote without substituting another. No matter how unanswerable in logic may be the argument of those who, believing a universal suffrage is an unmixed blessing, insist upon a free ballot for the negro at any cost, such a position cannot be maintained in practice without far greater mischief than profit. A different solution of the problem must be looked for; such a solution as it is believed a new amendment to the Federal Constitution would offer. Let the general government come forward with a plan guaranteeing to the States the supremacy of intelligence and virtue in local government, and unless the temper of the South has been sadly misjudged, she will offer no further obstacles to the freedom of the negro in the exercise of his political rights. Let her be given a Massachusetts ballot law, and there will be no longer a negro question in politics. A new stimulus will be added to education; the ignorant of both races will be excluded from the suffrage with equal impartiality; the educated of both races will vote with equal freedom; distrust will disappear; justice will be done.

It has already become evident that the plan herein proposed of an amendment to the Federal Constitution prescribing educational restrictions upon the elective franchise will only appeal to that class of thinking men who admit the virtue of such restrictions in State constitutions. This virtue is assumed to exist. It is further assumed that a large majority of the citizens of several States must believe

in a judicious limitation of the suffrage; otherwise there would be no limitation. To this class of men the question may be very pointedly addressed, What valid objection can be raised to a constitutional amendment designed to accomplish for the nation what is believed to be a good in the State? If an educational qualification is a wholesome restraint upon popular suffrage in Connecticut and Missouri, why would it not be the same in Mississippi and North Carolina? Nay more, why would not such a restraint be productive of far greater good to the latter States where the proportion of the ignorant vote is so much larger? And why should not the States least needing protection against ignorance and viciousness be willing to unite in support of a plan whereby the good they have secured or may secure for themselves may be extended to the States less fortunate? The practically unlimited suffrage in many of the States outside of the South to-day is to be attributed to the absence of a pressing need of limitation rather than to a dislike on the part of a majority of their citizens to the principle of limitation; the growth of sentiment in recent years in favor of restricted suffrage and ballot reform, side by side with the increasing need of them, is proof of the fact. It is safe to say that no State having the power at present to add qualifications to its elective franchise would hesitate to take the step, if it saw itself about to be confronted with conditions such as exist now in the South. Why then should any such State, when nothing would be sacrificed, hesitate to do for the South what under similar circumstances it would do for itself? Good morals and good statesmanship might find in the greater needs of the South a sufficient inducement to the rest of the States to bring to bear their aid in the adoption of a Federal measure such as they have never felt constrained to adopt for themselves. But it is not intended to argue now (although it is believed in,) the feasibility of carrying into effect the plan proposed; the consideration of that question may be resumed at a later period. Only the wisdom and expediency of the measure are insisted upon here. Such an amendment to the Federal Constitution as has been suggested, it is contended, would be just, reasonable, and logical; would restore law and order to their proper place in the Southern States, establish local government on a sound and secure basis, and remove the occasion for discrimination against the negro in politics.

IN THE MESHES OF A TERRIBLE SPELL.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

I HAD never understood her. I doubt if even my father did, yet he loved her with a passion in which his years seemed never to count as diminishing force. He had married her when my brother and myself were nineteen. We were twins and our mother had died when we were born.

My father was professor in a country college, and among the first to claim co-education as a necessity for any education at its best. Naturally, then, my brother and I worked side by side, and whatever advantage may have lain in his inheritance over mine, he shared with me in full. Our tastes were the same but he had the quicker grasp. I plodded often where he flew, yet in the end the result for both was much the same.

This for the years in school, and our first in college, when he fixed upon civil engineering as his aim, leaving me still uncertain as to whether any profession should be mine. With another year medicine came uppermost. I was not sure that I wished to practice. I was sure that I wanted the knowledge that must underlie practice, and thus my own way lay clear before me when that for my father changed.

We knew little of her. She had come from some years abroad, returning with her cousin's family, till then also strangers to her. Judge Garrison was our neighbor and close friend, and thus Ruth Garrison fell directly into familiar intercourse, and shortly an intimacy that included us all. I had always been my father's and brother's companion, and had had no very near friend among girls of my own age. Ruth was seven years older than I, slight and girlish still, yet with an air of experience that I found delightful. Certainly she was not beautiful, yet I came to think her so. It was a serious, high-bred face, composed and even reserved till she smiled, and then her eyes, a deep, intense blue, lighted, and a different soul looked out. Voice and laugh alike were delicious.

"It was the voice that drew me first," my father said. "One never knows the music and beauty of English till such handling brings out its quality. The music of a word ought to be taught as certainly as its definition."

Ruth laughed far more often than in the early days of our acquaintance; my father's persistent cheer bringing this about for most of those with whom he dealt. But even at her gayest, long self-control was plain to whoever looked below the surface, and I wondered what the cause might be. For the rest, she charmed me as she had each one of us, and when my father's engagement to her was announced, there was little surprise, and no possible objection save the disparity in years. His absorption in her was so intense that his college work chafed him, and he would gladly have taken leave of absence for a year. His property was sufficient to give him an independent income outside his salary as professor, and my brother and I were no burden, our mother's little fortune being divided between us. Ruth objected as he told her his wish.

"Unless you want to go abroad for special study," she said, "you must not ask me to consent. You are famous now, so why should you? I am so weary of continental life. Do let me have America for a little while, and next year or later perhaps, we will go."

"Thank God! she isn't that unwholesome hybrid, a denationalized American!" Judge Garrison said, and my father looked at her worshipfully as was his wont. We all did. It seemed natural to yield to her, and think her way best, and if an occasional doubt arose, she seemed so indifferent as to decision, so ready to accept another judgment than her own, that inclination gravitated toward her own view. Where did the spell lie? In her eyes, I settled at last, for when they turned full upon one, a wonderful purity and clearness were in the gaze. Yet often at such moments as I looked devoutly at her, a sudden light shot from them, and blended the child look with something undefined and inscrutable.

Under this gentleness I found at last, lurked an inflexible will. She yielded only insignificant points, with an effusiveness that covered her real tenacity. I chided myself for this conviction even when holding it most firmly. What difference could it make, when her thought and life were

one with my father's, and she welcomed us as hardly less hers than his? Her look compelled us and him alike. I have watched him deep in talk with some colleague, suddenly hesitate, look for an instant wanderingly about, then turn toward her and cross the room as if drawn to her, yet she herself had given no sign, save that momentary fixing of her eyes upon him.

Gilbert, my brother, felt the same perplexity but denied that it meant anything but the strangeness of the new relation.

"You prod and poke incessantly, Margaret, as if minds could be 'subjects' no less than bodies," he said. "They cannot. You may bare the nerve but the nerve force eludes you forever. Let Ruth alone. She is good enough and too good, and we are all content. You are, you know, well when you cease analysis and drop suspicion."

"It isn't suspicion, Gilbert. That is an abominable name for it. It is scientific inquiry, no more, no less."

The marriage came speedily. Six months of home life followed in which nothing could have been more perfect than Ruth's bearing toward each one of her new family. My own affection grew and strengthened, and Gilbert's no less, and, had it been otherwise, the happiness in my father's face must have been reflected in ours. Then we separated; Gilbert to Germany and a course of mining engineering; I to the Woman's Medical College at Philadelphia, and after graduation, a year in Paris with such work as could be accomplished in that time.

For a year and more my father wrote regularly and often to us both; letters whose charm could hardly be excelled. Ruth was an indifferent correspondent, but added a few lines or slipped in a sheet on her own account. Then came a long silence, accounted for on her part by the birth of a boy, its death, and her long illness. Sad associations retarded recovery. The doctor advised change, and they talked of going abroad for a year. My father resigned his professorship, promising, if practicable, to return in a year or two, and wandering began. Ruth still objected to Europe, and California was first tried, then Mexico, letters becoming more and more infrequent. Then came the announcement that they were living in New York, first in a hotel, and then that an apartment had been taken near the park, and here, after more than four years of separation, I found them.

Ruth met me with the same affection; the same charm was with her as she entered the room, but as I released her from a close embrace and looked in her face, I cried out involuntarily. What had happened? I know not. There was no change to be defined, save that her eyes had the strange luminous look born at times of sorrow, and that she closed them now and then as if in pain. But as she looked at me a certain terror shot through me, and I trembled, and put out my hand.

"Dear Margaret," she said, "what is it? You look worn out. Lie down here at once, child, till you are better."

The voyage had been one of frightful storms, and I was still giddy and dazed with seasickness. Prolonged over-work during the last three months in Paris had made me more susceptible to strain, and I was on the verge of complete break down had not my sound stock of reserve strength still done me good service. But now strength fled from me. I felt that I could not stand, and laid down obediently.

"Where is father? I long to see him," I said hastily, surprised that he did not appear. Ruth had laid her hand on my forehead, and spoke now with a slight hesitation.

"He will see you very soon, dear."

"Is he sick? There is something wrong, Ruth. Tell me this moment."

"There is something very wrong, Margaret. Perhaps you will know what when you see him."

I rose to my feet, then staggered back. Was it possible that I who never fainted was to faint now? At least, no power to move remained, and my head sank on the pillows of the couch. A strange light seemed to rise and waver before my eyes; then enter and submerge my brain, which saw and heard yet did not see and hear, since every sense was lost in this one feeling of light and the power of such light to include all sense. Then it passed swiftly, and I found myself sitting upright and looking into Ruth's eyes fixed steadily upon me.

"You are ill yourself," she said, "and hardly fit to see your father, yet you must. Come now, dear, for he knows you are here, and waiting is bad for him." She moved on as she spoke, and opened a door across the hall.

"Dear," she said, very distinctly, "Margaret is here and waiting."

My father sat in an armchair near the window, and looked at me inquiringly as I entered; then with his usual gentle courtesy, rose and stood expectant. I had run toward him and flung my arms about his neck, and now as he removed them and looked at me in amazement, fell back utterly dismayed.

"My dearest! Don't you know me? Don't you know Margaret?"

"I am expecting her, it is true," he said. "It is a poor jest to simulate her. I will go to her if she is here."

Ruth had entered after a moment's delay, and stood now facing both. There were tears in her eyes as she came forward and laid her hand on his arm.

"It is Margaret, dear," she said. "Try to remember."

My father brushed his hand across his eyes as if to remove a veil; touched her cheek for a moment, and then, with a sudden look of gladdest recognition, sprang toward me and folded me in his arms.

"My darling girl! My blessed Margaret!" he said. "How I have longed to see you!" and he drew me toward a lounge in the corner.

"Dear Margaret," he said, and smiled. "Now you will tell me all that the letters could not."

"He will not wander again, I think," Ruth said in a low tone, and left us together.

No hour of my life had ever brought such bitterness. I must control myself if I would understand what had taken place, and what means might be taken to break the spell upon him. How should delusion come to a mind so sane and balanced, dealing always with mental processes, and recognized as one whose insight never failed, and who knew how to bring order and system out of every lapse and incoherence of the masters of psychology with whom his work lay? He had often said to me that his favorite recreation, the botanical club, was his safeguard; the natural, healthful balance to the absorbing work of his special field, and that a man whose life lay in dealing with abstractions, required a hobby ridden as far as possible in the opposite direction. The entire faculty had relied on his wonderfully clear and quiet judgment. Not a man of them all but seemed more likely to become the victim of illusions. What had happened?

Ruth left the room, his eyes following her lovingly as she went, but he turned to me with hardly less affection, and he kept his arm about me as he talked on, at first of myself, and then of the new Italian psychological journal, a number of which lay on his table, and his belief that a freer, truer system would be the product of their thought.

"It is masterly work," he said, "yet it is practically unknown. We have left these things to the Germans, and believed they were to do the thinking for the world, forgetting the law that gross feeding must mean cloudy thinking. These Italians with their abstinence, and their inheritance of the ideal, will be our masters in the end, till America has learned also how to work. There is more than one among us now, quite capable, even to-day, of doing for psychology what America is to do for the world, — extract the best from the old, and blend it into a new and better product. We must talk of this, Margaret. Now tell me how your own mind is working. Think what this pretty head must hold to have wrung a prize from those critical Frenchmen."

Never had he been more thoroughly his delightful self, and as we talked on my fears lessened. Whatever was wrong could be only of the most temporary nature. No one save ourselves need know, and soon any occasion for fear would pass. Lunch was presently announced. Ruth came from her room and slipped her arm around me in the old way. There was no real change. We walked in the park for an hour afterward, and then my father took his usual horseback ride. Dinner and the evening passed, he always his own gracious calm self, the old play of gentle humor coloring all he said. Ruth watched him always but unobtrusively, and I studied her, still wondering if I had imagined the sensations that for a time had overcome me.

My plans had been made before crossing, an offer having come to me from an established physician to share her office with a view to ultimate partnership, and as I lay quietly, too troubled for sleep, I questioned whether to remain at home or to carry out my first intention.

Ruth answered the question for me. She had slipped in so silently I heard not a sound till she seated herself on the bed.

"Your father is asleep," she said. "You have seen him now for a good many hours. How does he seem to you, Margaret?"

"Exactly himself since that first half hour. What does it mean? How long has he been subject to such delusion?"

"A year, Margaret. It is very serious. I guard him all I can, for he must never be suspected, never go to an asylum. I know so little of the history of the family. Have you ever heard of insanity anywhere?"

"Not a trace on either side. You can easily study the family record for this country, and it surprises me that you have not. A long line of country ministers, doctors, and lawyers, with farming as background or side issue for all."

"Then we need not think of heredity," said Ruth, with a sigh of relief. "It must be some slight lesion. That is what you call it, is it not? Stay with us, Margaret. Do not begin formal work yet. I have missed you, and I want your help if your father grows worse."

"You shall have it; but he will not, Ruth."

"I hope not, dear," she said, and was silent, then, kissing me suddenly, left the room as silently as she had come.

"This is not the ordinary apartment house, you know," she said next morning when we had breakfasted. "It is what is called a 'duplex one,' the five stories being built by three families who own it together. The owner of ours is abroad for a time. There is a room you have not seen that shall be yours, and give you more space than this little guest-chamber, and there you can unpack and settle for a time at least."

My father turned suddenly and looked at me.

"Till my daughter comes it is quite at your service," he said. "You are like her."

He pressed his hand on his eyes, looked at me a moment, then saying, "I shall read now for an hour or two, Margaret," passed into his little study, and closed the door, evidently unconscious of what had preceded his last words.

For a moment my tears flowed fast, and I leaned my head against Ruth who stood by me, and laid her cool hand on my forehead.

"This is a new phase," she said. "There is something much worse than this which you have not seen. It is his persistent desire for blood. I do not mean murder, dear," for I had started. "No. It comes from his conviction that his own blood is useless, or so impoverished that it must have renewal. You know his horror of all cruelty to animals, and how he would shrink from such places, yet in

spite of this, he has gone for weeks to the abattoir to drink fresh blood, caught as it flowed. He may tell you himself. Sometimes I can persuade him not to. Nothing could be worse for him. It is heating and inflaming, and fevers blood and brain alike. You are certain, Margaret, that there are no morbid tendencies anywhere in his family?"

"Certain, Ruth. Do not dwell on that. There is some other cause, and we shall find and cure it, I know. Whom have you called in?"

"No one, dear. I waited for you. I can trust you, Margaret, but I cannot anyone else. I believe so little in doctors. You understand him as no outsider could. I leave it all to you."

"It is a terrible responsibility, Ruth."

"Yes, but you are young, and strong, and wise, and know him. What more do you want? Watch him, and make up your mind, and then if advice seems best, we will have it. You will do this for us, Margaret? If you cannot, no one can."

This was the real beginning of my experience. Days passed in which no sign of delusion was given. I gained confidence, yet as I pondered all that Ruth had told me, wondered now and then if, by any chance, there were hidden bits of family history which might hold the secret. For our life, as a family in America, there was no doubt, but what might not lie back of that grim and protesting non-conformist, driven out of parish and country, and turning his back at last to found a home on this side of the sea? There was a tincture, too, of Scotch blood, and that held curious possibilities, for how often I had heard my father speculate on it.

"Hard-headed as they often are," he had said, "they are also mystics and dreamers. We owe them the poetic streak that Puritanism had no power to repress, and it will not lessen, I believe."

Thus far I had seen nothing of his tendencies, save the occasional bewildered look or word, as the sense of my identity seemed to leave him. But one morning as we sat chatting, he rose suddenly with the gesture now grown so familiar, — the pressing his hand over his eyes.

"It is the right hour," he said, "and I must go at once."

"To what, father?"

"The — the life principle. The thing that makes it possible to exist. Without it, you know, this steady devitalization would kill me."

"What do you mean, dear? You must tell me exactly. I must understand."

"When I return, Margaret, when I return," and he went out hastily. An hour later he returned, and sat down silently in his chair, with the same perplexed look I had so often noted as the blank moment came upon him. He raised his head presently.

"I dream a detestable dream when I sleep," he said. "Is there a medicine warranted to change the color of dreams, Margaret? I see the interior of my own arteries and veins. I see that the red corpuscles are paling and decreasing in number each day, and that if this does not end, life will end. And then, as I observe how slowly the current moves, I find myself in the street, and walking toward that hideous place up town, the abattoir, where that crowd of frightened, shrinking animals wait their turn for slaughter. I make my choice. Always it is the wildest, most distressed, most struggling of all, and I look into the frantic eyes as the blow comes, and then take the first gush of the warm blood; drink it, Margaret, and know I must, and drink with a hideous relish. Then the dream passes, and I am sitting here quietly, and the manuscript waiting for another page to be added to my book. It has dragged of late."

He turned to his desk, and I went away silently. What could be done but wait till something more positive declared itself?

Three days later at the same hour, — I had taken care to be with him, — he rose with the same dazed look and pushed away the pages he had been reading to me.

"It is the right hour," he said mechanically, and turned for his hat. I looked steadily in his face. The eyes were set as in somnambulism, yet he looked at me, some consciousness still struggling through, then pushed me aside and hurried out. I followed quickly as might be; followed to the door of the horrible place, and waited till he emerged again. The same look was on his face, nor did it pass till he had been in his study again quite an hour, his eyes closed, and the noble white head, whitened since I left it, leaning against the back of his chair. When he lifted it and looked about, there were tears in his eyes.

"The same dream, the same horror," he said. "Margaret, is there nothing that can be done? It is loathsome. It seems a small thing to shake one so, but there are moments when my mind seems going."

I comforted him as I could till he turned to his work. Nothing in the books recorded a case like this. What he wrote had never been more clearly or more felicitously expressed. What was the spell upon him, and what the shadow falling upon me also? For days I had had sudden lapses of consciousness; blank spaces from which I came out bewildered, and in anguish, saying always the same words, "His mind is gone, and mine is going."

I was neither nervous nor fanciful. My health was sound, my self-control trained and disciplined. I had always met emergencies quietly. Yet now I trembled and shook, seeking to recall what might have — what must have happened in this blankness, and the fatal words came mechanically.

It was at this time that I noted two things. My father's unconsciousness of his surroundings lasted longer and longer after each return from his horrible errand. Strength was failing seriously, and change of scene seemed indispensable. With Ruth conditions seemed hardly less serious. She was growing thinner day by day, and she watched us both with an intensity that held something more than ordinary anxiety. Once or twice I had waked in the night in sudden terror, to find her sitting on the bed.

"It is too bad, dear Margaret," she said, always, "but I cannot sleep, and it does me good to come here, you are so quiet and strong."

"We must go away," I said at last. "This sort of thing is killing you. Winter is near. Let us go to Florida."

"Oh no! Oh no!" she cried. "How can you think of it when the end is nearer every day? Don't you see how your father fails?"

"I see that everything is utterly abnormal, and that we had better get away. With no chance of gratifying a desire, desire may die. You must accept my conclusion, Ruth. I prescribe it for all of us."

As I spoke Ruth fixed her eyes steadily upon me. The blank space I dreaded opened threateningly.

"I will not yield to it! I will not!" I cried, and then, as it closed about me, put out my hands in vain appeal.

What had it done to me, for I rose from some abyss, and moaning out the words I could not silence, and Ruth's pale face looked at me dismayed.

"Margaret dear! Oh heavens! It cannot be she and her father are both mad!"

She had reason. I sat on the lower step of the first flight of stairs, facing the elevator door. The gas burned dimly. It was still early morning, and no one was astir.

"Rouse yourself. Come back before anyone sees or knows," said Ruth's voice, and I followed her blindly, and still imperfectly conscious, laid down as she bade me.

"I must not leave you. I don't know what you may do, dear," she said faintly. "Something is wrong."

She was gasping for breath, and I came to myself suddenly.

"We are all in the midst of a nightmare," I said. "I shall cable for Gilbert to-morrow, and put Doctor Tyler in charge till he comes."

"No, no!" Ruth said. "You can do everything. Why should you break into Gilbert's year? I can trust you, dear."

"That is more than I can do for myself, Ruth. There is something diabolical about this place. I begin to believe in possession. Go to father, dear. He is moving, and may be startled."

There had been something furtive and strange in her look as she stood there, and I did not wonder as I noted it again at breakfast. My father came in after we were seated, and said a formal good morning as he passed me, turning in surprise, as I rose to kiss him.

"You are mistaken," he said absently. "You are expecting your own father, perhaps?"

I had no power left of self-control. The tears came, and I fled from the room. One thing could be done. I wrote my despatch to Gilbert, and a note for Doctor Tyler, and ran down myself to send the janitor for a messenger boy.

"There's one going out the door this minute with a note Miss Bond is sending," he said, and ran to recall him.

The relief, as I put the messages in his hands, was inexpressible. I went up almost joyful.

"What is it?" Ruth asked instantly, as I returned to the dining-room for a cup of coffee. "Something has happened."

"Very little, dear. I have cabled to Gilbert, and asked Doctor Tyler to come round directly after his office hour. That is all."

A look of absolute fury, so intense that I started from my chair, shot from Ruth's eyes. She closed them suddenly, and sat there trembling. When she opened them her face was quiet, though deeply flushed.

"I did not dream you would act without further consultation with me," she said. "I am so shaken by all this agitation that I hardly know what I am doing."

She smiled faintly, and put out her hand to me, and I took it with the feeling that this was the solution of all strangeness. An hour later the messenger returned. The despatch had gone, but Doctor Tyler was out of town to be away for some days. I could not and would not call in a stranger, and must wait his return, and Ruth looked relieved as I told her this decision.

"We are all overwrought," she said, "now let us try to be quiet and reasonable."

My father seemed himself when I went into the study, but too restless to work, and soon went out, and I followed shortly, tormented by the same spirit. I had turned toward the park, but presently found myself walking swiftly away from it toward the North River. An impulse I could not resist was upon me, but now as I became conscious that something desperate lay beyond, another force rose and struggled in me.

"Turn back! Turn back!" it cried. "It is evil that drives. Turn back!"

I shook with the force of the conflict, and when something still urged me on, caught at the iron railing of an area and held fast.

"You're taken wid a bad turn, Miss. Let me lead ye inside a bit," a voice said, and I yielded for a moment, and let the woman support me. A wave of blackness surged over me. Then it fell away, and I knew myself again, and could smile at the good-natured and troubled face of the stout Irish woman.

"Sure it's home yees ought to be," she said. "Ye're only fit for the bed. 'Tisn't walkin' is good for ye. Can you go alone?"

"Perfectly, you good soul. I am only tired, and need the air," I made answer, and hastened away as a burly

policeman crossed the street, and stood in conference with her.

A messenger boy was ringing as I went up the steps of our house, and handed me the reply to my despatch.

"I sail on Thursday by the French line. GILBERT."

"Thank God!" I murmured. "But oh, if the time were over!"

It was late November. The voyage could hardly take less than eight or nine days. I went to my room and locked the door. I did not want to see Ruth, and I had determined not to tell her of the despatch. Distrust seemed in the air. Nothing could well be more groundless, yet there was something to guard against, I was convinced. Why, if it could be prevented, was I never left alone with my father? Till now we had been so united, that any need for it hardly occurred to me, but as I recalled the strange intensity of her watchfulness of both, suspicions, formless and undefined, yet still suspicious, awoke, and refused to be put down. Their very vagueness tormented me. In all this chaos there must be some one point of attack; something tangible to be demonstrated. My own condition was no less confounding than his. I sat there in dumb confusion and misery from which I roused at last with a determined effort.

"No more brooding. I will be myself as far as fate allows," I said half aloud, and took up from the table the reviews for the month brought from the study the day before. I opened one and read mechanically the title of a section of an article, "Post-hypnotic or Deferred Suggestions." My eye followed on:—

"These are given to the patient during trance to take effect after waking. They succeed with a certain number of patients even when the execution is named for a remote period—months or even a year, as in one case reported by M. Liegeois. In this way one can make a patient feel a pain, or be paralyzed, or have some hallucination positive or negative, or perform some fantastic action after emerging from the trance."

A description of certain of Charcot's cases followed, and then the comment:—

"The only really mysterious feature of these deferred suggestions is the patient's absolute ignorance during the interval preceding their execution that they have been deposited in his mind

. . . The most important class of post-hypnotic suggestions are, of course, those relative to the patient's health — bowels, sleep, and other bodily functions. The most interesting are those relative to future trances. One can determine the day, and hour, and minute or the signal at which the patient will of his own accord lapse into trance again. One can make him susceptible in future to another operator, who may have been unsuccessful with him in the past. Or more important still, in certain cases, one can, by suggesting that certain persons shall never be able hereafter to put him to sleep, remove him for all future time from hypnotic influences that might be dangerous. This, indeed, is the simple and natural safeguard against those dangers of hypnotism, of which uninstructed persons talk so vaguely."*

Even then, as light seemed to dawn, I studied the page before me, repeating the words mechanically. Then I flung down the number and sprang to my feet. At last I had a clue to the mystery!

A year or two before going abroad for study, my father had spent some time with me in going over one of the reports from the Salp tri re, and a series of experiments by Charcot, and his colleagues. He had taken issue with their conclusions as to causes, and insisted that the neurosis theory, with its three states and its definite series of symptoms, attributed to physical causes apart from co-operation of the subject's mind, was an absolutely incorrect solution of the phenomena.

Later, he had found himself borne out in this by both French and German experimenters. In the meantime, I had found that I possessed power in this direction, and had experimented upon Gilbert with such startling success that he declined to submit farther. Ruth had not attempted it, but had watched carefully, and my father had taken notes of all, and had once or twice written me some further thoughts of his own, which he proposed to elaborate in one of the chapters of his book. Now, if it were possible, if my power remained, I could, perhaps, gain clue to the workings of his mind, but it must be done secretly in some of the rare moments when we were alone.

No opportunity came that day, for Ruth did not leave him, and there were some hours in which he did not recognize me. The next morning brought a telegram asking her

* *Principles of Psychology*, by William James. V. XI., p. 614.

to meet a friend in the city for but a few hours, and she left us reluctantly, sitting together in the study. Eleven o'clock was the hour that had so far called him out, and I determined to anticipate it. He looked up at me vaguely as I moved toward him, then laid down his pen.

"Let me read this page, child," he said, "I am doubtful how to put this point."

"Read on," I said, and as he bent his head over the manuscript, made my passes, putting away with all my force the fear of failure that hampered will. He had read but a few lines when he raised his eyes to mine. A few inarticulate words escaped him; then he sat motionless, breathing calmly and quietly.

"You are calm and able to speak to me without trouble or fear?" I said, when certain that full control had been obtained.

"Perfectly."

"Tell me, then, why you believe that your blood is devitalized and must be renewed?"

"Because Ruth has told me so."

"Do you know why?"

"I cannot tell. She has sources of knowledge not open to me."

"Why do you go to the abattoir?"

"Ruth orders it, or to speak more precisely, not Ruth, but the power in her which she is to use for me. She tells me that this will be my cure. I believe her."

"Are you conscious of any delusion, father?"

"None. My mind is clear."

"Are you aware that you have constantly, since my return, confounded me with another?"

"I cannot tell. I know that Ruth has said there is another here, and that for reasons that are best for all, this must sometimes be so. Her reasons are imperative. She tells me what I must for the time believe, and I have faith that it is wise action."

"Then whatever you do is the result of her will?"

The first stroke of eleven sounded as I spoke. A look of distress crossed his face.

"I must go at once," he said, in a strange, muffled voice, and his face flushed deeply. I concentrated upon him every atom of will force I possessed.

"You are mistaken," I said. "You wish to stay here with me. Quiet, dear. That is what you are to do."

He struggled from his chair, and cried out as if torn by some opposing force, then fell back and looked at me wildly.

"Quiet, quiet," I repeated. "God help me to hold him fast."

His eyes closed slowly, opened once or twice as if the struggle were still within, then shut, and he sat there motionless. Till the hour was over this must last. I sat there, watching for any faintest hint of another power at work, my will concentrated upon him with an intensity that left no room for other thought. At noon, by slow degrees, I roused him.

"I hear you," he said at last, "but you are far away, Margaret; very far."

"It is you who are far away, dear, but you will soon be here. You are here now. Remember that no one has power to make you act but yourself and myself for a time, whenever it is needed. No evil shall touch you again. Remember."

A strange quiet had come to my own spirit. A battle was to be fought, I knew, but I had neither doubt nor fear. My father opened his eyes and smiled at me peacefully.

"I have had a delicious sleep," he said; "I feel ready for anything. You should have waked me, child, for I meant to work this morning."

"The sun shines. Let us go into the park till lunch," I answered, and we went out together.

"Poor father," Ruth said, as she met me late in the afternoon. "He went on that dreadful errand of his as usual, I suppose, Margaret?"

"Not to-day. He sat in the study till noon, and then took a turn in the park."

A look of intense surprise crossed her face.

"It is a comfort to have it omitted, even once," she said, and passed on to her room. Within five minutes I felt coming upon me the same sense of blankness that had become so familiar, and braced myself to oppose it. My will was set no less resolutely than hers to conquer. The blood surged to my head. Lights danced and flickered before my eyes. I staggered to the window, and throwing up the sash, leaned far out to feel the keen air and the rush of wind which, as it passed, seemed to take with it the unseen force that had

ruled. It was over. I stood there shaken but firm, and knew that its power had ended. Now to wait and watch till the mystery explained itself.

From this hour the real struggle began. Silent and determined on her part; on mine no less so. For a week my life went in willing. Hour by hour I sat with them fighting the power which for days she still seemed able to exercise over me; conquering always, and always in silence. For my father there was not the faintest hint of oppression. It was clear that all her force had concentrated on me, and I searched vainly for any answer to my why? If by any possibility I could in turn influence her, all would be easy, but the days went on, and I merely held my own. Outwardly she seemed quite the same. We read, and talked, and walked together. Friends came now and then, and life moved in more natural lines. My father had met casually in one of his rides an old friend not seen for years, interested in his same directions, and at present deep in some investigations for the English Psychic Society. He was many years younger than my father, who had met him first at Heidelberg, and I had not seen him since my childhood. His genial, sensible face had lost none of its kindness, and the steady look in his gray eyes carried with it a sense of strength and comprehension that invited confidence. The tension upon me was something frightful. Why should I not let him share my perplexity and perhaps suggest a way out? December had opened with furious storms, and sharp anxiety for Gilbert had added itself to the rest. Ruth's intensity carried with it something menacing. It was all unendurable longer, and so at last I spoke.

We were in the Lenox Library, unknown territory to most New Yorkers who have small time to spend in meeting the innumerable restrictions the "dead hand" enforces. The alcove where we sat turning over some rare editions was silent and apart, and I spoke with no fear of listeners. Mr. Edgerton heard me, profoundly amazed and shocked, but serious and intent, and nodded here and there at points in my statement.

"It is hardly two months," he said, "since I left Paris, and long watching of the latest investigations there. In this case I think there is simple insanity, but we shall soon know. I am up, I think, in most of the phases, and have

very strong power which I have been cultivating carefully. I shall try at once to use it, for it must be done at once. I will come in this evening and make a trial. It is quite possible more than one will be necessary, or even that I may not succeed. In any case count upon me to aid."

We dined late that evening, and Mr. Edgerton arrived before we had left the table.

"We will delay coffee a little," Ruth said to the maid. "You may bring it in in about half an hour, and be sure that it is very hot. Doctor Deane dislikes lukewarm coffee very much."

She rose with her brightest smile, a look her face had not worn for long. Doctor Tyler, whose return had been still further delayed, had sent word that he would call that evening, and before we had really settled in our places about the open fire, he was announced, and took his seat among us. Mr. Edgerton looked at me inquiringly, as if to ask if this made any difference, and caught at once my faint sign of negation. Ruth, as usual, was next my father, and sat now leaning back against the old-fashioned crimson velvet of the deep armchair, her fair hair and delicate features in strong relief. Her eyes, always beautiful, were luminous, and a strange look of triumph was on her face.

As the light talk went on I saw Mr. Edgerton look at her steadily and earnestly, and once she turned toward him with sudden uneasiness, but at his smile and casual remark, leaned back again. He rose a moment or two later, ostensibly to examine something on the mantelpiece, and she turned again. This time his eyes met hers fully and commandingly, and she bent forward with a sudden throwing out of the hands as if in pain. Doctor Tyler rose quickly, but sat down as I motioned imperatively, looking at me perplexedly. The maid brought in coffee, and I took the tray from her at the door, and set it on a small table near it. Ruth's eyes had closed; she lay back quite passive, and my father looked on a little surprised and disturbed, but not distrustful.

"An experiment, Edgerton?" he said. "You should have given her warning."

"Margaret wishes it," he replied, and my father nodded contentedly.

"You have been busy, it seems, for a year," his quiet voice went on after a pause in which he had bent over

her and examined her eyes. "Tell us what you have wished to do?"

"Yes," she answered after a moment of deep silence. "Why not? It will soon be known."

"What have you tried to do?"

"To be rid of this incubus of marriage, silently and decently. I want freedom. I must and will have it."

"She is dreaming," my father said hastily, half rising. "This must not go on. I will not have her trifled with, Edgerton."

"Trust me, my old friend; I mean nothing but good," Mr. Edgerton answered with an imperative gesture which silenced him, though he looked at me uneasily, and then fixed his eyes on Ruth.

"Tell me why you need freedom," Mr. Edgerton said.

"Because the fatal time has come. It was my mother's year, and it will be mine. Unless I escape I shall end as she did, but how am I to escape with these two always in the way? They must be removed. With freedom I may live on, and no one know."

"What is it that must not be known? What do you fear?"

Ruth shuddered and put her hands before her eyes.

"You must know. It is living death," she said. "How do I know? It is old Martha who told me. They bound my mother when she had stabbed herself, and old Martha and she lived years and years in a padded room. I have wanted to do the same thing. I see the spot on Gilbert's neck that a knife might strike. I have even taken one up and looked at the edge, but I was wise. I knew there were other ways. And then when he tired me so, I thought it would be simpler to have him shut up. I found I could make him do what I would. I meant he should be thought insane, and have Margaret attend to it. He is old. He has not many years. Even if he were shut up he has always his book to think about. Then I tried it with her. Oh, I had more power than ever she had had, and it was quite plain I should be rid of them both. I could control them both, and I laughed at the things they did, and what would soon be thought. Then it passed. It passed just as I was certain. There was only one way left."

My father groaned, and hid his face as she paused and sat for a moment silent.

"Something balked me," she went on slowly. "Margaret had been as weak as her father, but I found I had no more power. I had used it all. I could not leave myself because they would follow me. They would take me back, and then they would know, for I could hide it no longer. I have only done what was necessary and best. They have forced it."

"What have you done?"

My father's face was pale and drawn with anguish.

"For God's sake, Edgerton, do not go on," he said. "It is some evil dream. You cannot attach any importance to it. She means nothing of what she is saying."

"Only a moment longer, Deane. It must be. What have you done, poor soul?"

"When you have drunk the coffee,—am I to tell you that also?—for when you have drunk you will know?"

"Tell me."

"It is quiet. Nobody will suffer. They will sleep, and when I see them sleeping I will go."

"What have you done?"

"Morphine. The morphine in Margaret's hypodermic box. All in the coffee; brown itself, so no one will ever see or know, but enough, yes, enough for a hundred. I heard Margaret say so. That is all. There is nothing more to tell. Let me rest."

"Rest," Mr. Edgerton said, and bent toward her, then turned to us trembling visibly.

"The coffee must be tested," he said. "I believe she has spoken only the truth. They cannot do otherwise. If there is error, the analysis will soon prove it."

"The tests are simple," said Doctor Tyler, rousing himself from the stupefaction in which we had listened. "I will go out for what is necessary." Then, with a sterner look than I could have believed his gentle, thoughtful face could wear, he added, "your name stands as authority, sir, for the work you do, and I am bound to respect what I know of it, but if there has been trifling here, you have the fate of more than one life to answer for."

He crossed to my father as he spoke, and took his hand.

I had been watching the dear face, and marvelling at its quietness. Now the veins had swelled like whip-cords, and it flushed darkly.

"Deane," Mr. Edgerton said, and as he looked at him he made one or two swift passes above his head. "Dear old friend, she will be saved, and so will you. Listen to me before you sleep. We shall, I doubt not, prove her words true. What matter if they are, now that we have reached the root of things, and can wipe out the cause forever? I believe it. I do not believe that we are left the bond slaves to any inheritance. This poor soul has brooded in silence, till every thought is distempered, and she is on the verge of a madness that would mean death to herself and to any near her, if she had strength to compass her ends. It need not come. I have power, and I say it with reverence, for who yet knows its nature, — I have power to bring the healing that the Supreme Power has hidden in this mystery. She will be cured, and this passage be wiped out of memory, nor need this night be for any of us more than an evil dream, a dream with a blessed awakening."

My father looked at him with a passionate faith upon his face, and a smile soft and still as the smile of death. He was very pale, for the flush had faded as he listened, and his eyes grew fixed as he looked. Doctor Tyler moved anxiously.

"He is going," he said under his breath. "Edgerton!"

"He is *not*," Mr. Edgerton replied low, but with an intensity of feeling as once more he bent toward the white head of his friend. "Sleep, dear soul, and know no trouble," he said. "All is well."

My father's face relaxed. An inarticulate, happy murmur escaped him, and then, with a long sigh, he laid his head against the chair, and we saw that he slept.

"Now we must go on," said Mr. Edgerton, and Doctor Tyler, who followed every movement with absorption, hurried out. Mr. Edgerton again took his place near Ruth, who sat motionless, and we waited in silence till he reappeared. A few moments sufficed.

"She has told the truth," he said, turning toward us with a white face. "My God! What an escape. What must be done?"

"If human law spoke the word," said Mr. Edgerton, "the answer would be plain. To me, what I believe the Divine law has as clear a word. If I am allowed to act as I wish and will, there need be neither the terror of an asylum nor

a shred of the publicity we should all dread. At least let me try. If I fail there is always the asylum. You can help or hinder me, Doctor, as you will, for I recognize that the matter has passed chiefly into your hands."

Doctor Tyler looked at him with a face pale but as resolute as his own.

"It is an enormous responsibility," he said, "but I shall dare to accept it. Let me share it with you where I can, but I must follow each step of the way, if I would keep my conscience clear."

"You shall," said Mr. Edgerton, as solemnly as he had spoken, and the two men clasped hands with a look that sealed the compact.

That was the beginning of the real work. The details of the months that followed are all written for each kept record of a case in which far more than any individual relief was involved. When the right time comes there will be no hesitation in giving it to the world, since it is the strongest testimony in existence of the power yet to work for the sick brain and worn nerve with which the alienist must deal.

Mr. Edgerton's power over Ruth seemed absolute. He preferred to use his alone, for various reasons which those who have followed the course of hypnotic investigation and experiment will understand, though he held me ready to supplement him in case of need. Gilbert, whose arrival was but a day later, listened in horror to the tale, but accepted unquestioningly the experiment to be tried, and thus every circumstance was in our favor.

With Ruth herself there was almost absolute unconsciousness of the past. Day by day she was ordered to forget, and assured that her whole misery, with its secrecy and sorrow, had been unnecessary and useless. We watched her unceasingly, but with no outward token of our care, and gradually the strained look melted away, and the self we best loved came uppermost.

"It is working. It will be wiped out," Mr. Edgerton said with fervent faith, and we believed him.

Five months after the dreadful night on which full discovery had been made, Ruth, who had been sitting quietly in the study while I wrote to my father's dictation, laid down her book, and sat looking at us steadily. Then she came to us, and fell on her knees by my father's side, burst-

ing into sobs that shook her. His arm was about her in a moment, and he looked anxiously at me. Mr. Edgerton was in the room next to us. The door stood open, and as he came in view, I motioned him to be ready if need arose. Ruth had grown quieter, and now she looked up into my father's face.

"I must tell you together," she said. "I have been very wicked not to have told you long ago. I have always hidden something, and now I want you to know, and do what you think right," and she poured out in minutest detail her own terror of years. Not a word of the later months escaped her. Their memory had vanished, thank God! not to reappear.

"That is the end of it, my darling," my father said gently, when she had stopped and buried her face again on his knees. "You have nothing to fear, Ruth. You are sane and sound, and Doctor Tyler, yes, and many another, will tell you that any inheritance can be conquered. You have conquered yours. Neither you nor we need ever fear again."

"You are sure? You are really sure?" Ruth said with a gasp. "You do not hate me for what I have done, for deceiving you always?"

"No, poor child. We love you more for all you have borne," and Ruth, with a look on her face that we had never seen, bowed her head once more, and said, "God bless him forever!"

For her, this is the ending. For us who shared it, there is another word. Six months of effort showed plainly what work we must consent to call our own, and since I married Mr. Edgerton two years ago, we have settled that life can hold nothing better than our joint labor to demonstrate what we are certain is to come. We admit the shortness of the time. We know that we are simply in the alphabet of this strange book to be revealed, but already we foresee what its pages must hold, and we know that, like other revelations to come, it is for the healing of the nations.

UNCLE RIPLEY'S SPECULATION.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

UNCLE ETHAN had a theory that a man's character could be told by the way he sat in a wagon seat.

"A mean man sets right plum in the *middle o'* the seat, as much as to say, 'Walk, gol darn yeh, who cares?' But a man that sets in one corner o' the seat, much as to say, 'Jump in — cheaper t' ride 'n to walk' — you can jest tie to."

Uncle Ripley was prejudiced in favor of the stranger, therefore, before he came opposite the potato patch, where the old man was "bugging his vines." The stranger drove a jaded-looking pair of calico ponies, hitched to a clattering democrat wagon, and he sat on the extreme end of the seat, with the lines in his right hand, while his left rested on his thigh, with his little finger gracefully crooked, and his elbows akimbo. He wore a blue shirt, with gay-colored armlets just above the elbows, and his vest hung unbuttoned down his lank ribs. It was plain he was well pleased with himself.

As he pulled up and threw one leg over the end of the seat, Uncle Ethan observed that the left spring was much more worn than the other, which proved that it was not accidental but that it was the driver's habit to sit on that end of the seat.

"Good afternoon," said the stranger pleasantly.

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Bugs purty plenty?"

"Plenty enough, I gol! I don't see where they all come fum."

"Early Rose?" inquired the man, as if referring to the bugs.

"No; Peachblows an' Carter reds. My Early Rose is over near the house. The old woman wants 'em near. See the darned things!" he pursued, rapping savagely on the edge of the pan to rattle the bugs back.

"How do yeh kill 'em — scald 'em?"

"Mostly. Sometimes I —"

"Good piece of oats," yawned the stranger listlessly.

"That's barley."

"So 'tis. Didn't notice."

Uncle Ethan was wondering what the man was. He had some pots of black paint in the wagon, and two or three square boxes.

"What do yeh think o' Cleveland's chances for a second term?" continued the man, as if they had been talking politics all the while.

Uncle Ripley scratched his head. "Wall — I dunno — bein' a Republican — I think—"

"That's so — it's a purty scaly outlook. I don't believe in second terms myself," the man hastened to say.

"Is that your new barn acrost there?" pointing with his whip.

"Yes, sir, it is," replied the old man proudly. After years of planning and hard work he had managed to erect a little wooden barn, costing possibly three hundred dollars. It was plain to be seen he took a childish pride in the fact of its newness.

The stranger mused. "A lovely place for a sign," he said, as his eyes wandered across its shining yellow broad-side.

Uncle Ethan stared, unmindful of the bugs crawling over the edge of his pan. His interest in the pots of paint deepened.

"Couldn't think o' lettin' me paint a sign on that barn?" the stranger continued, putting his locked hands around one knee, and gazing away across the pig-pen at the building.

"What kind of a sign? Gol darn your skins!" Uncle Ethan pounded the pan with his paddle and scraped two or three crawling abominations off his leathery wrist.

It was a beautiful day, and the man in the wagon seemed unusually loath to attend to business. The tired ponies slept in the shade of the lombardies. The plain was draped in a warm mist and shadowed by vast, vaguely defined masses of clouds. A lazy June day.

"Dodd's Family Bitters," said the man, waking out of his abstraction with a start, and resuming his working manner. "The best bitter in the market;" he alluded to it in

the singular. "Like to look at it? No trouble to show goods, as the fellah says," he went on, scarcely seeing Uncle Ethan's hesitation.

He produced a large bottle of triangular shape, like a bottle for pickled onions. It had a red seal on top, and a strenuous caution in red letters on the neck, "None genuine unless 'Dodd's Family Bitters' is blown in the bottom."

"Here's what it cures," pursued the agent, pointing at the side, where, in an inverted pyramid the names of several hundred diseases were arranged, running from "gout" to "pulmonary complaints," etc.

"I gol! she cuts a wide swath, don't she?" exclaimed Uncle Ethan, profoundly impressed with the list.

"They aint no better bitter in the world," said the agent with a conclusive inflection.

"What's its speshyality? Most of 'em have some speshyality."

"Well — summer complaints — an' — an' — spring an' fall troubles — tones ye up, sort of."

Uncle Ethan's forgotten pan was empty of his gathered bugs. He was deeply interested in this man. There was something he liked about him.

"What does it sell fur?" he asked, after a pause.

"Same price as them cheap medicines — dollar a bottle — big bottles, too — want one?"

"Wal, mother aint to home, an' I don't know as she'd like this kind. We aint been sick f'r years, still, they's no tellin'," he added, seeing the answer to his objection in the agent's eyes. "Times is putty close, too, with us, y' see, we've jest built that stable —"

"Say, I'll tell yeh what I'll do," said the stranger, waking up and speaking in a warmly generous tone. "I'll give you ten bottles of the bitter if you'll let me paint a sign on that barn. It won't hurt the barn a bit, and if you want 'o, you can paint it out a year from date. Come, what d' ye say?"

"I guess I hadn't better."

The agent thought that Uncle Ethan was after more pay, but in reality he was thinking of what his little old wife would say.

"It simply puts a family bitter in your home that may save you fifty dollars this comin' fall. You can't tell."

Just what the man said after that Uncle Ethan didn't follow. His voice had a confidential purring sound as he stretched across the wagon-seat and talked on, eyes half shut. As he straightend up and concluded in the tone of one who has carried his point:—

"So! If you didn't want to use the whole twenty-five bottles y'rself, why! sell it to your neighbors. You can get twenty dollars out of it easy, and still have five bottles of the best family bitter that ever went into a bottle."

It was the thought of this opportunity to get a buffalo-skin coat that consoled Uncle Ethan as he saw the hideous black letters appearing under the agent's lazy brush.

It was the hot side of the barn, and painting was no light work. The agent was forced to mop his forehead with his sleeve.

"Say, haint got a cooky or anything, and a cup o' milk handy?" he said at the end of the first enormous word which ran the whole length of the barn.

Uncle Ethan got him the milk and cooky, which he ate with an exaggeratedly dainty action of his fingers, seated meanwhile on the staging which Uncle Ripley had helped him to build. This lunch infused new energy into him, and in a short time "DODD'S FAMILY BITTERS—Best in the Market—" disfigured the sweet-smelling pine boards.

Ethan was eating his self-obtained supper of bread and milk when his wife came home.

"Who's been a-paintin' on that barn?" she demanded, her bead-like eyes flashing, her withered little face set in an ominous frown. "Ethan Ripley, what you been doin'?"

"Nawthin'," he replied feebly.

"Who painted that sign on there?"

"A man come along an' he wanted to paint that on there, and I let 'im, and it's my barn anyway, I guess I can do what I'm a min' to with it," he ended defiantly, but his eyes wavered.

Mrs. Ripley ignored the defiance. "What under the sun p'sessed you to do such a thing as that, Ethan Ripley? I declare I don't see! You git fooler an' fooler ev'ry day you live, I *do* believe."

Uncle Ethan attempted a defence.

"Well, he paid me twenty-five dollars f'r it, anyway."

"Did 'e?" She was visibly affected by this news.

"Well, anyhow, it amounts to that; he give me twenty-five bottles —"

Mrs. Ripley sank back in her chair. "Well, I swan to Bungay! Ethan Ripley—wal, you beat all I *ever* see!" she added in despair of expression. "I thought you had *some* sense left, but you haint, not one blessed scimptom. Where *is* the stuff?"

"Down cellar, an' you needn't take on no airs, ol' woman. I've known you to buy things you didn't need time an' time 'n' agin, tins an' things, an' I guess you wish you had back that ten dollars you paid for that illustrated Bible."

"Go 'long an' bring that stuff up here. I never see such a man in my life. It's a wonder he didn't do it f'r two bottles." She glared out at the sign which faced directly upon the kitchen window.

Uncle Ethan tugged the two cases up and set them down on the floor of the kitchen. Mrs. Ripley opened a bottle and smelled of it like a cautious cat.

"Ugh! Merciful sakes, what stuff! It aint fit f'r a hog to take. What'd you think you was goin' to do with it?" she asked in poignant disgust.

"I expected to take it if I was sick, whaddy ye s'pose?" He defiantly stood his ground towering above her like a leaning tower.

"The hull cartload of it?"

"No. I'm goin' to sell part of it an' git me an over-coat —"

"Sell it!" she shouted. "Nobuddy'll buy that sick'nin' stuff but an old numb-skull like you. Take that slop out o' the house this minute! Take it right down to the sink-hole an' smash every bottle on the stones."

Uncle Ethan and the cases of medicine disappeared, and the old woman addressed her concluding remarks to little Tewksbury, her grandson, who stood timidly on one leg in the doorway, like an intruding pullet.

"Everything around this place 'ud go to rack an' ruin if I didn't keep a watch on that soft-pated old dummy. I thought that lightening-rod man had give him a lesson he'd remember, but no, he must go an' make a reg'lar —"

She subsided in a tumult of banging pans, which helped her out in the matter of expression, and reduced her to a grim sort of quiet. Uncle Ethan went about the house like

a convict on ship-board. Once she caught him looking out of the window.

"I should *think* you'd feel proud o' that."

Uncle Ethan had never been sick a day in his life. He was bent and bruised with never-ending toil, but he had nothing special the matter with him.

He didn't smash the medicine, as Mrs. Ripley commanded, because he had determined to sell it. The next Sunday morning after his chores were done, he put on his best coat of faded diagonal, and was brushing his hair into a ridge across the centre of his high narrow head, when Mrs. Ripley came in from feeding the calves.

"Where you goin' now?"

"None o' your business," he replied. "It's darn funny if I can't stir without you wantin' to know all about it. Where's Tewky?"

"Feedin' the chickens. You aint goin' to take him off this mornin' now. I don't care where you go."

"Who's a-goin' to take him off? I aint said nothin' about takin' him off."

"Waal, take y'rself off, an' if y' aint here f'r dinner, I aint goin' to git no supper."

Ripley took a water-pail and put four bottles of "the bitter" into it, and trudged away up the road with it in a pleasant glow of hope. All nature seemed to declare the day a time of rest, and invited men to disassociate ideas of toil from the rustling green wheat, shining grass, and tossing blooms. Something of the sweetness and buoyancy of all nature permeated the old man's work-calloused body, and he whistled little snatches of the dance tunes he played on his fiddle.

But neighbor Johnson he found to be supplied with another variety of bitter which was all he needed for the present. He qualified his refusal to buy with a cordial invitation to go out and see his shotes which he took infinite pride in. But Uncle Ripley said "I guess I'll haf t' be goin': I want 'o git up to Doudna's before dinner."

He couldn't help feeling a little depressed when he found Jennings away. The next house along the pleasant lane was inhabited by a "new comer." He was sitting on the horse-trough holding a horse's halter while his hired man dashed cold water upon the galled spot on the animal's shoulder.

After some preliminary talk Ripley presented his medicine.

"Hell, no! What do I want of such stuff. When they's anything the matter with me, I take a lunkin' ol' swig of popple-bark and bourbon. That fixes me."

Uncle Ethan moved off up the lane. He didn't feel like whistling now. At the next house he sat his pail down in the weeds beside the fence, and went in without it. Doudna came to the door in his bare feet, buttoning his suspender over a clean boiled shirt. He was dressing to go out.

"Hello, Ripley. I was just goin' down your way. Jest wait a minute an' I'll be out."

When he came out fully dressed, Uncle Ethan grappled him.

"Say, what d' you think o' paytent med — "

"Some of 'em are boss. But y' want 'o know what y're gitt'n'."

"What d' ye think o' Dodd's — "

"Best in the market."

Uncle Ethan straightened up and his face lighted. Doudna went on.

"Yes, sir, best bitter that ever went into a bottle. I know, I've tried it. I don't go much on patent medicines, but when I get a good — "

"Don't want 'o buy a bottle? "

Doudna turned and faced him.

"Buy! No. I've got nineteen bottles I want 'o *sell*." Ripley glanced up at Doudna's new granary and there read "Dodd's Family Bitters." He was stricken dumb. Doudna saw it all and roared.

"Wal, that's a good one! We two tryin' to sell each other bitters. Ho — ho — ho — har whoop — wal, this is rich! How many bottles did you git?"

"None o' your business," said Uncle Ethan as he turned and made off while Doudna screamed with merriment.

On his way home Uncle Ethan grew ashamed of his burden. Doudna had canvassed the whole neighborhood, and he practically gave up the struggle. Everybody he met seemed determined to find out what he had been doing, and at last he began lying about it.

"Hello, Uncle Ripley, what y' got there in that pail?"

"Goose eggs fr setten'."

He disposed of one bottle to old Gus Peterson. Gus never paid his debts, and he would only promise fifty cents "on tick" for the bottle, and yet so desperate was Ripley that this *quasi* sale cheered him up not a little.

As he came down the road tired, dusty, and hungry, he climbed over the fence in order to avoid seeing that sign on the barn, and slunk into the house without looking back.

He couldn't have felt meaner about it if he had allowed a Democratic poster to have been pasted there.

The evening passed in grim silence, and in sleep he saw that sign wriggling across the side of the barn like boa-constrictors hung on rails. He tried to paint them out, but every time he tried it the man seemed to come back with a sheriff, and savagely warned him to let it stay till the year was up. In some mysterious way the agent seemed to know every time he brought out the paint-pot, and he was no longer the pleasant-voiced individual who drove the calico ponies.

As he stepped out into the yard next morning, that abominable, sickening, scrawling advertisement was the first thing that claimed his glance — it blotted out the beauty of the morning.

Mrs. Ripley came to the window buttoning her dress at the throat, a wisp of her hair sticking assertively from the little knob at the back of her head.

"Lovely, aint it! An' I've got to see it all day long. I can't look out the winder but that thing's right in my face." It seemed to make her savage. She hadn't been in such a temper since her visit to New York. "I hope you feel satisfied with it."

Ripley walked off to the barn. His pride in its clean, sweet newness was gone. He slyly tried the paint to see if it couldn't be scraped off, but it was dried in thoroughly. Whereas before he had taken delight in having his neighbors turn and look at the building, now he kept out of sight whenever he saw a team coming. He hoed corn away in the back of the field, when he should have been "bugging potatoes" by the roadside.

Mrs. Ripley was in a frightful mood about it, but she held herself in check for several days. At last she burst forth.

"Ethan Ripley, I can't stand that thing any longer, and I aint a goin' to, that's all! You've got to go paint that thing out or I will. I'm just about crazy with it."

"But mother—I promised—"

"I don't care *what* you promised, it's got to be painted out. I've got the nightmare now, seein' it. I'm goin' to send f'r a pail o' red paint, and I'm goin' to paint that out if it takes the last breath I've got to do it."

"I'll tend to it mother, if you won't hurry me—"

"I can't stand it another day. It makes me boil every time I look out the winder."

Uncle Ethan hitched up his team and drove gloomily off to town, where he tried to find the agent. He lived in some other part of the country, however, and so the old man gave up and bought a pot of red paint, not daring to go back to his desperate wife without it.

"Goin' to paint y'r new barn?" inquired the merchant in friendly interest.

Uncle Ethan turned with guilty sharpness; but the merchant's face was grave and kindly.

"Yes, I thought I'd touch it up a little—don't cost much."

"It pays—always," the merchant said emphatically.

"Will it—stick jest as well put on evenings?" inquired Uncle Ethan hesitatingly.

"Yes—won't make any difference. Why? Aint goin' to have—"

"Wall,—I kind o' thought I'd do it odd times night an' mornin'—kind o' odd times—"

He seemed oddly confused about it, and the merchant looked after him anxiously as he drove away.

After supper that night he went out to the barn, and Mrs. Ripley heard him sawing and hammering. Then the noise ceased, and he came in and sat down in his usual place.

"What y' ben makin'?" she inquired. Tewksbury had gone to bed. She sat darning a stocking.

"I jest thought I'd git the stagin' ready f'r paintin'," he said evasively.

"Wal! I'll be glad when it's covered up." When she got ready for bed, he was still seated in his chair, and after she had dozed off two or three times she began to wonder why he didn't come. When the clock struck ten, and she realized that he had not stirred, she began to get impatient.

"Come, are y' goin' to sit there all night?" There was no reply. She rose up in bed and looked about the room. The

broad moon flooded it with light, so that she could see he was not asleep in his chair, as she had supposed. There was something ominous in his disappearance.

"Ethan! Ethan Ripley, where are ye?" There was no reply to her sharp call. She rose and distractedly looked about among the furniture, as if he might somehow be a cat and was hiding in a corner somewhere. Then she went upstairs where the boy slept, her hard little feet making a curious *tunking* noise on the bare boards. The moon fell across the sleeping boy like a robe of silver. He was alone.

Ripley was not there. She began to be alarmed. Her eyes widened in fear. All sorts of vague horrors sprang unbidden into her brain. She still had the mist of sleep in her brain.

She hurried down the stairs and out into the fragrant night. The katydids were singing in infinite peace under the solemn splendor of the moon. The cattle sniffed and sighed, jangling their bells now and then, and the chickens in the coops stirred uneasily as if over-heated. The old woman stood there in her bare feet and long nightgown horror-stricken. The ghastly story of a man who had hung himself in his barn because his wife deserted him came into her mind, and stayed there with frightful persistency. Her throat filled chokingly.

She felt a wild rush of loneliness. She had a sudden realization of how dear that gaunt old figure was, with its grizzled face and ready smile. Her breath came quick and quicker, and she was at the point of bursting into a wild cry to Tewksbury, when she heard a strange noise. It came from the barn. A creaking noise. She looked that way, and saw in the shadowed side a deeper shadow moving to and fro. A revulsion to astonishment and anger took place in her.

"Land o' Bungay! If he aint paintin' that barn like a perfect old idiot, in the night."

Uncle Ethan, working desperately, did not hear her feet patterning down the path, and was startled by her shrill voice.

"Well, Ethan Ripley, whaddy y' think you're doin' now?"

He made two or three slapping passes with the brush, and then snapped, "I'm a-paintin' this barn — whaddy ye s'pose? If ye had eyes y' wouldn't ask."

"Well, you come right straight to bed. What d' you mean by actin' so?"

"You go back into the house an' let me be. I know what I'm a-doin'. You've pestered me about this sign jest about enough." He dabbed his brush to and fro as he spoke. His gaunt figure towered above her in shadow. His slapping brush had a vicious sound.

Neither spoke for some time. At length she said more gently, "Aint you comin' in?"

"No — not till I get a-ready. You go 'long an' tend to y'r own business. Don't stan' there an' ketch cold."

She moved off slowly toward the house. His voice subdued her. Working alone out there had rendered him savage, he was not to be pushed any farther. She knew by the tone of his voice that he must not be assaulted. She slipped on her shoes and a shawl, and came back where he was working, and took a seat on a saw-horse.

"I'm a-goin' to set right here till you come in, Ethan Ripley," she said, in a firm voice, but gentler than usual.

"Well, you'll set a good while," was his ungracious reply. But each felt a furtive tenderness for the other. He worked on in silence. The boards creaked heavily as he walked to and fro, and the slapping sound of the paint-brush sounded loud in the sweet harmony of the night. The majestic moon swung slowly round the corner of the barn, and fell upon the old man's grizzled head and bent shoulders. The horses inside could be heard stamping the mosquitoes away, and chewing their hay in pleasant chorus.

The little figure seated on the saw-horse drew the shawl closer about her thin shoulders. Her eyes were in shadow, and her hands were wrapped in her shawl. At last she spoke in a curious tone.

"Well, I don't know as you *was* so very much to blame. I *didn't* want that Bible myself—I held out I did, but I didn't."

Ethan worked on until the full meaning of this unprecedented surrender penetrated his head, and then he threw down his brush.

"Wal, I guess I'll let 'er go at that. I've covered up the most of it, anyhow. Guess we'd better go in."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT ON DIVORCE.

THE DIVORCE PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES. During the past few years the divorce problem has assumed commanding proportions, due largely to a variety of causes aside from the rapid increase in the number of legal separations granted during the last few decades. The persistent efforts of the National Divorce Reform League to obtain statistics and create a public sentiment primarily in favor of uniform laws, and secondarily in favor of reducing the number of causes for which marital bonds may be legally severed, have doubtless contributed very largely to the general discussion of the subject, and from this source it is probable many of the popular prejudices have arisen, due to distorted and exaggerated conceptions of what is by many considered a menacing evil. But whether or not this is true, a great number of well-meaning but, in my judgment, mistaken individuals have for many years been industriously laboring to create a sentiment against our present divorce laws. We have been told (1) That divorces are evil. (2) That the present lax laws enable men to take cruel advantage of women. (3) That no other nation is disgraced by such liberal laws as America, and as a result the republic is held in contempt by the older civilizations. (4) That the ends of marriage are being defeated by the present laws. (5) That owing to the absence of uniform laws, certain States are being overrun by adventurous spirits, who seek to break sacred ties that they may contract unholy alliances, the effect of which is far-reaching and demoralizing. (6) That the evil has grown so great it now menaces the State and the integrity of the family. (7) That the injury suffered by children through the lax laws, which render it possible for parents to obtain a divorce, affects the innocent and gives additional force to the demand for prohibitive, or, at least, more restrictive laws. These are briefly the practical and ethical grounds upon which a number of able thinkers ask for, first, uniform laws, and, secondly, a reduction of the number of causes for which divorces may be granted. Of course there is the religious reason, which, doubtless, in most cases is the real cause of the zealous activity, but which it is not, as a rule, thought wise to make prominent in discussions in this country, where the State recognizes marriage as a civil, instead of a religious, contract.

It must be admitted that, if the above indictment is a "true bill," the remonstrants against our present laws have a strong case. Indeed, if half of what they claim could be substantiated, while on the other hand it

could be proved that no serious evils would necessarily ensue were their plans adopted, they might well challenge thoughtful consideration. Unfortunately for them, however, their assertions, with possibly one exception, have been critically examined and the fallacy of each fully exposed by the Hon. Carroll D. Wright,* than whom no man in the republic is better able to speak authoritatively as a statistician by reason of his official position. He is also recognized as one of the most careful, conservative, and thoughtful authorities on social problems in America. Mr. Wright, in a masterly manner, has, one by one, noticed these objections, not as a sentimentalist on the one hand, or as a bigot on the other; not as one who views this great problem flippantly, nor yet as one who has worshipped at the shrine of ancient thought so long that mental ossification has set in. Not as one who values the home lightly, or who would sacrifice the happiness of the living, and the hopes of posterity, rather than give up an ancient religious prejudice. He has made the problem a subject of the most profound and conscientious investigation, and speaks not as a partisan but as a patriot; not as an irresponsible tyro, but as a critical scholar, under whose official supervision the statistics have come, and to whom the question has appeared in its varied aspects. The views of such a thinker must challenge the careful consideration of every American who possesses the power to rise above prejudice and bigotry. So significant are the utterances of Mr. Wright in view of the claims which are persistently urged on every hand by those who seek prohibitive divorce laws, that I shall quote at length from his arguments, appreciating the fact that on this subject his utterances will probably carry more weight than the views of any other American scholar.

Before noticing the items in the indictment against our divorce laws, it is well to remember that the institution of marriage relates to society as here constituted. It refers to life on this planet, and has nothing to do with any possible existence after death. Indeed, this point has been settled by the highest Christian authority. When interrogated by his critics as to whose wife the seven-times-married woman would be in the next world, Jesus said, "In Heaven they are neither married nor given in marriage." Thus, divorce, according to the founder of Christianity, is a secular rather than religious question, and is not a legitimate subject for religious interference. Of course it is within the province of any church to make such rules or laws for its membership as may be considered consistent with the alleged commands of Jesus to his disciples upon this subject, as it is also within the province of the Roman Church to forbid her members partaking of meat on Friday, and to insist on each communicant subscribing to the infallibility of a man in a foreign land whom she acknowledges as her head. This, however, relates to the Church and not the

*This address of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright was delivered before the fourteenth National Conference of the Unitarian Society, recently held in Saratoga, N. Y. It was published complete in the *Christian Register* of Oct. 8, 1891.

State. So far as the State is concerned marriage is a purely secular institution created and perpetuated for the happiness of the individual and the welfare of society; hence, if it be shown that social happiness can be enhanced by a change in laws on this point; if it can be demonstrated that more happiness and less evil will result from liberal laws at the present stage of civilization, it being admitted that it is not a problem that concerns eternity, it is the duty of society to further those measures which will secure the greatest happiness.

IS DIVORCE other than a candid and exhaustive review of this problem, Mr. Wright has taken up, one by one, the various slogan cries of the opposition — the leading counts of the indictment against liberal divorce laws made by those who are laboring to effect prohibitive legislation. Thus he notices the popular cry, "Divorce is an evil," quietly but very effectively. It is not wise to be dogmatic. It is no evidence of large brains or a spirit rich in wisdom to make sweeping assertions, especially when no fund of facts is at hand to fortify the statements. Mr. Wright sounds this question, and answers it, while he also shows that prohibitive or restrictive divorce laws would in no wise cure the evil of domestic infelicity, in the following thoughtful observations: —

The purpose of marriage as a civil institution means the security of society, and the security of society depends upon the continued sacredness of the civil contract. Every one, with perhaps few exceptions, endorses the idea that marriage should be dissolved for the one Scriptural cause. But why should marriage be dissolved by legal process for this one cause? Simply because by it and through it the divine and the civil purposes of marriage have been perverted, happiness has been completely wrecked, and the moral sentiment of society outraged. This position is eminently sound, and will hold through all time. Bear in mind that it is because the civil and divine purposes of marriage have been thwarted that the Scriptural cause is almost universally indorsed as a righteous one for the legal dissolution of marriage ties. In granting this position, those who adhere strictly to the ecclesiastical view of divorce abandon the whole question; for, if the Scriptural cause is good for the reason stated, then whatever cause eventuates in the same results must be logically as adequate for divorce as the Scriptural one.

It is true that through legal restrictions the statistical array can be vastly decreased. In fact, if divorces are prohibited, the statistics can be entirely wiped out, and, so far as figures are concerned, law can secure a perfect immunity from divorce. Does any sane person believe that by such restriction or prohibition the evil, if there be one, can be cured? We might as well say that, when the blotches resulting from humors are covered by a beautiful enamel, the human system is therefore freed from their influences, as to say that by the prohibition of divorces by law there will be no more evil practices. Is it not better, when conditions become unbearable, when the integrity of one of the parties can no longer endure the horrid conditions resulting from mismatching, that a separation should be legally provided for, rather than to have the conditions either continually endured or the separation illegally carried out? Is not legal divorce infinitely better, from every point of view, than illegal separation and all the train of evils which comes from such separation?

The divorce statistics do not fully indicate or measure the marital infelicity or social misery of the country; *they only measure that misery which can no longer abide conditions and when parties have the courage publicly to seek release from demoralizing burdens.* They indicate a discontent; but is it not the discontent which shows ambition for better things, just as to-day the discontent of the farmers is that which arises from their awakening to the possibility of a more cultured life? Should men engaged in agricultural pursuits live in the old narrow way in which their ancestors lived,—and they need not go back more than a generation or so,—modern economic conditions would enable them to secure a competency; but they desire the surroundings and the embellishments which make life pleasanter and more congenial. They must have in their homes the adornments which belong to prosperity. 'Tis a healthy discontent; 'tis a discontent which comes from increased knowledge, from a higher estimate of human possibilities. The world cannot progress, human affairs cannot develop, on a contentment which induces one to be satisfied with bare living.

May there not be in this thought an indication of what creates the great array of divorce statistics? What is marriage for? It is for happiness, the divine end of all institutions. I use the word "happiness" in no narrow personal sense, but in its broadest significance. If marriage results in happiness, the divine end has been secured. If marriage does not result in happiness, the divine end of the institution has been sadly missed; and divorce then more perfectly secures the divine end than a continuation of the compact, which may be, under some conditions, the burden to one of the parties of the unholiest prostitution that can exist.

IMPORTANT DIVORCE STATISTICS. The second count in the indictment against liberal divorce laws asserts that through them men are working great evil and far-reaching suffering by "being enabled to take cruel advantage of women." This has been given general currency through the press, until thousands of earnest persons have come to accept the assertion as a demonstrable truth. But here again Mr. Wright corrects the general erroneous impression by an exhaustive examination of the statistics of the question which reveals the significant fact that 65.8 per cent. of the divorces granted during the past twenty years have been in answer to the petitions of wives. So rich in food for reflection are Mr. Wright's remarks on this point that I quote at length.

The statistics of divorce are exceedingly interesting and thoroughly essential in comprehending the magnitude of the subject; yet but few States provide for them. It is fortunate for the discussion that agitates the public mind that the federal statistics are fairly accurate. The exceptions to accuracy in one respect are quite offset in some other respect, so that, on the whole, the records of the courts of the United States for the period named must be accepted as correct. These statistics cover all the courts having divorce jurisdiction; and they show that during the period of twenty years, from 1867 to 1886, inclusive, there were granted in the United States 328,716 decrees for divorce. The number in 1867 was 9,937. The increase during the twenty years was steady and rapid, the number for the last year of the period being 25,535,—an increase of nearly 157 per cent. in the twenty years. The population of the United States increased during the same period about 60 per cent. Only four

States in the Union, not considering South Carolina, where no divorce law exists, show a decrease in their divorce figures. Taking the census years 1870 and 1880, the only two occurring in the period covered, we find that during the ten years the population of the United States increased 30.1 per cent, while the divorces for the same period, ten years, increased 79.4 per cent. The number of married couples to one divorce in the United States in 1870 was 664, while in 1880 the number had been reduced to 481, which is a practical increase in the ratio of divorces to married couples. The number of divorces relative to population can only be stated for census years. In 1870 there were 3,517 people to each divorce granted in the year, while in 1880 the proportion had risen to 2,551 persons to each divorce granted. These figures show the rapidity with which divorces have increased during the twenty years named.

Of the 328,716 divorces granted in the United States for the twenty years specified, 216,176, or 65.8 per cent. of the whole, were granted to wives on their petitions for divorce from their husbands, and 112,540 were granted husbands for the alleged fault of the wives, being 34.2 per cent. of the whole number; that is to say, in the proportion of nearly two to one it is the wife who seeks a divorce rather than the husband.

While, as I have said, the statistics of divorce show that forty-two causes are found, taking the whole country together, more than 81 per cent. of all decrees are for five great causes, coming under the general heads of: adultery, 20.5 per cent.; cruelty, 15.7 per cent.; desertion, 38.54 per cent.; drunkenness, 4.2 per cent.; and neglect to provide, 2.42 per cent. The balance is for minor causes and combinations of two or more of the great causes with minor ones.

It is true that the causes alleged do not accurately disclose the real causes in all cases for which divorces are sought. This is true even when a single precise cause for which a decree is granted has been alleged; for parties are quite likely to state that cause which is most easily proved, or that which involves the least amount of moral turpitude, or which, if proved, results in the least humiliation to all concerned.

It is true that in many cases the cause alleged is not the real cause for the dissolution of the marriage. As, for instance, a cruel, brutal husband so ill-treats his wife that she is compelled to desert him. She is the innocent party: she might have sought and secured a decree for divorce, had she been so minded; but the husband files a libel for divorce, setting up the desertion of his wife, and she, glad to rid herself of the cruelty of her husband, makes no defence or opposition. So the guilty party secures a divorce for a cause which he compels.

THE DIVORCE PROBLEM IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

There has, unfortunately for America, grown up in this republic a spirit of toadyism which is as menacing to liberty and true advancement as it is disappointing to those who believe that true progress lies before instead of behind. The time was when the republic of America was an inspiration to the older civilizations and the masses in the monarchical despotsisms of Europe. Now, however, it has become fashionable to go to the decaying empires and old civilizations of Europe for rules of practice. It is thought that anything that has the stamp of European approval must be correct. As well might Rome have affected contempt for the large measure of freedom accorded her women because the older civilization of Greece held such freedom to be demoralizing and improper, as to advance as an argument the fact that Europe is less lenient in this respect than

America. Surely the shame to America would be great if it were otherwise, for America, above all nations, has set a high standard of justice, liberty, and social equality.

Because America is more liberal in her divorce laws than Europe proves nothing, unless it can be shown that this liberality is demoralizing womanhood, degrading manhood, and menacing the home and the nation, and these evils so careful a thinker as Mr. Wright finds are not following in the wake of our liberal laws. On this point he observes:—

Before the facts were gathered, the supposed magnitude of the divorce movement in the United States, and, since they were collected, the known magnitude of the movement, have led to bitter attacks upon this country. We have been jeered at, our laws, our school system, our prevailing religion, condemned in terms that would seem to indicate that the country was retrograding at a rapid rate; and yet there is not a people on the face of the earth by whom woman is so much respected, honored, and protected as by our people; there is not a land in which she is happier, or in which she holds so exalted a position as in this; there is not a nation that has placed her on so independent a basis, or given her more nearly equal conditions with man before the law as has this nation. Have these things anything to do with the divorce movement? Would the perfect independence of woman, her perfect equality before the law as a sovereign citizen, accelerate the divorce movement? Is it a disease peculiar to our country or our times?

In looking at this question from what I believe to be a high ethical standpoint, I am perfectly free to admit the force of some of the arguments which are considered very ugly. It is probably true, although I am not willing to make the statement as positively impregnable, that contemporaneously with the agitation for what is called the emancipation of woman, or, more popularly, the discussion of the woman's rights question, which means the independence and the social and legal equality of woman, there has been a decrease in marriages relative to the increase of population, a relative increase of illegitimate births, and a very large relative increase in the number of divorces granted. Do these coincidental facts mean anything in relation to the divorce movement? Contemporaneously, too, there has been an increased industrial and economic independence of woman. Hundreds of occupations are now open to her that a generation ago were effectually closed to her entrance. She is taking magnificent rank in the world of mind, of art, of science; she is demonstrating her birthright to any position she seeks; she is convincing the world that she can successfully, and happily, too, enter the struggle in the highest educational fields. Higher institutions of learning are everywhere being opened to her. The right hand of fellowship, in this country at least, is freely and magnanimously and courteously extended to her. As a teacher, the pre-eminence of her qualifications is acknowledged everywhere; as a preacher, she is doing God's service; in the grand healing art, she takes her place at the dissecting table, and carries through her professional work with courage and skill. And so in all walks her independence, economically, socially, and politically, is gradually, but rapidly, being acknowledged. She is no longer the slave of man. With increased economic independence, she will more and more throw off galling yokes and assume her rightful place; and, along with this disposition, she is more likely to contract a marriage that will bring to both parties the highest, the purest, and the holiest happiness.

It is but natural, then, I insist, that under such circumstances, with the new conditions that surround all members of society, the divorce movement should have been accelerated. It is useless to undertake to stop the movement; for law facilitates the carrying out of personal wishes, it does not create the wish. Law is the statutory expression of public sentiment. Public sentiment is therefore in favor of divorce, because it says the end of human institutions is human happiness, and the divine end of divine institutions is happiness, and whatever stands in the way, through human institutions, of securing these grand ends must be set aside. But you say divorce is resorted to for unholy purposes: the guilty seek it that they may enter other marital relations. You must not use this argument. If you do, you must abandon civilization; for there is not one step of progress that does not carry along with it apparent and consequent evils. It is only with the development of civilization that we recognize criminal conditions; it is only when we go back to a state of barbarism that we should be free from all the evils that beset society; it is only through enlightenment that we recognize immoral and criminal conditions. Education, science, religion even, all that adorns life in what we call civilized communities, are but cloaks at times for the evil-minded. The rain falls on the just and on the unjust: refreshing showers give life to the dishonest man's crops as perfectly as they do those of the saint. Some of the stanchest pillars of the Church, so far as I have observed, are the most contemptible scoundrels in all that makes a contemptible human being that I have ever met; yet the purity of religion, the integrity of law, the truths of science, the grandeur of civilization are not impaired either by the motives or the actions of the base. We cannot use the argument without stultification.

Conditions and burdens become too galling to admit of further continuance with the preservation of purity and integrity. I have known pure-minded women, after years of hesitation and an anguish that can only come of brutal conditions, to knowingly perjure themselves, so far as law is concerned, that they might rid themselves of conditions no longer bearable. I have known impure men and women, without perjury, to be able to secure release from disagreeable, or even hated, marital relations that they might enter others more agreeable, even if more unholy. Shall we deprive the first of the means of release in order to prevent the actions of the second?

A POPULAR MISCONCEPTION CORRECTED. Another charge made against our divorce laws is that, not being uniform, certain States are being overrun with persons of loose moral character, who seek release from marriage ties. Those who make this charge seem to overlook the fact that persons of loose moral character would not be likely to go to the trouble of leaving their home and State in order to gratify guilty passions. But those who find the marriage tie too galling for endurance and yet who wish to be law-abiding citizens presumably, will take advantage of liberal, enlightened, and humane laws, framed with a view to increase the happiness of the people rather than made in such a way as to foster immorality and enforced prostitution. Owing to sensational articles in the newspapers and the persistent labors of those interested in what is popularly termed Divorce Reform Legislation, the people have been wofully misinformed on this point, as will be seen by Mr. Wright's statement:—

A vital question connected with divorce relates to the real or supposed migration of parties from one State to another for the purpose of seeking divorce. The popular idea is that a great deal of migration takes place for the purpose named. This idea is dispelled in some degree by the statistics that have been collected. Taking all the facts that are available upon this point, and getting at the truth as nearly as possible, it is found that but little less than 20 per cent. of all the couples divorced in the country were divorced in other States than those in which they were married. But the ordinary migration of parties for legitimate purposes, especially from the older to the newer States, which in 1870 showed that 23+ per cent. of the native born population, and for 1880 22+ per cent. of such population were living in States other than the ones in which they were born, would apparently reduce the percentage of persons migrating for the purpose of divorce to a point even less than that stated.

**DIVORCE NO
MENACE TO THE
SACREDNESS
OF THE
FAMILY.**

The gravest charge in the indictment against our present laws is, that through them divorce has become so common that the purity and sacredness of the family relations are seriously threatened. Upon this point, Mr. Wright expresses himself in no uncertain tone:—

I do not believe that divorce is a menace to the purity and the sacredness of the family; but I do believe that it is a menace to the infernal brutality, of whatever name, and be it crude or refined, which at times makes a hell of the holiest human relations. I believe that the divorce movement finds its impetus outside of laws, outside of our institutions, outside of our theology; that it finds its impetus in the rebellion of the human heart against that slavery which binds in the cruellest bonds of the crudest prostitution human beings who have, by their foolishness, by their want of wisdom, or by the intervention of friends, missed the divine purpose, as well as the civil purpose of marriage. I believe the result will be an enhanced purity, a sublimer sacredness, a more beautiful embodiment of Lamartine's trinity,—the trinity of the father, the mother, and of the child,—“The father, the mother, and the child which perpetuates their being, unceasingly reproduce the trinity, which of itself completes and continues the race”; and, if we would preserve this beautiful trinity in all its sacredness, society must take the bitter medicine labelled “Divorce.”

I have quoted only such parts of this notable address as touched directly upon what seems to me to be the popular misconception of facts, feeling assured that these utterances will carry far more weight with thinking people than the opinion of any other competent critic on this subject, and because his official position, as before observed, has given him the best possible opportunity to acquaint himself with all the important facts relating to this subject.

**THE CHILDREN
OF
DIVORCED PARENTS.**

The question of the children is often used as a strong point in favor of restrictive divorce measures. Yet Mr. Wright shows us that —

That phase of the question which involves the children of unhappy unions is one which appeals to our sympathies in all directions. In the investigation referred to, therefore, the number of children involved

was, as far as possible, ascertained; but in a very large proportion it was unknown whether there were children or not. In this number of cases, 141,810, which constituted 43 per cent. of the whole number, the children formed no part of the questions arising under the petitions for divorce; and to this number must be added those declaring that they had no children, which was 57,524. The total number of cases, then, in which children played no part in the divorce proceedings, under any cause for which divorce was sought, was nearly 200,000; or, in other words, in over 60 per cent. of all the cases there was a notable lack of the influence of children.

**THE CRIME
AGAINST THE
UNBORN.**

While on the other hand one of the most serious reasons for liberal divorce laws is found in this very question of children, which singularly enough Mr. Wright seems to have overlooked. With laws as they are to-day in many States, wives are made the unwilling mothers of thousands of children who are conceived in bitterness of soul, born into an atmosphere of hate, reared in homes where all that fosters and enriches the soul-life is absent, while contention, discontent, and mutual disgust are everywhere present. Thus are our prisons and reformatories filled. Thus is society cursed. Thus is to-morrow inflicted with an army of human beings, destined to become a curse to themselves no less than to the race. Few greater crimes can be imagined than that against debauched motherhood and helpless posterity. Yet this is precisely the moral crime which the Church or State which prohibits divorce is a party to. When a woman no longer respects her husband; when a man's regard for a woman has changed to loathing or disgust; when love is dead; when the touch of the one creates a thrill of horror in the other, any law which compels them to remain united is more than barbarous—it is criminal. And when, as is the case to-day throughout a large part of the Christian world, wives who no longer love are compelled to yield to the brutal passions of their masters, and bring children of hate into the world, children cursed before they see the light of day, we find prostitution in its most frightful phase and moral criminality, branding unborn innocence with leprosy of the soul. And yet conditions which render this possible are upheld in the sacred name of religion and morality.



Walt. Whitman

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HUMAN PROGRESS: PAST AND FUTURE.

BY ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

THE word progress, as used above, has two distinct meanings, not always recognized, whence has arisen some confusion of ideas. It may mean either an advance in material civilization, or in the mental and moral nature of man, and these are far from being synonymous. Material civilization is essentially cumulative. Each generation benefits by the trials and failures of the preceding generation; and since the discovery of printing has facilitated the preservation and circulation of all new knowledge, progress of this kind has gone on at an ever accelerated pace. But this does not imply any general increase of mental power. Step by step the science of mathematics has advanced immensely since the time of Newton, but the advance does not prove that the mathematicians of to-day have a greater genius for mathematics — are really greater mathematicians — than Newton and his contemporaries, or even than the Greeks of the time of Euclid and Archimedes. Our modern steam engines and locomotives far surpass those of Watt and Robert Stephenson, but of the hundreds who have labored to improve them perhaps none have surpassed those great men in mechanical genius. And so it is with every item which goes to form that which we term our civilization. We have risen, step by step, on the ladders and scaffolds erected by our predecessors, and if we can now mount higher and see further than they could it does not in the least prove that we are, on the average, greater men, intellectually, than they were. The ques-

tion I propose to discuss is one quite apart from that of civilization as usually understood. It is, whether mankind have advanced as intellectual and moral beings; and, if so, by what agencies and under what laws have they so advanced in the past, and what are the conditions under which that advance may be continued in the future.

We have, first, to inquire whether there is any evidence of such an advance in human nature during historic times; and this is by no means so simple a problem and one so easily answered as is sometimes supposed. If there has been any cause constantly at work tending to elevate human nature, we should expect it to manifest itself by a perceptible rise in the culminating points reached by mankind, in the intellectual and moral spheres, at successive periods. But no such continuous rise of the high-water mark of humanity is perceptible. The earliest known architectural work, the great pyramid of Egypt, in the mathematical accuracy of its form and dimensions, in its precise orientation, and in the perfect workmanship shown by its internal structure, indicates an amount of astronomical, mathematical, and mechanical knowledge, and an amount of experience and practical skill, which could only have been attained at that early period of man's history by the exertion of mental ability no way inferior to that of our best modern engineers. In purely intellectual achievements the Vedas of ancient India, the Iliad of Homer, the book of Job, and the writings of Plato, will rank with the noblest works of modern authors. In sculpture and in architecture the ancient Greeks attained to a height of beauty, harmony, and dignity, that has never been equalled in modern times; and taking account also of the great statesmen, commanders, philosophers, and poets of the age of Pericles, Mr. Francis Galton is of opinion "that the average ability of the Athenian race was, on the lowest possible estimate, very nearly two grades higher than our own — that is, about as much as our race is above that of the African negro."*

There is, therefore, some reason to think that the intellectual high-water level of humanity has sunk rather than risen during the last two thousand years; but this is not incompatible with the elevation of the mean level of the human ocean both intellectually and morally. We must,

* "Hereditary Genius," p. 342.

therefore, briefly consider the various agencies that have been at work, some tending to raise others to depress this level; and by balancing the one against the other, and taking account of certain modern developments of human nature in civilized societies, we may be able to arrive at some probable conclusion as to the final result.

During the whole course of human history the struggle of tribe with tribe and race with race has inevitably caused the destruction of the weaker and lower, leaving the stronger and higher, whether physically or mentally stronger, to survive. Another and perhaps not less potent cause of the destruction of lower tribes is the greater vital energy and more rapid increase of the higher races, which crowds the lower out of existence even when no violent destruction of life takes place. To this latter cause quite as much as to actual warfare must we ascribe the total disappearance of the Tasmanians, and the continuous diminution of population among the Maoris of New Zealand and the inhabitants of the Eastern Pacific Islands, as well as of the red Indians of the North American continent. Here we see survival of the fittest among competing peoples necessarily leading to a continuous elevation of the human race as a whole, even though the higher portion of the higher races may remain stationary or may even deteriorate.

But a similar and even more complex process is ever going on within each race, by the survival of the more fit and the elimination of the less fit under the actual conditions of society. On the whole we cannot doubt that the prudent, the sober, the healthy, and the virtuous, live longer lives than the reckless, the drunkards, the unhealthy, and the vicious; and also that the former, on the average, leave more descendants than the latter. It is true that the latter not unfrequently marry earlier and have larger families; but many of these die young, and as, on the whole, children resemble their parents, fewer of them will survive and leave offspring. Thus accidents, violence, and the effects of a reckless and vicious life, are natural checks to the increase of population among these classes, and this inevitably gives an advantage to the more intellectual, the more prudent, and the more moral portion of each race. The latter will, therefore, increase at the expense of the former, and thus again tend to raise the mean level of humanity.

But society has always, in one way or another, interfered with these beneficent processes, and has thus retarded the general advance. The celibacy of the clergy and the refuge offered by monasteries and nunneries to many to whom the rude struggle of the world was distasteful, and whose gentle natures fitted them for deeds of charity or to excel in literature or art, prevented the increase of these nobler individuals, and thus, as Mr. Galton well remarks, "the Church, by a policy singularly unwise and suicidal, brutalized the breed of our forefathers." By a still more deplorable policy, independent thought, and that true nobility which refuses to purchase life by a lifelong lie, was almost exterminated in Europe by religious persecution. It is calculated that for the three centuries between 1471 and 1781, a thousand persons annually were either executed or imprisoned by the Inquisition in Spain alone. In Italy it was even worse; while in France during the seventeenth century three or four hundred thousand Protestants perished in prison, at the galleys, or on the scaffold.

Another cause which has had a prejudicial effect at all times, and which continues in action in the civilized societies of to-day, is the system of inherited wealth, which gives to the weak and vicious an undue advantage both in the certainty of subsistence without labor, and in the greater opportunity for early marriage and leaving a numerous offspring. We also interfere with the course of nature by preserving the weak, the sickly, or the malformed infants; but in this, probably, humanity gains rather than loses, since many who are in infancy weak or distorted exhibit superior mental or moral qualities which are a gain to civilization, while the cultivation of humane and sympathetic feelings in their care and nurture is itself of the greatest value.

Balancing, as well as we are able, these various opposing influences, it seems probable that there has been, on the whole, a decided gain. Health, perseverance, self-restraint, and intelligence have increased by slowly weeding out the unhealthy, the idle, the grossly vicious, the cruel, and the weak-minded, and it may be in part owing to the increased numbers of the higher and gentler natures thus brought about that we may impute the undoubted growth of humanity,—of sympathy with the sufferings of men and animals, which is perhaps the most marked and most cheering of the characteristics of our age.

But although the natural process of elimination does actually raise the mean level of humanity by the destruction of the worst and most degraded individuals, it can have little or no tendency to develop higher types in each successive age; and this agrees with the undoubted fact that the great men who appeared at the dawn of history and at the culminating epochs of the various ancient civilizations, were not, on the whole, inferior to those of our own age. It remains, therefore, a mystery how and why mankind reached to such lofty pinnacles of greatness in early times, when there seems to be no agency at work, then or now, calculated to do more than weed out the lower types. Leaving this great problem as, for the present, an insoluble one, we may turn to that aspect of the question which is of the most vital present day interest,—whether any agencies are now at work or can be suggested as practicable, which will produce a steady advance, not only in the average of human nature, but in those higher developments which now, as in former ages, are the exceptions rather than the rule.

Till quite recently the answer to this question would have been an unhesitating affirmative. Education, it would have been said, is such an agency; and although hitherto it has done comparatively little, owing to the very partial and extremely unscientific way in which it has been applied, we have now acquired such a sound knowledge of its philosophy and have so greatly improved its methods, that it has become a power by which human nature may be indefinitely modified and improved. When every child is really well educated, when its moral as well as its intellectual faculties are trained and developed, some portion of the improvement effected in each generation will be transmitted to the next, and thus a continual advance both in the intellectual and moral nature will be brought about.

Almost all who have discussed the subject have held that this is the true and only method of improving human nature, because they believe that in the analogous case of the bodily structure the modification and improvement of all organisms has been effected by a similar process. Lamarck taught that the effects produced by use and exertion on the body of the individual animal was, wholly or in part, transmitted to the offspring; and although Darwin's theory of natural selection rendered this agency almost if not altogether unnecessary, yet

it was so universally held to be a fact of nature that Darwin himself adopted it as playing a subsidiary but not unimportant part in the modification of species. So little doubt had he of this "transmission of acquired characters" that his celebrated theory of Pangenesis was framed so as to account for it. In order to explain, hypothetically, how it was that the increased size or strength given to a limb or an organ by constant exercise was transmitted to the progeny, he supposed that the male and female germ-cells were formed by the aggregation of inconceivably minute gemmules from every tissue and cell of every part of the body, that these gemmules were continually renewed and continually flowing towards the reproductive organs, and that they had the property of developing into cells and structures in the offspring which more or less closely resembled the corresponding cells and structures in the parents at that particular epoch of their lives. Thus was explained the transmission of disease, and the supposed transmission of the changes produced in the parents by use or disuse of organs or by other external conditions. For example, if two brothers, equally strong and healthy, became, one a city clerk the other a farmer, land-surveyor, or rural postman, living much in the open air and walking many miles every day of his life, and if they married two sisters equally alike in constitution, then the children of these two couples, especially those born when their parents approached middle age and the different conditions of their existence had had time to produce its full effect on their bodily structure, ought to show a decided difference, the one family being undergrown, pale, and rather weak in the lower limbs, the other the reverse, and this difference should be observable even if the children of the two families were brought up together under identical conditions. It may be here stated that no trustworthy observations have ever been made showing that such effects are really produced, but it has always been believed that they must be produced.

As Darwin's theory of Pangenesis led to considerable discussion, Mr. Francis Galtow, who had at first accepted it provisionally, endeavored to put it to the test of experiment. He obtained a number of specimens of two distinct varieties of domestic rabbits which breed true, and by an ingenious and painless arrangement caused a large quantity of the blood of one variety to be transfused into the blood-vessels

of the other variety. This having been effected with a number of individuals without in any way injuring their health, they were separated and bred from. It was found that in every case the offspring resembled their parents and showed no trace of intermixture of the two varieties. It was also pointed out by another critic that if the theory of Pangenesis were true, the stock on which a fruit is grafted ought to change the character of the fruit produced by the graft, which, as a rule, it does not do.

Doubt being thus thrown on the validity of the theory, Mr. Galton suggested another, in which the germs in the reproductive organs of each individual were supposed to be derived directly from the parental germs and not at all from the body itself during its growth and development. A very similar theory was proposed some years later by Professor Weismann under the now well-known term "the continuity of the germ plasm." Both these theories imply that, except among the lower single-celled animals and in certain exceptional cases among the higher animals, no change produced in the individual during life by exercise or other external conditions, can be transmitted to its offspring. What is transmitted is the capacity to develop into a form more or less closely resembling that of the parents or their direct ancestors, the characteristics of these appearing in the offspring in varying degrees and compounded in various ways, leading to that wonderful variety in details while preserving a certain unmistakable family resemblance. Thus are explained not only bodily but mental characteristics, even those peculiar tricks of motion or habits which are often adduced as proofs of the transmission of an acquired character, but which are really only the transmission of the minute peculiarities of physical structure and nervous or cerebral co-ordination, which led to the habit in question being acquired by the parent or ancestor, and, under similar conditions, by his descendant.

Finding that his theory, if true, did not allow of the hereditary transmission of the majority of individually *acquired* characters, Weismann was led to examine the evidence for such transmission, and found that hardly any real evidence existed, and that in most cases which appeared to prove it, either the facts were not accurately stated, or another interpretation could be given to them. The transmission

had been assumed because it appeared so natural and probable; but in science we require as the foundation of our reasoning not probability only, but proof; or if we cannot get direct proof, then the probability which arises from *all* the phenomena being such as would occur if the theory in question were true, and this so completely as to give us the power of predicting what will occur under new and hitherto untried conditions. Such is the probability in favor of the existence of an ethereal medium whose undulations produce light and heat, of atoms which combine to form the molecules of the various elements, and of the molecular theory of gases. The biologists of Europe, though usually slow to accept new theories in the place of old ones, have given to the theories of Weismann and Galton an amount of acceptance which was never accorded to Darwin's theory of Pan-gensis, notwithstanding the weight of his great reputation; and they are now seeking earnestly for facts which shall serve as crucial tests of the rival theories, just as the phenomena of interference served as a test of the rival theories of light.

We have here only to deal with the theory of the non-inheritance of acquired characters as it affects mental and moral qualities; and in this department it has to encounter great opposition, because it seems to bar the way against any improvement of the race by means of education. If the theory is a true one, it certainly proves that it is not by the direct road of education, as usually understood, that humanity has advanced and must advance, although education may, in an indirect manner, be an important factor of progress. Let us, however, look at the problem as presented by the rival theories, and see what light is thrown upon it by the history of those great men who have most contributed to the advance of civilization, and who serve well to illustrate the successive high-water marks attained by human genius.

If progress is in any important degree dependent on the hereditary transmission of the effects of culture, as distinguished from the transmission of innate genius, or of the various talents and aptitudes with which men and women are born, then we should expect to see indications of such transmission in the continuous increase of mental power wherever any family or group of families have for several generations been subjected to culture or training of any

particular kind. It has, in fact, been claimed that this is the case, for in his presidential address to the Biological Society of Washington, in January, 1891, Mr. Lester F. Ward argues that not only is Professor Weismann's great ability a result of the rigid methods of training in the German universities, but that "those rigid methods themselves have been the product of a series of generations of such training, transmitted in small increments and diffused in increasing effectiveness to the whole German people. . . . And the fact, that out of the barbaric German hordes of the Middle Ages there has been developed the great modern race of German specialists is one of the most convincing proofs of the transmission of acquired characters, as well as of the far-reaching value to the future development of the race of such an educational system as that which Germany has had for the last two or three centuries."

It will, I think, be admitted that, if this is "one of the most convincing proofs" of the transmission of the effects of culture, the theory of its transmissibility has but a weak foundation; for not only may the facts be explained in another way, but there is another body of facts which point with at least equal clearness in an exactly opposite direction. It may be said, for instance, that the eminence of German specialists in science is due primarily to special mental qualities which have always been characteristic of the German race, and to the facilities afforded for the culture of those faculties throughout life, by the very numerous professorships in their numerous universities, and by the comparative simplicity of German habits which renders the position of professor attractive to the highest intellects. And when we turn to other countries we find facts which tend in the opposite direction. In England, for example, during many centuries, Oxford and Cambridge Universities were closed to non-conformists, and their honors and rewards were reserved for members of the Established Church, and very largely for the families of the landed aristocracy. Yet in the short period that has elapsed since they were opened to dissenters, these latter have shown themselves fully equal to the hereditarily trained churchmen, and have carried off the highest honors in as great, and perhaps even in greater proportion than their comparative numbers in the universities.

Again, it is a remarkable fact, that almost all our great-

est inventors and scientific discoverers, the men whose originality and mental power have created landmarks in the history of human progress, have been self-taught, and have certainly derived nothing from the training of their ancestors in their several departments of knowledge. Brindley, one of the earliest of our modern engineers, was the son of a dissipated small freeholder; Telford, our greatest road and bridge builder, was the son of a shepherd, and apprenticed to a rough country mason; George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive engine, was a self-taught collier; Bra-mah, the inventor of the hydraulic press, of improved locks, and almost the originator of machine tools, was the son of a farmer, and at seventeen years of age was apprenticed to the village carpenter; Smeaton, who designed and built the Eddystone lighthouse, was the son of a lawyer, and a wholly self-taught engineer; Harrison, the inventor of the modern chronometer, was a joiner and the son of a joiner; the elder Brunel was the son of a French peasant farmer, and was educated for a priest, yet he became a great self-taught engineer, designed and executed the first Thames tunnel, and at the beginning of this century designed the block-making machinery in Portsmouth dock-yard which was so complete both in plan and execution that it is still in use.

Coming now to higher departments of industry, science, and art, we find that Dollond, the inventor of the achromatic telescope, was a working silk weaver, and a wholly self-taught optician; Faraday was the son of a blacksmith, and apprenticed to a bookbinder at the age of thirteen; Sir Christopher Wren, the son of a clergyman and educated at Oxford, was a self-taught architect, yet he designed and executed St. Paul's Cathedral, which will certainly rank among the finest modern buildings in the world; Ray, the son of a blacksmith, became a good mathematician, and one of the greatest of our early naturalists; John Hunter, the great anatomist, was the son of a small Scotch land-owner; Sir William Herschel was the son of a German musician; Rembrandt was the son of a miller; the great linguists and oriental scholars, Alexander Murray and Dr. Leyden, were both sons of poor Scotch shepherds; while Shelley, whose poetic genius has rarely been surpassed, was the son of an altogether unpoetic and unsympathetic country squire.

These few examples, which might be easily increased so

as to fill a volume, serve to show, what is indeed seldom denied, that genius or superexcellence in any department of human faculty tends to be sporadic, that is, it appears suddenly without any proportionate development in the parents or immediate ancestors of the gifted individual. No doubt there is usually, or perhaps always, a considerable amount of the same mental qualities dispersed through the diverging ancestral line of all these men of genius, and their appearance seems to be well explained by a fortunate intermingling of the germ-plasms of several ancestors calculated to produce or to intensify the various mental peculiarities on which the exceptional faculties depend. This is rendered probable, also, by the fact that, although genius is often inherited it rarely or never intensifies after its first appearance, which it certainly should do if not only the genius itself, but the increased mental power due to its exercise were also inherited. Brunel, Stephenson, Dollond, and Herschel, all had sons who followed in the steps of their fathers, but it will be generally admitted that in no case did the sons exceed or even equal their parents in originality and mental power. So, if we look through the copious roll of names of great poets, and painters, sculptors, architects, engineers, or scientific discoverers, we shall hardly ever find even two of the same name and profession, and never three or four, rising progressively to loftier heights of genius and fame. Yet this is what we ought to find if not only the innate faculty, but the increased development given to that faculty by continuous exercise, tends to be inherited.*

If it is thought that this non-inheritance of the results of education and training is prejudicial to human progress, we must remember that, on the other hand, it also prevents the continuous degradation of humanity by the inheritance of those vicious practices and degrading habits which the deplorable conditions of our modern social system undoubtedly foster in the bulk of mankind. Throughout all trade and commerce lying and deceit abound to such an extent that it has come to be considered essential to success. No

* The only prominent example that looks like a progressive increase of faculty for three generations is that of Dr. Erasmus Darwin and his grandson Charles Darwin. But in this case the special faculties displayed by the grandson were quite distinct from those of the grandfather and father; while if we consider the different state of knowledge at the time when Erasmus Darwin lived, his occupation in a laborious profession, and the absence of that stimulus to thought which the five years' voyage round the world gave to his grandson, it is not at all certain that in originality and mental powers, the former was not fully the equal of the latter.

dealer ever tells the exact truth about the goods he advertises or offers for sale, and the grossly absurd misrepresentations of material and quality we everywhere meet with have, from their very commonness, ceased to shock us. Now it is surely a great blessing if we can believe that this widespread system of fraud and falsehood does not produce any inherited deterioration in the next generation. And it is equally satisfactory to believe that the physical deterioration produced on the thousands who annually exchange country for town life will have no permanent effect on their offspring if they return at any time to more healthy conditions. And we have direct evidence that this is so in the fact that the street arabs of our great cities, when brought up under healthy and elevating conditions in the colonies, usually improve both physically, intellectually, and morally, so as to be fully equal to the average of their fellow-countrymen.

It appears, then, that the non-inheritance of the effects of training, of habits, and of general surroundings, whether these be good or bad, is by no means a hindrance to human progress, if, as seems not improbable, the results on the individual of our present social arrangements are, on the whole, evil. It may be fairly argued that the rich suffer, morally and intellectually, from these conditions quite as much as do the poor; and that the lives of idleness, of pleasure, of excitement, or of debauchery, which so many of the wealthy lead, is as soul-deadening and degrading in its effects as the sordid struggle for existence to which the bulk of the workers are condemned. It is, therefore, a relief to feel that all this evil and degradation will leave no permanent effects whenever a more rational and more elevating system of social organization is brought about.

If, then, education, training, and surrounding conditions can do nothing to affect permanently the march of human progress, how, it may be asked, is that progress to be brought about; or are we to be condemned to remain stationary in that average condition which, in some unknown way, the civilized nations of the world have now reached? We reply, that progress is still possible, nay, is certain, by the continuous and perhaps increasing action of two general principles, both forms of selection. The one is that process of elimination already referred to, by which vice, violence, and recklessness so often bring about the early destruction

of those addicted to them. The other, and by far the more important for the future, is that mode of selection which will inevitably come into action through the ever-increasing freedom, joined with the higher education of women.

There have already been ample indications in the pages of *THE ARENA* that the women of America, no less than those of other civilized countries, are determined to secure their personal, social, and political freedom, and are beginning to see the great part they have to play in the future of humanity. When such social changes have been effected that no woman will be compelled, either by hunger, isolation, or social compulsion, to sell herself whether in or out of wedlock, and when all women alike shall feel the refining influence of a true humanizing education, of beautiful and elevating surroundings, and of a public opinion which shall be founded on the highest aspirations of their age and country, the result will be a form of human selection which will bring about a continuous advance in the average status of the race. Under such conditions, all who are deformed either in body or mind, though they may be able to lead happy and contented lives, will, as a rule, leave no children to inherit their deformity. Even now we find many women who never marry because they have never found the man of their ideal. When no woman will be compelled to marry for a bare living or for a comfortable home, those who remain unmarried from their own free choice will certainly increase, while many others, having no inducement to an early marriage, will wait till they meet with a partner who is really congenial to them.

In such a reformed society the vicious man, the man of degraded taste or of feeble intellect, will have little chance of finding a wife, and his bad qualities will die out with himself. The most perfect and beautiful in body and mind will, on the other hand, be most sought and therefore be most likely to marry early, the less highly endowed later, and the least gifted in anyway the latest of all, and this will be the case with both sexes. From this varying age of marriage, as Mr. Galton has shown, there will result a more rapid increase of the former than of the latter, and this cause continuing at work for successive generations will at length bring the average man to be the equal of those who are now among the more advanced of the race.

When this average rise has been brought about there must result a corresponding rise in the high-water mark of humanity; in other words, the great men of that era will be as much above those of the last two thousand years as the average man will have risen above the average of that period. For, those fortunate combinations of germs which, on the theory we are discussing, have brought into existence the great men of our day will have a far higher average of material to work with, and we may reasonably expect the most distinguished among the poets and philosophers of the future will decidedly surpass the Homers and Shakespeares, the Newtons, the Goethes, and the Humboldts of our era.

Mr. Lester F. Ward has indeed urged, in his article on "The Transmission of Culture" (*Forum*, May, 1891), that, if Weismann's theory is true, then "education has no value for the future of mankind, and its benefits are confined exclusively to the generation receiving it." Another eminent scientist, Professor Joseph Le Conte, in his article on "The Factors of Evolution" (*The Monist*, Vol. I. p. 334), is still more desponding. He says,—"If it be true that reason must direct the course of human evolution, and if it be also true that selection of the fittest is the only method available for that purpose; then, if we are to have any race-improvement at all, the dreadful law of *destruction of the weak and helpless* must with Spartan firmness be carried out voluntarily and deliberately. Against such a course all that is best in us revolts." These passages show that the supposed consequences of the theories of Weismann and Galton, have, very naturally, excited some antagonism, because they appear, if true, to limit or even to destroy all power of further evolution of mankind, except by methods which are revolting to our higher nature.

But I have endeavored to show, in the present article, that we are not limited to the depressing alternatives above set forth,—that education *has* the greatest value for the improvement of mankind,—and that selection of the fittest may be ensured by power and more effective agencies than the destruction of the weak and helpless. From a consideration of historical facts bearing upon the origin and development of human faculty I have shown reason for believing that it is only by a true and perfect system of education and the public opinion which such a system will create, that the

special mode of selection on which the future of humanity depends can be brought into general action. Education and environment, which have so often stunted and debased human nature instead of improving it, are powerless to transmit by heredity either their good or their evil effects; and for this limitation of their power we ought to be thankful. It follows, that when we are wise enough to reform our social economy and give to our youth a truer, a broader, and a more philosophical training, we shall find their minds free from any hereditary taint derived from the evil customs and mistaken teaching of the past, and ready to respond at once to that higher ideal of life and of the responsibilities of marriage which will, indirectly, become the greatest factor in human progress.

MOHAMMEDAN MARRIAGE AND LIFE.

BY PROF. A. N. JANNARIS, PH. D.

MOHAMMEDAN marriage and life has occasionally been discussed publicly, but strange to say, the very elements and requisites of dispute, that is a detailed and accurate account of the subject, seem never to have been laid before the public. All reports and contributions on the curious subject are but partial and disconnected chapters calculated to serve more or less personal ambition or political interests. The fact that Mohammedan home and family life is secluded from the external world and inaccessible to the explorer travelling through the East renders the subject peculiarly liable to sensational reports of ambitious imaginations and political speculations. I have read nearly all accounts and miraculous adventures published in English periodicals, and can state that, with very few exceptions, they do not, by any means, correspond to the truth. They partly refer to isolated incidents and adventures, partly are exaggerated descriptions of romantic character. Most of these stories, be it noted, date from the time during and after the Crimean War. Now, if we take into consideration the important fact that the said great war had been undertaken in behalf and for the rescue of Turkey, and resulted in her guardianship on the part of the great powers, we find no difficulty in accounting for the circumstance that the great majority of reports on Mohammedan life and custom are calculated to serve less the truth than the political considerations alluded to. This being so, nearly all accounts, particularly those of more or less responsible and official personages, never fail to betray an undisguised tendency towards bringing all glaring anomalies observed in Mohammedanism into reconciliation with civilization and even progress. This political convenience has been of late misunderstood in Mohammedan quarters, and has called forth various articles and publications which are rather amusing than serious. It is, indeed, astonishing to observe that even Moslems who claim a high education

and self-respect disregard the political aim of their Christian apologists, and assume an air of self-complaisance and glory in what they ought to be rather ashamed of. I do not see how far falsehood can serve patriotism. I am only surprised to see that all publications and articles proceeding from the pen of Mohammedan writers, instead of apologizing for the cruel injustice and inhumanity done to their women, endeavor to mislead or keep in the dark public opinion, and raise the matrimonial principles and customs of their faith to a model which Christian civilization might copy. I am not alluding here to Mohammedan eulogies and panegyrics of past times. I am simply referring to contemporaneous contributions which seem to multiply every year. I mention only three of them, by the way; one published in last April's *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, and two more recent ones appeared in last May's and September's *Nineteenth Century* of London. Their Mohammedan authors spare no pains to assure the public of the enviable condition and felicity of Mohammedan women and wives, and thus pleading for intermarriage between their co-religionists and English girls, the reverse being out of question for reasons which I shall presently explain. In connection and accordance with these hardly unselfish and pertinent pleadings we hear that a Mohammedan propaganda has been started recently in Liverpool. The Islamic congregation, we are told, is spreading surprisingly through the gradual accession of new members mostly converts from Christian denominations. One of the latest and most significant conquests of this strange propaganda was achieved simultaneously with the publication of the above-mentioned articles. It was the first Mohammedan marriage ever celebrated in England. It took place on the 20th of April last, the contracting parties being Miss Charlotte Fitch, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Charles Fitch, J. P., London, and a Mohammedan named Mohammed Almad. The bride, being a professor of the Christian faith, a marriage under the ordinances of the Church of England had to be solemnized; and after meeting with refusals from several metropolitan clergymen, this was celebrated at St. Giles, Camberwell, London, on Saturday morning. In the afternoon the bridal pair proceeded to Liverpool where they had their wedding celebrated also in a rite which is professed to be customary and binding among Mohammedans.

I had known from personal experience in the East that a considerable number of Christian girls — amongst whom also were a few English — had been either abducted, allured, or otherwise compelled by the force of circumstance to acquiesce in a matrimonial union with Mohammedan men, but I had never expected to witness such a strange marriage being pompously contracted in a Christian country like England. My astonishment was still more intensified by the approbation with which it met on the part of the press. It was conspicuously heralded and romantically described in the Liverpool newspapers of the following Monday (April 22d), and reproduced in the London press. In short, the strange matrimony was, so to say, greeted as a happy event suggesting the idea of encouragement.

There is no doubt that the idea of marriage with an oriental follower of the prophet has, besides its heroical character, an unusual romance, and must meet with much favor in the vivid imagination and heart of many a broad-minded English or American girl. For in her romantic villa the noble Turkish lady

Within the gay kiosk reclined,
Above the scent of lemon groves,
Where bubbling fountains kiss the wind,
And birds make music to their loves.
She lives a kind of fairy life,
In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,
Unconscious of the outer life,
That wears the palpitating hours.

(The Harem, R. M. Milnes.)

This must be a delightful life, indeed, and no sensible man can blame an English girl who avows her willingness to exchange the wearisome, dull, commonplace, and hard life in these heavy cities for such a romantic paradise. But here arises naturally the question: Is Mohammedan life really so? I am not going to answer this question in its full sense, for it is too general and goes beyond my purpose and task. My object in this article is to inquire into that side of the question which concerns Mohammedan woman, that is her social position before and after marriage, as a girl and as a wife. Well, I am afraid that the picture given in the above poetry is illusory. It is a poetical conception, but by no means a description of the reality. My assertion may be at variance with Mohammedan enthusiasts and

writers, but I take the liberty of observing distinctly that *I am a native of those countries, and that my statements to follow are based upon personal observation, experience, and study.* This observation I have considered essential for a very simple reason. Mohammedan women being secluded and invisible to men, it might be inferred that no man of no matter what religion can speak of them from personal observation. This, however, is not absolutely correct. It is true that no man is admitted into the Mohammedan family life, but this rule applies rigidly to those infidel Europeans who go to the East when they are already grown up men and for a short stay. With the natives, however, the case is very different. For, notwithstanding the absolute strictness in the custom of secluding the harem (females) from the external world, a native is enabled, by circumstances occasionally offered to neighbors, to penetrate into the dark enclosures. Moreover, in the great majority of cases, Christian boys, up to their tenth or twelfth year, have more or less free access to the harems of their locality, and on the occasion of marriage ceremonies they are suffered to follow their mothers as guests, and walk freely amidst the Turkish women in their apartments (harem-lik). This being the case with me, I venture to claim some more credit for reliable information than is to be attached to the reports of the majority of writers who draw their information from second or third hand sources. It is true that several episodes have been described by English women who claim personal and immediate observation, but it is equally true that their presence in Mohammedan harems was admitted by previous arrangement, and on the tacit understanding that they were wives and daughters of influential politicians or writing ladies. This fact accounts for the coincidence that the great majority of those reports relate to visits to harems of high standing beys and responsible pashas, who are anxious to have their domestic life represented in the most favorable light.

In lieu of dividing the subject into many heads and examining each point separately, I consider it more expedient and convenient to produce first the fundamental principles and provisions upon which Mohammedan matrimony is based; then to give a brief and clear sketch of Mohammedan marriage. In adopting this course I hope to give my readers, in an easier way, a more satisfactory insight into the whole

matter and, moreover, enable them to account for many side questions and incidents.

The first question naturally arising is, What is a Mohammedan marriage? Is it, as understood in Christendom, "*the voluntary union for life of one man and one woman to the exclusion of all others?*" No, it is a very different thing. It is merely a civil act by which "*a man may lawfully have, at the same time, from one to four women as legitimate wives, besides an unlimited number of concubines, designated as female slaves.*" This is the true definition of Mohammedan marriage, and it is founded upon the Koran or Mohammedan Bible itself, that sacred basis of all Mohammedan civilization, religious, civil, and criminal. An eminent Mohammedan author observes:—

The origin of this law is "Al-Kuran" or "The Kuran" (Koran), and the Kuran is believed by the orthodox Mussulmans to have existed from eternity, subsisting in the very essence of God. The Prophet himself declared that it was revealed to him by the Angel Gabriel in various portions, and at different times. The texts are held by the Mohammedans to be unquestionable and decisive, as being the words of God (Kala' mul lah), transmitted to man through their Prophet, or, as he is emphatically called (by the believers), "the last of Prophets, Muhammad, the Apostle of God." Besides inculcating religion and theology, the Kuran contains also passages which are applicable to jurisprudence, and form the principal basis of the *Shraa*. Thus the law of the Mussulmans is founded upon revelation and blended with their religion, the Kuran being the fountain-head and first authority of all their laws, religious, civil, and criminal.—(*Shamachurn Sicar's Mohammedan Law, Part I., p. 3.*)

Says Allah to the prophet (33, 6): "O thou Prophet! verily we make lawful for thee thy wives to whom thou hast given hire (that is dower), what thy right hand possesses (that is slave girls) out of the booty that God has granted thee, and the daughters of thy paternal uncle, and the daughters of thy paternal aunts, and the daughters of the maternal uncle, and the daughters of the maternal aunts, provided they have fed with thee, and any believing woman, if she give herself to the Prophet; if the prophet desire to marry her a special privilege this for thee above the other believers."

The ordinary believers are directed expressly (4, 3):

"Marry what seems good to you of women, by twos, or threes, or fours, and if ye fear that ye cannot be equitable, then only one, or what your right hand possesses (that is 'female slaves')."

And (4, 36): "The virtuous women are devoted, careful in their husband's absence, as God has cared for them. But those whose perverseness ye fear, admonish them, and remove them into bedchambers and beat them; but if they submit to you, then do not seek a way against them."

The spirit ruling through the provisions or commandments of the Koran has been interpreted and amplified by the said Sunnat, Hadis, Imjaa, and Kiyas, and ultimately codified by Mohammedan commentators and doctors. We subjoin a few of the most important articles, copied from Sir William H. Macnaghten's Principles of Mohammedan Law (P C. Sen, 1881, pp. 54-58).

Art. 7.—"The effect of a contract of marriage is to legalize the mutual enjoyment of the parties; to place the wife under the dominion of the husband; . . . to enforce behavior towards all his wives on the part of the husband with a power of correction in case of disobedience."

Art. 8.—"A freeman may have four wives, but a slave can have only two."

Art. 20.—"A necessary comitant of a contract of marriage is dower (namely on the part of the husband), the maximum of which is not fixed, but the minimum is ten diens (that is about 6*s. 8d.* or \$1.70) and it becomes due on the consummation of the marriage,—though it is usual to stipulate for delay as to the payment of a part—or on the death of either party or on divorce."

Art. 24.—"A husband may divorce his wife without any misbehavior on her part, or without assigning any cause; but before the divorce becomes irreversible—according to the more approved doctrine—it must be repeated three times, and between each time the period of one month must be intervened, and in the interval he may take her back, either in an express or implied manner."

Art. 27.—"A vow of abstinence made by a husband and maintained inviolate for a period of four months amounts to an irreversible divorce."

Art. 28.—"Another mode of separation is by the husband's making oath, accompanied by an imprecation as to his wife's fidelity."

Page 73.—"In civic claims the evidence of two men or one man and two women is generally requisite."

The above divine commandments and codified articles of law are those actually in force. They speak clearly for themselves and need no comment in the eyes of any reader familiar with law matters. It remains only to add here that, biased as they are towards the stronger sex, in their application to practical life, they are interpreted still more liberally in favor of the husband. But this important point forms a part of the whole question, and will be amply elucidated in the following pages.

It is universally known that the Mohammedan women throughout the East are forbidden to appear before men uncovered. When they have to go out they must be muffled from the head down to the ankles. To this end they wear a long loose cloak or robe, a sort of domino, of black, yellow, or pink color, which is called *fezedge*. The face is covered with a veil, *yashmak*, the various colors and denseness of which is regulated by the taste and coquetry of the veiled woman. It is needless to remark that young and good-looking women have a predilection for light colors and transparent gauze, while elder and uglier faces evince their abhorrence to men by muffling themselves with veils of dark color and suffocating thickness. This custom is strictly enforced upon one and all women — among Africans the restriction is more lax, — it being regarded as a gross pollution to allow any stranger or heretic to see the uncovered face. "Let the believing women," commands the Koran (24, 3), "cast their veils over their bosoms, and not display their ornaments save to their husbands, their fathers, their sons, nephews, slaves, and children." But should a woman be overtaken unveiled, she quickly turns her back to the stranger, and draws her veil over her face with some exclamation of indignation or curse.

The veiling of the woman begins generally at the age of from six to nine, — according to her physical development — this age being considered the end of girlhood and beginning of puberty. It is the age in which girls are trained to the idea of marriage. At this age generally education and schooling cease, if Mussulman women can claim any education at all. For it cannot be contested that where woman's lifelong destiny is calculated to be confined strictly within the apartments of the house for the benefit of one ignorant man there the necessity or ambition for education is entirely

out of the question. It is, then, but natural that Mohammedan women have no idea whatever of the most elementary knowledge of reading and writing. The only exception to this rule of gross ignorance is confined to a very limited number of so-called fashionable families living at Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, Cairo, and some other cities pervaded by European civilization. Here and there also you may, while wandering through some street, hear a few bad notes of a polka played on the piano. But real education intended to enlighten the mind, develop and cultivate the various physical, intellectual, æsthetic, and moral or religious faculties, is out of question. The only end of woman in this world is to marry. Under these considerations, girls are from their infancy in their cradle rocked to sleep by their mothers with lullabies of future husbands, handsome, courageous, noble, and wealthy. This is the supreme and only destiny of woman. Marriage, then, is the cardinal and central point round which is revolving every thought and action of woman. Accordingly, matrimony is the earlier the better.

The regular age for this supreme felicity is from twelve to fifteen, but wealth and physical attractions naturally call for the earlier limit. Generally speaking, the parents are glad, and even proud, if they have the chance of betrothing their daughters at five or six, or at any rate, before twelve, the age of puberty and maturity. For at that age women must be put,—so the Mohammedan proverb says—"either under the husband or under the earth," that is, she must either marry or die.

The absence of any education reduces, of course, the requisites to marriage to a very limited number. No intellectual gifts or moral and social accomplishments are essential or valued. A girl is perfectly marriageable if she is either pretty or wealthy. Should she be blessed with both, then she possesses all requisites to the perfection; she is the best match in the district, and is sure to cut out her rivals. Beauty, tender youth, and wealth are also the only points which, in the eyes of a suitor, come into consideration. The age is easily found out through private sources. The financial condition is also easily ascertained, the personal property and wealth in the East consisting entirely of real estates which are known to the neighbors. For investments in banks or shares are almost unknown in those

countries. There remains the question of physical attractions. Is she pretty? Is she dark, fair, slender, stout, tall, short? These points are the most embarrassing for the wooer. He never saw her, or at least since she was a little child. She may have seen him passing in the street through her veil or lattice window, but he has not the remotest idea of her looks. In this vexatious uncertainty he is obliged to have recourse to a female agent. The Christian woman abhors the Moslem too much, and does not adapt herself to such a mission. Far handier and readier is the Jewess. He therefore applies to a qualified woman of that faith, and requests her to make her way, by some pretext, into the house of his unknown nominee, and examine her thoroughly. The ambassadress carries out her mission with Jewish intelligence and skilful diplomacy. She knows beforehand that her reward will be in proportion to the satisfaction which her information will give to her constituent. On her return, then, she does not fail to draw the most enticing portrait of the nominee, whom for convenience's sake I propose to call Aliyé: a moon of beauty; eyes enchanting and magic, teeth like pearls; face full of roses, skin like milk; fingers like crystals; the eyebrows like two rainbows; in short a fairy. In his enchantment the Osmanli — say Nouri Effendi — thanks Allah and the prophet, and pours into the hands of the good messenger a handful of *medjidiés* (dollars). On the next day he sends his heart's dear baskets filled with various presents, a sort of *corbeille de mariage*.

This is the course usually followed in the arrangement of a Mohammedan betrothal. It is simple, indeed, but does not always prove reliable and satisfactory. To obviate any misadventure or deception another more reliable and honest agent is selected: the very mother or sister of the wooer. This trusty *alter ego* soon succeeds in entering into connection with the harem of the nominee Aliyé. She institutes a careful examination and reports her impressions and observations faithfully and circumstantially. If they are to the satisfaction of the son or brother — as the case may be — the above *corbeille de mariage* is despatched. But in the majority of cases, the managing agent, say the mother, in her anxiety to serve the interests of her beloved son, goes far beyond the investigations referred to. She arranges a party to a public (Turkish) bath. There she is to ascertain whether her future

daughter-in-law has any constitutional defects. It is not expressed, of course, what the bath party means. When the day appointed for it has come, both parties meet, supplied with dainty dishes, greasy pastries, and sweetmeats of various description. As a matter of course, great attention is paid also to the dresses. For it must be noted here that Turkish women, though very fond of dresses, have no other place to display luxury excepting their secluded apartments and public baths.

As soon as the two parties meet in the bath there is a series of endless compliments of the most sentimental and poetical nature. In this the Mussulman excels all other nations of the globe. The company take seats cross-legged on divans, and coffee, sherbet, cigarettes, long pipes (*chiboues*) and nargilehs (*waterpipes*) are served around. Amidst the clouds of smoke, the eager gossip across and simultaneously, and the shrieking laughter, the future mother-in-law manages adroitly to seat herself by the nominee Aliyé, and pushes her to talk. Unconscious of the object, the poor child undergoes a skilful examination. Her features, character, and other qualities are sharply scrutinized. When this part of the feast is over, the company undress and enter into the hot apartments of the bath. During the whole time of this and the next proceedings the future mother-in-law never quits Aliyé. She avails herself of every movement and turn of the unconscious girl to make thorough constitutional and aesthetical investigations. It is hardly necessary to emphasize here that, should the nominee be wanting in any constitutional perfection or requisite to healthy and consummate womanhood, the ever-watchful Gorgon would detect the blemish and report accordingly.

The bathing is followed by the banquet. The company take their seats, always cross-legged, on rugs spread round a large circular salver which is supported by a low stool and represents the table. The feast may last for several hours, during which the mother-in-law never forgets her mission. She has plenty of occasion to complete her studies of the nominee. At length the party breaks up with mutual compliments and assurances of delight, and the delegated mother of the suitor hastens home to meet her son and husband. She gives them such a detailed report as only a female and a mother can give. If it be satisfactory—a momentous

point influenced greatly by the fancy taken by the delegate — the matter is decided definitely, and Nouri's mother is instructed to take the next necessary steps. She lets a couple of days pass, and then pays a visit to the mother of Aliyé. There she discloses her object. The mother of the girl is naturally surprised! However, she promises to refer the matter to her lord and husband, and give a reply at the earliest opportunity. In returning the visit Aliyé's mother bears the answer of her husband. If it be to the satisfaction of both parties, the two mothers arrange a meeting of their husbands with a view to settle all further questions, and fix the time of the wedding. The point of dower does not come into serious consideration. At least in the majority of cases which comprise all peasantry, no special agreement is required or entered upon with regard to the dower, the share of property devolving upon the bride or the bridegroom being, as above referred to, already known to each party. However, in many cases, especially among citizens of towns, the desirability of a formal contract is expressed and the contracting parties, or rather their fathers or guardians, settle the matter before the magistrate (*cadi*).

The nature and intent of a Mohammedan marriage contract requires but little elucidation. We have seen that marriage among Mohammedans is not a consensual contract of the interested parties, but an agreement entered upon by their fathers acting in behalf of their children. First comes the more or less formal point regarding the impediments which may arise out of consanguinity or relation between the parties. For "ye are forbidden," says the Koran, "to marry your mothers, your daughters, your sister, and your aunts, both on the father's and on the mother's side; your brother's daughters, and your sister's daughters; your mothers who have given you suck, and your foster-sisters; your wives' mothers; your daughters-in-law born by your wives with whom ye have cohabited."

The second point regards the dower to be fixed on the part of the bridegroom to the bride. This provision is a curious institution. Looked at in the abstract, it seems to point to a gallant and generous feeling towards woman, a custom which would put to shame the speculating and mercenary spirit of matrimony in Christian civilized countries. But by closer examination of the motive and intent of the

usage, the delicacy and gallantry revolves to flat barbarity. For the Mohammedan looks upon the wife as a living property and personal possession of the husband. Accordingly, she must be bought, and her price is that of an ordinary bargain. The inhumanity of the principle is aggravated by the ridiculous meanness of the price. We have seen that the minimum dower — or rather "hire," as the Koran distinctly puts it — which the law apportions to the wife, is ten diens (6s. 8d. or \$1.70). It is true that the maximum being left open, the wife has a free play to secure her interests and check the polygamous cupidity of the husband. But it is equally true that the husband, without repudiating his wife officially and solemnly, may, by outrageous abuse and rough treatment, make her willing to forfeit the whole of her dower rather than live with a brutal husband. The law of the Koran makes woman the helpless victim of her husband's lust and tyranny. These and other considerations paralyze the binding character and force of any contract or solemn engagement. Under these circumstances the signature of such an instrument is practically a mere formality rendered advisable on the plea of being agreeable to the commandments of the prophet, whose auspicious blessing is more than ever needed on the occasion. It is this reason which also renders it advisable for the contracting parties not to deviate enormously from the prescribed amount of ten diens (6s. 8d. or \$1.70). Nevertheless, in order to flatter the pride of the bride, or for the sake of solemnity and gravity of the occasion, an old custom prevails in many Turkish provinces to transmute the amount of the ten diens of the Koran into *aspers*. Now, as forty aspers are equal to one cent, the amount of \$1.70 thus swells up to the big sounding sum of many thousands.

Immediately after the happy agreement to the match the bridegroom, Nouri, sends pompously the *corbeille de mariage* to his bride Aliyé. This corbeille consists of baskets filled partly with flowers, fruits, sweetmeats, and confectionery, partly with dresses, jewelry, and shoes, and the regular addition of a looking-glass is *de rigueur*. The bridegroom receives in return linen and towels embroidered in gold and silver to be used as turbans, with the addition of an embroidered silk pouch for tobacco. The other members of the two families also interchange presents.

During the subsequent period of the betrothal which may

last for several years until the bride attains the age of marriage — twelve years — the bridegroom may call in the house of his father-in-law, but he never expects to see anybody but the male members of the family. He is received, of course, in the *selamlik*, or room isolated and intended for male visitors. But the principle of family life among Mohammedans has established the custom that men should meet always in some public place — mostly coffee-houses — and there receive each other. There they pay attention to one another by mutual treating with coffee, nargileh, loukoums (Turkish delight), sherbet, orgeat, almond milk, and the like.

Now, let us suppose that the wedding day has arrived. It is invariably Thursday, the eve of Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sunday. It is customary, particularly in country places, that the wedding festivities should last four days. They begin Monday — the third day of the Mohammedan week — and close Thursday evening, that night being regarded as the most propitious to the nuptials because of the conception of Mohammet. The festivities in either house are kept up by the men and women separately. They principally consist in banquets, the intervals being filled up with coffee, sherbet, confectionery, perfumes, especially orange-flower water — long pipes (*chiboues*), cigarettes, and nargilehs. A grave hilarity presides over these meetings which are enlivened by bands of musicians, jugglers, and story-tellers. Relatives and friends are invited to spend alternate days in the two houses. Each day is distinguished by a different ceremony. On Tuesday the bride's *trousseau* is carried in great state from her house to that of the bridegroom. It consists of dresses, house furniture (except chairs and sofas, which are not used among Mohammedans) and a large amount of kitchen utensils, all these appurtenances being incumbent upon the bride. Each single piece is carried separately and pompously by a special man, the most conspicuous display being made by the shiny and polished kitchen utensils. The longer this procession, the greater the satisfaction afforded to the pride of the bride and her family.

Wednesday is spent in the usual amusements and banquets, and in the afternoon the bride is taken to the bath. Thursday is the busiest and most solemn day. Accompanied by her mother, sisters, and servants, the bride leaves her paternal house for that of her husband. The relatives and guests of

both families are assembled at Nouri Effendi's, the men in the selamlik and court-yard, which is transformed into a feast locality, and the women in the haremlik. The bride is received with great attention and honor by her mother-in-law and her daughters, and on entering her new harem finds her *trousseau* properly arranged and conspicuously placed. She is dressed in silk or satin of the richest style. Her attire, as well as that of the guests, offers a glaring combination of the gayest and brightest colors. There are silk and satin serrees of sky blue, yellow, and rose colors, and the loose flowing trousers drawn in at the ankle, of the same materials, in amber and pink, with the picturesque jacket and vest beneath, of scarlet or crimson, all richly embroidered in gold and silver. Costly jewelry of rings, ear-rings, armlets, and bracelets of Eastern taste add to the gorgeous and picturesque attire. The bride wears above all the long bridal veil, and alternately seats herself in a conspicuous place, or moves solemnly up and down in the haremlik turned into a state apartment. She is attended by several pretty maidens who sing alternately the *epithalamia*.

The rejoicing, which is kept up till night-fall, terminates in a substantial supper by which hot pillau and other greasy meals are served. No spoons or forks nor wine or spirits are admitted. At the hour of the fifth prayer—one hour and a half after sunset—the bridegroom, after kissing the hand of his father, his uncles, and his elder brothers in the selamlik, approaches the private entrance to the harem, which by this time is deserted by all women excepting the bride and her mother. Two swords smeared with honey in token of sweet connubial life are crossed over his head at the lintel, while a prayer is read by some bystander. Suddenly a pomegranate—in token of fecundity—is smashed to pieces, and Nouri rushes into the haremlik, where Aliyé (with her mother in a distant corner) is awaiting him, seated on a divan, and covered with a veil. On seeing her husband for the first time she rises. He tries to take her hand, but she raises his and kisses it, in token of submission. He attempts, then, to raise the mysterious veil, but the unlucky old woman, who is still seated motionless in the corner, like a statue in its niche, interferes. The old woman, then, is thrust out after some feigned resistance, and the young wife appears for the first time before the delighted eyes of her

husband. He seats himself near her, offers her a cigarette, and exchanges a few words, the tenor and sweetness of which need not be specified here. It also depends on the mutual delight or disappointment of either. Meanwhile the crowd in the selamlik is becoming impatient at Nouri's long absence, and their tumultuous noise and cries compel him to leave his angel and return among the men to be teased by his friends and guests.*

This is the formal course generally followed at the celebration of Mohammedan marriage. As a matter of course social position and financial condition of the parties may allow or necessitate more or less display of luxury and splendor. Also age and multiplicity of wives simplify considerably the ceremony. But the main features of the marriage ceremonies and formalities are essentially those given in the preceding chapter.

The foregoing narrative illustrates clearly, I hope, what Mohammedan marriage is. It is entirely different from Christian matrimony. There is no previous acquaintance or intercommunication between bride and groom. No explanation whatever between the parties directly interested, either at or before the betrothal or wedding. Betrothed generally when still a child, the Mohammedan girl passes from her father's harem into that of a man whom she is told to recognize and serve as husband. The marriage is arranged and carried out without even her knowledge or assent. The bridal couple is not even present at the ceremony. The wedding receives no religious consecration. No official or binding character is attached to the contract, if any. In short, to use the very words of an eminent Mohammedan legal authority and apologist of the Mohammedan cause and religion, "marriage among Mohammedans needs no mollah, no sacred rite."

*This is the general proceeding of a Mohammedan marriage, as every native of Turkish countries may testify, and as I have personally witnessed it since my boyhood. For I may add that, excepting the bathing process, which nobody expects me reasonably to have watched, I have witnessed every stage of the marriage proceedings from the negotiations of the betrothal to the closing of the wedding ceremonies, both in the selamlik and harem. The very unveiling of the bride by the bridegroom in their nuptial apartment has not escaped my personal observation when I was in my early boyhood, the age of indiscretion. For I used to climb, in company with other naughty boys, the walls of country houses and peep in through the elevated loop-holes at the harem. I have a vivid recollection of the last wedding which I was allowed to witness as a boy. Having intermingled the whole of Thursday with the women and the bride, I managed in the evening to climb the wall from outside and take a post at an elevated grated window of the nuptial room, which happened to have been left open by inadvertence. I kept hanging on the iron bars like a monkey until I had my guilty curiosity satisfied by gazing from the dark outside in at the bridal pair in their illuminated room when the sacred unveiling took place.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. PREMONITIONS.

BY RICHARD HODGSON, LL. D.

IN THE ARENA for February and September, 1890, I endeavored to introduce the reader to some of the difficulties involved in the various explanations of "ghost stories," and I pointed out the necessity of our acquiring more knowledge concerning phantasms of the living before we could hope to explain the phantasms of the dead. As happens from time to time in all other branches of scientific investigation, certain problems have arisen for the solution of which I urged that what we especially need is "not speculation so much as a larger accumulation of well-authenticated experiences." Mr. Frederic W. H. Myers, in his timely article in THE ARENA for last September, has emphasized the same need from what seems at first sight to be an entirely different point of view, *viz.*, the desire to get our facts recognized by the scientific world in general, to effect a "wholesale perturbation of the scientific system." On further consideration, however, the reader will see that the conviction of a fact and the acceptance of a theory concerning it so frequently run together in the human mind, that the former is hard to accrue without the latter. Where the fact can find no lodgment under one of the old conceptions, a new conception must usually be framed before the fact can be fully recognized as such, and hence in part it comes about that strong testimony is neglected or rejected because there is no clear and complete natural classification into which the vouched-for incidents appear to fall. It is, indeed, I venture to think, highly probable that before many years have passed, the general theory of telepathy will be widely acknowledged by the scientific world. But even thus, large though the step may be, we are only at the beginning of our investigation. Telepathy in the mental universe is probably wider in its application than gravitation in the physical universe. Just as attraction, so-called, may exhibit different forms such as cohesive, magnetic, gravitational, varying differently accord-

ing to substance, distance, etc., so telepathy may prove to be a category which covers several widely different modes of mental intercommunication. What are the exact conditions requisite for telepathic transmissions, on the part of both agent and percipient? What, if any, are their physical analogues? Numerous important questions are propounded as to the *modus operandi* of telepathy, to which there are as yet no answers whatsoever. We shall doubtless find that the discovery of some definite conditions favoring telepathy, or even limiting its manifestations, will do more to render it acceptable to the ordinary scientific mind than volumes of spontaneous experiences, valuable as these may be.

But if we find important problems unsolved concerning the details of telepathic action in general, if we find numerous difficulties arising to confront the more special hypotheses conceivable which may be offered as explanations of the phantasms of the living or the dead, what shall be said of another class of psychical phenomena to which I now call attention, and which we have designated *premonitions*? In popular language this term is often applied to experiences where the percipient becomes aware of what is occurring, or has occurred, at a distance, before the news reaches him by ordinary means. His "awareness" may be of the vaguest sort, such as an emotional depression, or it may involve the mental picture or the externalized vision of the actual event. But such cases are properly grouped under Phantasms of the Living (see THE ARENA for September, 1890), and not under premonitions. When, for example, Mrs. Hadselle went to spend the afternoon and evening with some friends, and became impressed, just before tea, with a strange dread, followed by the conviction that her son was in danger, and when she, in consequence, insisted upon leaving for her home several miles away, and after an anxious search her son was found insensible in his bedroom, which was full of smoke from the wet wood which he had placed in the oven to dry, — her impression, which saved the boy's life, was not of the premonitory type. So also, when a well-known lady was stepping hastily in the twilight towards the elevator in an upper story of one of the Boston Back Bay hotels, and was checked suddenly by the figure of a man standing directly between herself and the entrance to the elevator, and she then perceived as the elevator ascended, that the door of the

well was open, and that there was no figure there, — her experience was not premonitory. Similarly again, when Engineer Seaver was driving his train in the darkness on the Illinois Central Railroad, on July 4, 1890, 2.30 A. M., with two hundred passengers on board, and he had a vision of a long piece of track with a "block cut square out of the track," a vision shortly afterwards followed by words which seemed to be whispered in his ear "My son, the bridge is gone," so that he applied his brakes, and slowed his train, and found, on inspecting the line ahead, that a bridge thirty-five feet long had been burned away, and there was "nothing left but the bare rail stretched across for thirty-five feet," — his experience was not a premonition. In all such cases it is obvious that knowledge of the future is not involved, however supernormal the knowledge of the present may be. Further, we do not regard as premonitions such experiences as impressions, from a dream or otherwise, that a letter will arrive from a certain person, if the letter was written, or even contemplated by the writer, before the time of the experience. I have some cases on record where a lady, who had frequent experiences of this kind, took the trouble for some time, on behalf of our investigations, to write down her impressions and send them to a friend immediately, and before verification, acquainting this friend afterwards with the arrival of the expected letters. These experiences again were not premonitory, but probably telepathic from the writers of the letters. The same is of course true, *mutatis mutandis*, as regards the anticipated coming of persons, etc., who may already be on the way or intending to make the visit. Premonition, then, is not a supernormal knowledge of the present or past, even if, supplemented by ordinary human inference as to the future, it takes on the form of reference to a future event. It implies rather a supernormal awareness of the future itself. The following narrative will serve as an illustration of my meaning, though I need hardly say that I do not make any claim for its being more than a mere coincidence. It was signed by the three ladies concerned, one of whom is well known to me.

July 27, 1891.

On the night of Wednesday, July 15, 1891, Miss C — dreamed of finding various small coins, and also of picking up something glittering, a silver thimble, she thought, with three initials on it.

On the morning of Thursday, July 16, she mentioned the dream at the breakfast table, saying that she thought one of the three initials was "H," she could not distinctly remember the others. My initials being H. P. K., I jokingly said, "The initials were probably H. P. K., I think that thimble must belong to me." Miss C—— also spoke of a large rough gate which she saw in her dream, and over which she saw a small strip of sky. The next morning (Friday, July 17) I was working out-of-doors, raking near the barn, and after about an hour's work I found that I had lost from my belt ribbon a small, old fashioned pearl pin in a heavy gold setting. I despaired of finding it again, owing to the length of time I had been working, the number of places visited, and the working out-of-doors.

Some of the young girls in the house began to search for the pin, however; and one of them, named Jennie, went with Miss C—— under the barn, i. e., into the space between the ground and the first floor of the barn (which is built upon the side of a hill), thinking to, perhaps, find the pin there among some rubbish that I had pushed from outside through a narrow opening between the stonework of the barn's foundation, and the wood-work of its wall. The sight of the rough stonework of the foundation with the strip of daylight above, between it and the woodwork, recalled to Miss C—— her dream, which she mentioned to Jennie, who, thereupon, picked along the narrow ledges of jutting stone inside the wall with a nail, and on one of them found the pin lodged.

Now the above story, as it stands, suggests the premonitory type, but if the occurrences had been different, and Miss C—— had dreamt on the Friday night that she went under the barn and found the pin on the jutting stone, and if on the following day she made a search there and found it, the experience might have involved some clairvoyance of the present, but it would not be classed as premonition.

Perhaps the reader will now inquire, Are there such things as premonitions in the sense above indicated? My reply is, I do not know. We have many experiences docketed in this class, provisionally. And unquestionably, I think, some of these occurred substantially as narrated. But how are we to prove that these were not chance coincidences? How can we convince ourselves that of the myriad premonitory waking impressions or dreams that have been experienced by the witnesses, so many have proved veridical that we must assume some causal relation between the knowledge involved in the dream or impression, and the actual subse-

quent event? What is the nature of this causal relation? Is there some far-seeing superconscious self, pertaining to each one of us, that occasionally vouchsafes a glimpse of the future to the ordinary laden human consciousness? Does some "departed friend," who has attained new heights of knowledge and of inference in a more exalted life than ours, stoop down to warn us of a danger that we, in our blindness, cannot see? Or is there some yet higher invisible guide who lifts the veil of the future from our eyes for a moment, and leaves us with a wondering sense of the mysteries that encompass us, a dim conjecture that this mortal estate of ours is but a shadow of the glory that lies before us? Is there a realm where time is not, and a perception where past, and present, and future are as one? Alas! We begin to cheat ourselves with words; we have met with an extreme form of the difficulty to which I have drawn attention in the first part of this article, viz., the difficulty of formulating any precise theory. And for this reason much more evidence will undoubtedly be needed for the proof of premonitions than we have already acquired for the proof of telepathy. But as Mrs. Sidgwick pointed out in 1888, in her article on premonitions (*Proceedings, S. P. R.*, Part XIII.), the evidence for their reality is far inferior to that for telepathy, and she gives the following figures: —

In *Phantasms of the Living*, excluding the Supplement, there are 359 cases of spontaneous telepathy, of which about 18 per cent. are dreams. These 359 cases are all at first-hand, and are selected from a much larger number as the best of their various classes. I have selected for this paper some 38 first-hand cases of premonitions, of which 24 are dreams. But as I do not wish to lay stress on my own selection, let us take the whole of the first-hand cases, good, bad, and indifferent. These amount to 240, or about two thirds only of the number of *selected* cases of spontaneous telepathy, and of these 240 about 66 per cent. are dreams.

And although since Mrs. Sidgwick wrote we have received some very striking and detailed cases of "Premonitions," there is still need of a much larger number, and especially of recent and documentary cases, before their occurrence as involving causal relation between the experience and the event can be regarded as absolutely established, and I must again emphasize the fact that perhaps the chief obstacle to

their acceptance will be that they appear unintelligible. So long as we can say nothing more about them than that they "fall out of the sky," as, to use an old instance, this was all that could once be said of meteoric stones, the accounts of them will be disputed and denied; but their comings may one day be explained as part of an orderly system, and be clearly exhibited as manifestations, even if exceptional, of the fundamental forces that keep the universe together. This achievement indeed seems yet remote, and at the present time, if we look for light on this question to the analysis of the experiences themselves, we find once more that our conclusions must depend in part upon our progress in other branches of our research. Take, for example, the following cases. The first case I received from Mrs. W—— in March of this year:—

In October, of 1880, I left my home in St. Louis, going to New York City, to be with my daughter, Mrs. C——, during her expected accouchement. Doctor R——, an old, well-known M. D., was the family physician. His office, as well as that of Mr. C——, was far down town, while the family resided on —. It was arranged with Doctor R—— that he should come at once when called. The nurse was engaged, and everything put in order, so that there might be no delay or confusion.

I think that on Saturday, the 22d of the month of January following, a heavy storm of snow and sleet prevailed over the region of New York, so that telegraph lines were weighted down with sleet, and broken to such an extent in New York City that for a time there was a break in the service.

On Friday night I dreamed that my daughter's labor came on; that owing to some cause not clearly defined, we failed to get word to Mr. C——, who was to bring the doctor; that we sent for the nurse, who came; that as the hours passed, and neither Mr. C—— nor the doctor came, we both grew frightened; that at last I heard Mr. C—— on the stairs, and cried to him, "Oh, Chan, for heaven's sake get a doctor! Ada may be confined at any moment." That he rushed away, and I returned to the bedside of my daughter, who was in agony of mind and body; that suddenly I seemed to know what to do; that I delivered her, attended to her and the child, and that shortly afterwards Mr. C—— came, bringing a tall, young doctor, having brown eyes, dark hair, ruddy, brunette complexion, and dressed in black coat, gray trousers, and gray vest, and wearing a bright blue cravat, picked out with coral sprigs. The cravat attracted my attention particularly. The young doctor pronounced Mrs. C—— properly

attended to and left. Then after awhile Doctor R—— came, saying that he had been away and could not get back, but that everything relating to Mrs. C—— was all right.

In the morning at breakfast I related my dream to Mr. C—— and my daughter, but none of us attached any importance to it. But as the days passed the dream forced itself upon me so persistently, that on Monday I said to Mr. C—— : "I wish you could arrange some way for us to get word to you quickly. For with the telegraph lines down what can we do in case Ada should be taken sick and you away?" Mr. C—— smiled and said : "I guess you are worried over that dream, but to satisfy you, I will write a telegram, and leave it with instructions at the district office. If the lines are not in order, they will send a boy to me."

I have forgotten to say that Mr. C——, on Saturday, told a friend, Mr. B——, of my dream; that in the evening Mr. B—— called, and jestingly spoke of the dream; that on the afternoon of Saturday Mrs. B—— and a Miss E—— called, and my daughter related the dream to them. On Tuesday, between nine and ten o'clock, my daughter was taken with labor. Immediately that we knew her condition, I sent the maid with the telegram to the district office, and for the nurse who arrived a half hour or so before the child was born. As the time passed and it became apparent that the services of an accoucheur might be needed at any moment, both my daughter and I were greatly frightened, for I had no knowledge whatever of how to proceed, as in my dream, so I ran to the window to see if Mr. C—— and the doctor might be in sight, then back to my daughter. At last I heard Mr. C—— on the stairs and cried to him to bring some doctor quickly, as Ada was on the point of being confined. Mr. C—— rushed off and I returned to my daughter. She looked at me in terror, and said, "Oh, what shall we do?" Then came what I shall be glad to have explained. In a moment all sense of claim left me, and all sense of sympathy beyond what a very cool and experienced doctor might feel. I heard myself saying in a peremptory fashion, "Ada, don't be afraid, I know just what to do, all will go well." She looked at me in a surprised way and replied : "If you are not afraid, I won't be." The nurse was panic-stricken, and ran from the room. I went after her in a manner foreign to me, directed her how to assist me — I do not deem it proper or necessary to go into details — suffice it to say, that I succeeded perfectly, although there were complications which might have resulted seriously. Mr. C—— went to seven doctors' offices before he found one. When at last he came, bringing a young doctor. The nurse was dressing the baby. My daughter was resting quietly and I sat in a corner of the room, feeling a dazed sensation and wondering if I were going to faint. In a few minutes I recovered myself, and

walked to my daughter's bedside, where the young M. D. was making an examination to see if all was right. When he turned around, Mr. C—— introduced us (I think his name was White). I was surprised to find that the gentleman had a very familiar look, and I said, "Why, doctor, we have met before, but I do not recall where." He smiled and asked, "Do you reside in New York?" "No, I live in St. Louis; have you ever been there?" "Yes, about two months ago, I passed through St. Louis." "And I," I said, "have been in New York for over three months, and yet I know I have met you before, but I do not recall where." At this moment, my daughter plucked at my dress, and whispered, "Look at the doctor's cravat." In a moment I knew he was the man whom I saw in my dream, and then realized that all the occurrences of the past six hours were a complete fulfilment of the dream, which only needed Dr. R——'s visit to finish it. The doctor's dress was exactly as I had seen it in the dream. Dr. R—— came in about two hours. He had been called to Brooklyn, and the ice was running so heavily that the boat was delayed. He was very much surprised to learn that I had acted as accoucheur, and still more so as some complications in the case called for the services of an experienced person. When he came the next day he questioned me closely, and I felt that he doubted my statement. I had had no previous experience, and at my daughter's request, I told him of my dream, and that what I considered one of the strangest features of the matter was that, on my honor, the dream had not once occurred to me from the beginning of my daughter's labor, until she called my attention to the doctor's cravat.

Doctor R—— desired me to write an account of the whole matter, and I promised to do so, but delayed it, and never did it. I have endeavored to have my statement of the matter corroborated, but find that Dr. R—— is dead. Miss E—— is also dead. My son-in-law, for reasons which he deems sufficient, does not wish his or my daughter's name used. Mr. and Mrs. B—— I know but slightly, and do not like to make the request of them, which they might not like to refuse, and then they may have forgotten the matter.

I am much too earnest a seeker for a solution of the question at the beginning of my statement to allow myself to exaggerate or mistake. I have condensed as much as possible my statement. The full particulars would be too lengthy. If my information was not from some foreseeing intelligence, where did it come from?

On further inquiry, I ascertained from Mrs. W—— that Mr. C—— has forgotten the circumstances, but Mrs. C——

writes: "I have read my mother's written statement of the dream which she had, previous to the birth of my little boy, and, in so far as I remember, it is quite correct."

The nurse also has made the following statement:—

I went from St. Louis to New York in 1881, as nurse maid to Mrs. C——'s little girl. I lived with Mrs. C—— when the little boy was born. I was a little over fourteen years old when the baby was born. I do not think I was told of Mrs. W——'s dream, but after the baby was born, I was told to bring the little girl into the room. A strange doctor was just leaving. Mrs. C—— said to Mr. C——, "Did you notice the doctor's necktie?" Mr. C—— said "No." Then Mrs. C—— said, "Why, I know him by mamma's description as the doctor she saw in her dream." I heard a good deal of talk about the dream, but I was so young I did not pay enough attention to what was said to remember much about it.

I am not discussing these experiences just now from a teleological point of view, but some of my readers may be disposed to think that Mrs. W—— was vouchsafed a vision from a "higher source" in order to increase her hope and confidence in the emergency before her. If so, it would seem curious that the vision should have so singularly failed of its purpose, since Mrs. W—— never thought of it at the time until the crisis was over.

The next case comes from Mrs. G. H. Hare, who has had many psychical experiences, and who, fortunately, has been in the habit of recording her impressions in a diary. The following is an extract from my account of a personal interview with her last year:—

She said that she was living in 1866 at Brentwood, L. I. Her mother was living at Stone Mills, N. Y. She was sitting in the window wondering whether she would ever see her mother again, and she heard a voice, which she did not recognize as that of any person known to her, but which she had heard previously at various times, giving her warnings, etc. The voice said, "Your mother will live seven years, and Mr. Pearsall will never again be a citizen of this place, and you yourself will live twenty-nine years." In explanation Mrs. Hare added: "I was nursing a child at the time, but I went immediately and noted the statement.

"Mr. Pearsall owned a good deal of property in the village of Brentwood, and was in Europe at the time. He returned to America soon afterwards, but stopped in New York while a resi-

dence was in the course of erection for him at Brentwood. He took cold in New York and died there.

"In 1873 mother came to L. I. to visit me. She died, after being ill some time, on August 30 of that year. When she became ill I remembered the fact of the prophesy, but did not remember the exact dates, and I did not get time to look it up in my diaries until after her death. I then found that the prophecy was given to me on September 1, 1866."

I afterwards received the copy of a cutting from the *Southside Observer*, published at Rockville Centre, Long Island, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1873, which reads as follows:—

"Born into spirit life Aug. 30, at the residence of Mr. M. H. Hare, Rockville Centre, Mrs. R. P. Howard, of Plessis, Jefferson Co., N. Y. Aged seventy-six years, nine months, one day," and the following copies from Mrs. Hare's diary:—

Brentwood, Long Island, N. Y.

Sept. 1, 1866. A voice which talks to my inner senses said my mother would live seven years, I twenty-nine, and that Mr. Pearsall would never again return to this place as a resident.

Rockville Centre, L. I., N. Y.

Aug. 22, 1873. My mother was taken quite sick.

Aug. 29. She was much better to-day to appearance.

Aug. 30. Grew worse toward morning, and died fifteen minutes before six p. m., without a struggle or a groan, closing her eyes and mouth, and assuming a smile as she drew her last breath.

Mr. F. A. Nims, a member of our society, and a lawyer of Muskegon, Mich., where Mrs. Hare was living at the time of my interview, wrote to me in July, 1890: "I have verified the extracts from Mrs. Hare's journals by my own inspection of the original entries. They are authentic in every respect." It will be observed that the time for the fulfilment of the third part of the prophecy, that concerning the death of Mrs. H—— herself, has not yet come, nor would its fulfilment be by any means so remarkable as that of the earlier portion of the prophecy, owing to the tendency of a prophecy concerning one's own death to bring about its own fulfilment. Should the death, however, occur by accident, this part of the prophecy would be more remarkable. Not less striking as a prevision was the following experience, accounts of which I obtained from Mr. G. B. F., and Mrs. Hare, though the evidence is not documentary. I took down the following statement from Mr. G. B. F.,

and it was revised by him on July 24, 1890, and affirmed to be "substantially correct."

My father, Mr. B. F.—, became mediumistic under the direction of Andrew Jackson Davis. Later on in his life he was very uncertain in his actions, and caused a great deal of trouble to his family. He once prosecuted me for \$1,000, about the year 1878. I consulted a clairvoyant about the matter in July, and asked her, "What will be the end of this?" Her name was Mrs. G. H. Hare. She had a vision of three men in a light bob sleigh; it was at night-time, the snow was on the ground, a coffin was in the sleigh. They drove past my brother-in-law's house, which was brightly lighted with lamps in the windows.

On the following January I received a card from my sister, stating that my father had been seized with smallpox, and on the morning afterwards I received the news of his death. Owing to some regulations by the Board of Health no persons were allowed to attend the funeral except special officers, who had had the disease. The snow was on the ground at the time, and the funeral took place exactly as Mrs. Hare had described. Lamps were placed in the windows of my brother-in-law's house, to take the place, as it were, of their being present at the burial.

Mr. G. B. F. stated also that the death of his father did, in fact, put an end to the trouble which the action in question was causing. Mrs. Hare gave me a similar account of her vision, and said that she was living at the time in Blaine, Mich., but seemed to be transferred mentally to Frankfort, Mich., where the burial took place.

Now there is no doubt but that Mrs. W— and Mrs. Hare are disposed to regard their premonitory experiences as emanating from an intelligence higher than their own, and entirely independent of it. I assuredly do not deny this, but wish to point out that at least one other hypothesis is not altogether excluded. In the now well-known case of the triple personality, Léonie, Leontine, and Leonore, to which I referred in a previous article, the super-conscious self Leonore manifested herself to Leontine as a *voice*, which to Leontine appeared entirely independent, which she heard as from without, and which gave her wise counsel. Why then might not the voice which gave the warnings to Mrs. Hare be the manifestation of her super-conscious self? There are other cases also which directly suggest some such hypothesis. Take, for example, the experience of Mrs. Alger (*Proceedings, S. P. R.*, Part XIII., p. 294),

who describes herself as seeing and feeling the "apparition" of her husband's mother, who, so far as Mr. and Mrs. Alger knew, was in good health. In the evening of the same day she heard a voice say, "Come both of you on the 22d," and four days after, on March 22d, Mr. Alger's mother died. We are thus driven again to the necessity of further ascertaining what more subtle powers may belong to "spirits while yet embodied." But in other cases the "foreseeing intelligence" not only seems to the witness to be different from his own, it distinctly purports to be that of another person once but no longer living in the flesh. Thus at a private "circle" at the house of Dr. S. T. Suddick, Cuba, Mo., on August 29, 1890, the announcement purported to come (by "table tippings") from a "departed spirit" that Chris Varis, of St. James, Mo., would die in forty days, i. e., on October 8. This prediction was much spoken about in Cuba during the forty days following the sitting, and I have many signatures in attestation of the fact. Mr. Varis had been sick seven or eight months, and "for the last three," according to the account of his physician, Doctor Headlee, "was expected to die at any time." Mr. Varis did actually die on October 8, although a week previous Doctor Headlee thought "the chances all were that he would not last twenty-four hours."

Even if we suppose then that premonitions occur, and are a token of some higher faculty than the normal conscious human being possesses, there yet remain intricate inquiries to be answered before we can determine in each case the bare origin of the experience, not to speak of knowing the conditions of some "transcendent" world where premonitory perceptions are possible. Perhaps, after all, the most mysterious of premonitions may turn out, as we proceed, to be explicable by a little more knowledge, only a slightly more advanced phase of existence than the ordinary conscious mortal now enjoys. But I shall not attempt to prophesy, and to say whether along the lines of hypnotic experiment, or by researches into so-called "spiritualistic" phenomena, we are likely to find our highest illumination. Concerning some striking experiences which have recently come to hand in this last mentioned branch of our investigation I hoped to have said a few words here. But my space is more than exhausted, and these must be reserved for a future article.

LOUISIANA AND THE LEVEES.

BY LIONEL A. SHELDON.

THE levee question is of paramount interest to the States of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi. Having served in Louisiana and along the Mississippi River in the Union Army during the late war, and resided in the city of New Orleans continuously fourteen years commencing at the close of the war, six of which I had the honor to represent the second district of that State in Congress, I had opportunities to acquire knowledge of conditions there. Later, for two years, in connection with a co-receiver I operated the Texas and Pacific Railway which runs through a section of that State exposed to overflow from the Mississippi and Atchafalaya Rivers for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. These experiences enable me to speak more fully of that State than of the others.

The country has a general knowledge of the character of the lower Mississippi Valley, and of the destruction that follows when the waters are not restrained and kept within the channels of the rivers and bayous. How to prevent overflow has been under investigation since the earliest occupation of that section by civilized people. It is under consideration now, and the problems are engineering and financial. The method of accomplishing the desired result is not now so much the vexed question as formerly, but the financial feature is the troublesome one.

The simplest and most feasible plan for preventing inundation, and one which most readily suggests itself to the mind, is the construction of embankments or levees. This plan was adopted by the first settlers, and has ever since prevailed. The French and Spanish governments accepted it as the best, for they made concessions of lands with narrow frontages on the rivers and bayous that the cost of building and maintaining levees might be widely distributed, and therefore not so heavy that individuals could not bear it. The laws of Louisiana recognized this policy till the close of

the War of the Rebellion. They required the front proprietors to build and maintain levees, at their own expense, and in case of failure the parochial authorities were empowered and required to do the work, and the cost was made a first lien or privilege under which the lands could be sold to reimburse the authorities. During high-water, levees must be watched and materials kept constantly at hand to strengthen weak places and stop any break that occurs. As there were large numbers of slaves on the plantations, an adequate force could at all times be concentrated at any threatened point. Consequently, levees were kept in good condition as a rule, and crevasses were not of frequent occurrence. The planters were generally in affluent circumstances, and expenditures ordinarily required did not distress them.

The situation was radically changed by the war. During four years the levees deteriorated through inevitable neglect, and in many cases they were cut and otherwise injured by the contending armies as matters of convenience, or as measures of war. When hostilities ceased the reparation required was equal at least to what would have been necessary from twenty years of ordinary impairment. The country had been devastated more or less, cultivation had been greatly restricted, general impoverishment prevailed, and labor was disorganized and demoralized. The old policy could not be maintained, and it became necessary that the responsibility and expense of rebuilding and maintaining the levees should be taken upon the shoulders of the State. Its resources were limited, as the people were in no condition to pay heavy taxes. The State authorities were not derelict but proceeded with as much vigor as could have been expected under the circumstances. The work was appalling and the sum required to make it complete was enormous. They could do little more than to repair breaks and deteriorations here and there. To protect all the lands exposed to inundation required the adoption and execution of a comprehensive plan, but the money was wanting.

From 1865 to 1890 Arkansas expended \$340,000 on her levees. Mississippi expended a little more than \$6,000,000, and Louisiana expended \$15,000,000, or an average of \$600,000 annually. Besides this, municipal governments, railroad corporations, and individuals expended largely of their private funds. There are no available statistics show-

ing the amounts of these expenditures, but it cannot be far out of the way to say that in Louisiana \$1,000,000 annually have been spent on the levees from all sources during the last twenty-five years. If all this money had been available at once it is probable that the lands exposed to inundation would have been reasonably protected. It is not heavy taxation alone that has kept the people of the State poor. The very conditions had an emasculating effect upon their energies. Deterioration of the levees goes on constantly, and the people have not felt safe in the occupation and cultivation of their lands, and hundreds of thousands of acres have been abandoned by their owners. Had it been otherwise, the productions of the State would have been immensely increased.

The debt of the State is \$12,000,000. That of New Orleans is \$19,000,000, and that city pays about two fifths of the State taxes. The schools are in a poor condition and totally inadequate to the public wants. The State is practically without public charitable institutions. This is not in accordance with the wishes of the people for they are as earnestly in favor of schools and charities as those of any part of the nation. If the money expended on the levees during the last twenty-five years could have been put to other uses it would have assured flourishing schools, adequate charitable institutions, and have gone far towards paying the debts of the State and city of New Orleans.

The situation has been aggravated during the last ten years by extreme high water. It has been phenomenal and of yearly occurrence. If the levees had been in as good condition as before the war, disasters would not have been prevented, but they would have been far less serious. The extreme elevation of the flood surface has not resulted from unusual rainfall, but from deforesting and increased drainage in the vast regions whose surplus waters are discharged into the sea through the Mississippi River. It is maintained by some that there will not be further elevation of the flood surface in future as it is supposed that deforesting and drainage have been carried to the utmost limit, but none pretend that it will be lowered if rainfall remains the same. Protective works must, therefore, be adapted to this new condition.

The ablest engineers of the nation for a third of a century

have made a study of methods for protecting that country against inundations and also for the improvement of the navigation of that "inland sea." Construction of reservoirs to receive and hold back the water in flood times has been fully considered and uniformly pronounced of little value at best, and impracticable from the enormous sums of money that would be required. The plan of creating additional outlets has been investigated and the opinion is well-nigh universal, that if executed, little benefit would result, and many experienced engineers think it would be positively hurtful as it would lessen the velocity of the current, and consequently its eroding power, and would disable the river from discharging into the sea as great a volume of water. The views of the engineers who have been in charge of the improvements under the auspices of the Mississippi River Commission substantially agree that, to improve navigation and protect against overflow it is necessary to do three things: (1) to secure substantial uniformity in width of channel by means of spurs or dikes at points where it is too wide; (2) to revet the banks where caving is liable to occur, and (3) to build levees of a height and strength sufficient to confine the water to the channel. Appropriations have been made by Congress for the expressed purpose of improving navigation and they have been expended mainly in building spurs and dikes, and in bank revetments; three million dollars, however, have been used in the three States in repairing levees under pressing circumstances, and a forced construction of the law.

The magnitude of the work is apparent from the estimates of the engineers who have made it a practical study for the last ten years. The cost of narrowing the channel in the manner before stated, and of reveting the banks from Cairo to the Gulf, is put at \$75,000,000. This does not include levee repairing or building. Some of the engineers are of the opinion if levees are made a part of the plan the cost of the other works will be reduced ten million dollars. They all concur that levees are absolutely required to prevent inundation, and most of them hold that they are essential in improving navigation, on the ground that crevasses lessen the velocity of the current which causes the precipitation of sediment and consequently the formation of bars. There have been no estimates which include the cost of building

levees on the Mississippi and its tributaries. One of the engineers in the service of the Mississippi River Commission has expressed the opinion that ten million dollars will repair the levees on the main river as far down as Red River, but it does not include new levees or raising the old ones. It is now the accepted plan that a complete system must embrace the three classes of work already described.

How much all this would cost if it were extended to tributaries has not been estimated so far as I am informed. That the sum would be very large is quite apparent. The people of the States of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi are most deeply interested, and unless the general government takes hold of the matter they must bear the burden, and that burden will fall most heavily upon those of Louisiana, because more work is required in that State than in either of the others and perhaps than in both. In that State levees are required for a distance of nearly a thousand miles on the Mississippi alone, and are needed on the Atchafalaya, the Black, the Ouchita, and Red Rivers, and on La Fourche and other bayous. The distance to be leveed on these outlets and tributaries has never been stated to my knowledge nor has the expense been estimated.

The vast and ramified interest to be promoted, and the onerous taxation which so great a work imposes upon the three States named have suggested an appeal to Congress to undertake it as a national work. The case has been forcibly presented. There are upwards of 23,000,000 acres of land exposed to overflow, from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf, after deducting all that cannot be reclaimed to cultivation on account of lying in river beds and in swamps that cannot be drained. The productive power of these lands is not excelled in any part of the world, and by proper cultivation they will annually add many hundred million dollars to the national wealth and afford profitable employment to several hundred thousand people. Railroads traverse these lands in all directions, and are important links in great systems which extend to every part of the nation. Unless these lands are protected against overflow a barrier will exist for a distance of twelve hundred miles between the people on both sides of that great valley during several months of the year prohibiting intercourse and traffic. It would seem that protection to a section so vast in area, in productiveness,

in capacity to support a large population, and to make contributions to domestic and foreign commerce, ought to be regarded as a work of the highest national character, and that it is within the power of Congress to make the necessary appropriations on the ground of promoting the general welfare.

Though the facts and arguments are strong in support of the proposition to make it a national work, still there are formidable obstacles to overcome. The constitutional power is denied in many quarters, and the measure, on economic grounds, will be strenuously combated. No appropriation was made for the improvement of rivers and harbors until thirty-five years after the organization of the government under the Constitution. The power to appropriate money for such purposes was generally doubted and absolutely denied by many. In 1824, President Monroe argued the question in an elaborate special message to Congress, and attempted to demonstrate that the power is conferred in the provision which authorizes the raising of revenue "to pay the debts, provide for the common defence, and promote the general welfare," and that the last clause gave authority to undertake works of such kind which are of a national character. This position has been accepted as a constitutional principle, but wide differences have often appeared, and still exist, on the question of national character. There have been frequent veerings from restrictive to latitudinous views and *vice versa*, but on the whole there has been a gain to the side of liberality, and especially during the last quarter of a century. Public sentiment has become less local and sectional, and the idea more prevalent that a benefit bestowed upon a small part of the country is, indirectly at least, a benefit to the whole. The lands exposed to inundation are in private ownership in the main, and to build levees appears to be for their especial benefit, and this diverts the popular mind from a consideration of the general interests to be promoted. The proposition has already been assailed by newspapers of potential influence on the ground that benefits will result to the owners of these lands, and that it is a local measure merely. The subject has been pressed upon Congress for more than twenty years, and the legislation hearing upon it has gone only so far as to create a commission with power to expend appropriations to improve navigation. Such works as narrowing the channel and revetting the banks are treated as within

the rule of improving navigation, but building levees has not been so regarded, and it may not be for the reason that it also adds particular value to the lands of individuals, though levees are claimed, and seem to be essential in improving navigation as well as preventing inundation.

Limited appropriations will probably be made in future as in the past to be expended ostensibly in aid of navigation, but circumstances are unfavorable to the adoption of broader views. The public debt is yet considerable, expenditures for pensions are enormous, and they will not be materially reduced for many years. The government, backed by public sentiment, has entered upon the construction of a navy, such as will be able to cope with the most formidable navies of the world, and money is demanded for coast defences and public buildings in every part of the country. The demands upon the treasury are unprecedented in time of peace, and interested parties will combine to resist expenditures that will interfere with their projects. It will be difficult to secure the indorsement of the proposition to build the levees by any great political party, and if this were done its opponents would assail it before the country for extravagance. The measure is meritorious, and though involving an immense expense, in time the government may be induced to undertake the work.

The natural increase of our population is sufficient each year to create a State numerically larger than the average of those which now exist. The country is rapidly filling up, and want of room is already beginning to be felt. The gravest question which now confronts us is, how shall we give employment to our people? There is comparatively little cultivable land unoccupied, and that which is now practically valueless on account of having too much or not enough water must, at no distant day, be put into condition for settlement and cultivation. This cannot be done on an extensive scale through private enterprise without danger of creating overshadowing monopolies, and it cannot be done by the States without the imposition of crushing taxation upon the people. There is but one power able to build levees and supply water to the arid regions without imposing grievous burdens upon the people, and that power is the general government.

THE HILL BANKING SYSTEM.

BY G. W. WEIPPIERT.

AMONG the various plans suggested for the reformation and simplification of our national banking system, none appears to me more feasible than that originated by Mr. Thomas E. Hill, a Chicago capitalist and author, who has devoted many years of his life, and a liberal share of his income, to the advancement of mankind. The plan, instead of being chimerical, is based on conditions. It has been carefully investigated by many of the leaders of the Farmers' Alliance and kindred organizations, and has been accepted with considerable enthusiasm by the more conservative representatives of these societies. The western agricultural press has considered it favorably. Labor organizations have expressed themselves satisfied with it, and the mass of the people in the Western States are beginning to be interested in the subject. The Hill System is less complex than the postal banking system advocated by Mr. Sylvester Baxter in the September issue of *THE ARENA*. Its introduction would not revolutionize existing conditions, but it would gradually reduce the rate of interest, and make a scarcity of money impossible.

Believing that every intelligent man takes an interest in the finances of the country, and is interested in any plan whose object is the correction of existing abuses, I shall endeavor to give an outline of the Hill system.

The first plank demands absolute ownership and control of all banks by the government, and consequent prevention of bank failures. The money with which to do banking is to be obtained from the people. To induce people to bring into circulation the hundreds of millions now hoarded in safety deposit vaults and other hiding places, three per cent. interest is to be paid on long time deposits.

Three thousand bank depositories are to be established throughout the United States, from which money is to be loaned at four per cent.

Every post-office is to be made a receiving bank where money can be deposited, thus giving over sixty-five thousand banks of deposit.

The \$1,500,000,000 in sight, and the hundreds of millions, now hidden, which will come into the banks, will increase the government's banking capital to \$2,000,000,000.

Appropriating \$20,000 per year for the management of each bank will make the cost for the distribution of money \$60,-000,000. Allowing three per cent. interest on \$2,000,000,-000 will be \$60,000,000, hence the total annual expense to the government for the distribution of its funds and interest will be but \$120,000,000.

As all money loaned comes immediately back to the absolutely safe bank, it can be loaned over and over. If loaned up to \$5,000,000,000 at four per cent. the annual income will be \$200,000,000, a profit to the government of \$80,-000,000 per year. If loaned over four times, up to \$8,000,-000,000, charging only two per cent. interest to borrowers, the annual profit to the government would be \$40,000,000.

The Hill Banking System makes the people the owners of all banks, uses the people's money for banking, distributes interest among the common people, makes the hoarding of gold or silver useless, prevents bank panics, keeps every dollar in constant circulation, and renders unjust discrimination, whereby the poor in large cities, and settlers in the new States, though giving ample security, are compelled to pay exorbitant interest, impossible.

The bank officials, being employed by the government, and well paid, would be under strict control, and their books would be subjected to rigid inspection. Paid attorneys who now attend every session of the various State legislatures to keep up the rates of interest for the benefit of bankers and money-lenders would no longer offend the people.

As bankers make their profit by loaning money over and over, so the profit to the government by loaning at four per cent., when loaned to ten persons, would be forty per cent. Should but one per cent. be charged it would be ten per cent. interest to the government when borrowed by ten persons.

Not only would this system induce the great common people to save and deposit in the bank for the sake of getting interest, but their money being in the bank it would not be

so liable to be wasted in trivial expenditures; would not be lost, burned, or stolen. Check books so arranged that all debts could be paid by checks, even when away from home, might be issued, thus avoiding all danger from loss and robbery.

A low rate of interest will allow the western farmers to free themselves from debt while they save their homes; and the extra interest now going into the hands of money loaners will be expended by them in the building of new houses, barns, and the furnishing of their homes, thus starting many enterprises, which now lie dormant, into activity.

The proposed mutual savings banks, postal savings, and sub-treasury banks for farmers, are steps along the way. The Hill System includes all these, goes beyond them, and is, in fact, a great mutual savings bank for all, shutting off, as it does, private speculation and rascally manipulation of the people's money; stops bank failures, money panics, and depressed conditions whereby the rich get the opportunity to charge large interest, and buy property at a quarter of its value, becoming enormously rich themselves while they impoverish the people.

How, some will ask, can the government pay three per cent., and loan at three per cent.? The system here outlined proposes to pay interest to long-time depositors only. To business men and all those who have open accounts, no interest is paid. Thus, when one person deposits money not to be removed for a long time, more than one hundred times this amount will be deposited by business men who frequently borrow, paying interest on their loans while they receive no interest on their deposits. The system starts on a sound, conservative basis, borrows at three per cent., loans at four per cent., divides the profits with the people, and through a system of active accounts and many loans, will reduce the rates to an almost incredibly low per cent.

One of the chief advantages of the Hill plan is that it fits immediately into the present methods of doing business, creating no great change in existing financial arrangements, except a general lowering of interest, and a vastly wider distribution of money which will start many enterprises into activity, enabling money loaners to employ their means to as good advantage for themselves as the lending of money. The services of the bankers of to-day will be required in the

government banks, the miner will continue to delve for gold and silver, and coinage will go forward as now, making gold and silver money for the purposes of foreign exchange.

The fundamental ideas of the Hill Banking System, every reader will have divined by this time, are that labor of the head and hands produces all wealth; that, while the organizer, manager, and employer should be well paid for their services, the manual toiler should be protected from losing the wealth he has produced through the manipulation of individuals who handle the money of the country; that the money belongs to the people in proportion to their capacity for earning it, that the banks should be controlled by the people, in the interest of the people, and not by favored individuals, in competition with, and in opposition to, the people's interests; that the banks should not be manipulated by persons who are dishonest or those whose interest it is to have the rates of interest high that they may accumulate fortunes for themselves.

According to census returns, there are \$62,000,000,000 of wealth in the United States, which should have a corresponding amount of money, which is simply a representative of wealth. As our population numbers but little more than 62,000,000, there should stand to the credit of the wealth of this country \$62,000,000,000, which is \$1,000 per capita. The government could safely loan one dollar on every two dollars of actual wealth. Consequently there would be in the government banks the equivalent of \$31,000,000,000, giving a circulation of \$500 per capita, because under the Hill System nearly all the money of the country would be in the banks and, if necessary, could be loaned and reloaned up to that amount, giving us twenty times more money than we have now without making any fiat money or causing an inflation of values.

As might have been expected, the radical wing of the farmers' party has attacked Mr. Hill's proposition. Nothing short of unlimited coinage and sub-treasury schemes finds favor in their sight. The partisan press — both republican and democratic — has simply ignored the movement. But the thinking men of the farmers' and workingmen's movements have expressed themselves strongly in favor of the plan. Objections have been made against the clause suggesting a specified interest.

Mr. Hill, however, believes in uniting to the support of his banking system thoughtful men and women of every political belief, and defends his interest plank in the following words: —

" 'Low interest' means a revolution in finance and every person having a dollar to loan would array himself in opposition to governmental banking, while the borrowing class would regard 'low interest' as being so indefinite as to make the system unworthy of support. Then, again, the insurance organizations of the country, which depend largely upon interest in the payment of their obligations, would regard 'low interest' as the bankrupting of their companies, and the forfeiting of all their policies. They would so announce and would frighten all their hundreds of thousands of patrons into opposing government banking on that account. The banking concerns of the country would laugh a wild cat 'low interest' scheme to scorn, and the metropolitan partisan press would ridicule it as a weak plan to get money for nothing, the whole plan being so indefinite and uncertain as to be worthy only the consideration of impracticable dreamers who never have accomplished anything and never will."

The Hill Banking System, as outlined in this article, is so clearly defined that no plutocratic enemy of the people's welfare can misrepresent its meaning. Though apparently simple, it is the result of a very careful review and study of private banking for profit by a gentleman who has been extraordinarily successful in business, and is based upon history from the time when Christ drove the money changers from the temple in Jerusalem. The system adapts itself to human nature as it exists and fits.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF LAW.

BY HENRY WOOD.

"Of Law, there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

— RICHARD HOOKER, 1553-1600.

WHAT is the most important discovery of modern times? Some would answer, the art of printing, which in its present marvellous stage of progress scatters its winged pages "as thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks of Vallombrosa." Others would mention the wonderful utilization of steam, by the power of which the material forces of the world are a thousand times multiplied for the convenience and comfort of mankind. Still others would point to the unnumbered applications of electricity, the successive discoveries of which burst upon us almost as rapidly as its native flashes repeat themselves through the murky darkness of a summer evening thunder-storm. No; it is none of these. Of vaster moment than all these great achievements is the growing recognition of the fact that Law is universal.

What is Law? One eminent writer defines it as "an ascertained working sequence or constant order among the phenomena of Nature." Another calls it "the universal reign of a fixed order of things." Webster describes it as "any force, tendency, propension, or instinct, natural or acquired." Such definitions, though technically correct, are freighted with a cold, mechanical import which almost seems tinged with fatalism.

The theologian discourses upon Natural Law as a code of material legislation, infinite in detail, which once for all was put in force by the Deity, and then left to assert itself and punish its transgressors. Atheists and materialists, while admitting its orderly regularity within the physical domain, conceive it to be but the blind operation of inherent forces and tendencies.

Law is the uniform and orderly methods of the Immanent

God. Natural Law, which pervades the material, mental, and spiritual kingdoms, is God in manifestation. But a short time ago, and the most intelligent observers limited the province of law to the more apparent operations of external nature. It was the prevailing opinion that the movement of the earth and other planets through space, the ebb and flow of tides, the growth of trees and plants, and the obvious multiform operations of gravitation and cohesion, mainly or wholly composed the realm of unvariable tendencies and courses of phenomena. Scientists regarded everything immaterial as beyond the pale of law; theologians looked upon the spiritual domain as above law—or supernatural—and the world in general believed in special providences and in every-day suspensions and variations in trains of orderly sequence. The most intelligent and reverent thought of the present day concedes the omnipotence and omnipresence of Law. If it be but another name for God in orderly manifestation, any lesser concept would dishonor and limit Him by the implication that He was self-contradictory and lawless.

“That very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.”

There is no space, place, nor condition where there is exemption from Law's imperial dominion. The crystal dew-drop, the gentle zephyr, the shimmering wavelet, the fleecy cloud, and the resplendent sunset, all are just as they are by the mandate of Law. The graceful proportion and peculiar shade of every leaf, flower, plant, and tree are specified by Law. The rain, the cyclone, the earthquake, heat and cold, all scrupulously observe the Law. The fashion of the bird's wing and the insect's foot is regulated by Law. Plagues, pestilences, and famines come by Law. Orders of animals, birds, fishes, and reptiles appear upon the face of the earth, run their course, and disappear in accordance with the behests of Law.

But higher than these, man thinks, wills, imagines, and develops, mentally and spiritually, by Law. Institutions, governments, civilizations, and religions, all owe their histories, peculiar development, and success or failure to their relation to Law. Pain, joy, blessing, and all other kinds of

consciousness are ordained by Law. Even signs, wonders, and miracles are within its all-embracing boundaries, though the keen search of science may yet have failed to discover their footsteps.

Is, then, this all-comprehensive Law mechanical, merciless, tyrannical? Are we the helpless victims of a universal system, every detail of which is unavoidable and inevitable? No; not victims, but victors. While the discovery of the universality of Law is the greatest human accomplishment of the nineteenth century, there is a kindred truth which even its closing decade has not brought into general recognition. It is the universal beneficence of Law. Law is infinitely intelligent, perfect, and beneficent. It requires more than a superficial glance at the subject to reach such a conclusion. It is a legal part of Law that friction, pain, and penalty shall result from its violation. Penalty is the shock that we feel when we come in collision with it. Speaking exactly, Law itself cannot be broken. If we transgress it, the Law remains intact, but we are broken. It is best that it should be so. If Law could in any degree be bent to conform to our variable wishes or standards, the moral and physical universe would become chaos. Penalty is not calamitous and from without, but rather inherent, subjective, corrective, and, therefore, good.

Even human statutory penalties for the violation of imperfect legislative codes are only intended to be corrective and preventive, both for the criminal and society. The vindictive element which formerly manifested itself in punitive stripes and tortures — in the spirit of an eye for an eye — has largely passed away, except, perhaps, a lingering remnant in that form known as capital punishment.

Pain, whether physical, mental, or moral, is penalty, and comes from the bruises which we receive from avoidable collision with Law, but the Law itself sustains not the least fracture. It continues its smooth, harmonious course without deflection or interruption.

Pain appears like an armed and vindictive enemy, but it is really a friend in disguise. If we look beneath its mask and recognize and accept it, it takes us by the hand and gently leads us back from the thorny thicket through which we are plunging at the behest of passion, ignorance, or weakness, into the smooth path which Law has made perfect for

our resistless progress. Law is our judge, and pain the judgment. The cure for suffering is the recognition of its friendly mission, which makes it judgment accepted and confessed. When its beneficence is understood, and its errand interpreted, it becomes transformed into an angel of mercy. Paul's "thorn in the flesh" at length became a positive element of strength. If we struggle against penalty, and insist that it has been missent, or that it descends upon us from any outside source, it grows in intensity. Judgment denied enforces its stern demands. If passion, animalism, and selfishness were not warned off and held in check by prospective penalty, how soon the otherwise beautiful human economy would become a wreck.

A correspondence of more profound depth and intensity is found in man's higher nature. The severe judgments of sin, materialism, and moral debasement are pain and remorse, mental and physical. These monitors rise up and eloquently appeal to men to turn about and come into harmony with Law. Judgment unheeded and defied at length becomes hell. While the old theological monstrosity of a God-made hell is a myth, we actually go to work and kindle hells of our own. When man's nature becomes disordered and perverted, the Law kindly incites a hellish condition to goad him, so that he may turn, and not forever drift away from the harmony of God and Law, and thus destroy himself. Hell is a necessity. Its punative flames are fanned by heavenly love and beneficent law, and not by the anger of a wrathful deity. The "consuming fire" purifies. If sin did not inevitably carry penalty on its back, men would keep on sinning forever. The greater the distance that the prodigal sons of God get away from Him in consciousness, the more intense the self-inflicted penalty which will finally turn their faces back towards the Father's house.

If Law be but a synonym for God in outward expression, it is obvious that its economy is altogether wholesome. The perfection of Law shows an infinite breadth of both wisdom and love. Said Marcus Aurelius:—

"All that is harmony for thee, O universe, is in harmony with me as well. Nothing that comes at the right time for thee is too early or too late for me. Everything is fruit to me that thy seasons bring, O nature. All things come of thee, have their being in thee, and return to thee."

It is only when our selfishness and ignorance foolishly antagonize the Law that to our distorted vision it seems baneful. Through dark and superstitious periods in the past, beneficent Law seemed so unfriendly that men erected it into a great evil Personality, and cringed in terror before it.

We may make Law our infinitely powerful ally. The man who utilizes steam or electricity in accordance with their own laws multiplies his physical accomplishment a thousand-fold. On the contrary, if he disregard their orderly methods and strive to impose his own notional theories upon them, he will receive the judgment of penalty. As we render ourselves plastic to the healthful persuasions of Natural Law, and parallel her lines instead of crossing them, we enlist the potentiality of the universe in our service. Disregarding her, we "kick against the pricks," but through her cordial co-operation we may accomplish "all things." "Hitch your wagon to a star!" God's wise moral economy provides that His human children, made in His own image, should utilize his methods; and an intelligent recognition of this great boon makes man princely in power and Godlike in character. No longer being a slave to Law, he can — through her instrumentality — not only be free himself, but also command divine prerogatives and privileges.

But it will be objected, and with great plausibility, that there are natural laws which are hostile to man, and utterly beyond his control, as, for instance, those that produce earthquakes, tornadoes, and tempests, which often sweep physical humanity out of existence. From a material standpoint, these are evil, but the truth lies deeper. What is their significance, and what their relations to mankind? Convulsions of nature are throes, or growing pains, in the progressive development of the physical universe. The phenomena of cataclysms and deluges are but incidents in the great onward sweep of cosmic evolution.

As to their relations to man, they cannot harm him at any point. True, they may blot out his physical expression, but in reality that is no intrinsic part of him. From the "body" standpoint, material dissolution is the king of evils, but man is not body, and the physical point of view is false. Only by a general degradation is our flesh-consciousness identified with the ego, and it is this mistake, and only

this, which clothes physical calamities with their terror. Reasoning from the basis of the real, evils can only be evils from their subjective moral quality. A stroke of lightning deprives a man of bodily expression. The *man* is intact. His means of material correspondence are removed, but morally he is no worse, and therefore no *evil* has befallen him. The change is in his relations and environment; not in himself, nor in his veritable I am, the consciousness of which forms his real being. That is a false and debased sense of *life* which makes it to consist of physical sensations. Such is animal life, but man is a "living soul." Only when we rise to the standpoint of the Real is our ordinary distorted view of that evolutionary step across an imaginary line called death, clarified and corrected. The term evil is only applicable to a condition of subjective absence of good. None but thorough materialists can deny the validity of these premises and deductions. The beneficence of Law is, therefore, not disproved by any apparent hostility of what are known as the forces of Nature.

Plagues and pestilences result from violations of Law, or rather from the lack of recognition of the power and utility of higher laws with which man can ally himself to overcome and banish such calamities. While Natural Law is never suspended, there are mental and spiritual laws which rule and neutralize the power of those which are below, and man's divine sonship gives him dominion in the subordinate realm. One raises a pebble from the ground. Thus the law of gravitation is overcome by the higher law of the human will, though not for an instant is the earth's attraction lessened or suspended. Tree-life is superior to gravitation, and therefore the sap rises and overcomes it.

Spiritual laws occupy the highest rank in beneficence and potentiality, and, therefore, are primary and supreme among causative forces. The intellectual economy is inferior in rank, being expressive and resultant. The physical realm is a still cruder manifestation of the immaterial forces which have their source and play in unseen productive agencies. We speak of the "laws of matter," but matter has no laws of its own. It merely expresses the quality and shaping of what is back of and superior to itself. It is but a printed page, which has no meaning except as interpreted from beneath the letter.

Man must discern the fact that he is a sharer and an heir of the Divine Nature, and that with such an heritage he may assert his birthright of authority over the economies around and below him. He learns to govern, mould, and give quality to his own nature, and also to grasp and utilize the forces of the spiritual world from whence the innumerable lines of Law radiate and gather their potentiality. This knowledge, of itself, constitutes such a wonderful acquisition that the Christ affirmed that he that is least in the kingdom of heaven — the understanding of spiritual law — is greater than John the Baptist, who represented prophecy and morality. Even the least in the domain of the Real is of far more value than great accomplishment of inferior quality.

Noting the universality and beneficence of Law, and the transcendent importance and potency of Spiritual Law, it may be profitable to trace a few of its innumerable applications, and also to look at its relations with Providence, prayer, and freedom of the will.

Providence is within the limits of Law, and there can be no special providences unless there be special and capricious laws. A providential event may be as beneficent — nay, more so — if it come in an orderly manner, than if it were the outcome of partiality or lawlessness. If it were possible to bend Law to our notional desires instead of conforming ourselves to its infinitely wise shaping, the motive for such a chaotic act must be supreme selfishness. Shall man presume to change the universal order to accommodate the distorted partiality of his baser self? Can he improve upon Infinite Wisdom?

Whenever man's consciousness rises from the selfish animality which darkens the basement of his being, and looks out through the spiritual altitude of his nature, he instinctively feels the kindness of established order, and knows that "all is good." Law is not only supremely powerful, but it is ever waiting to serve us.

In view of the immutability of Law, what is the province of prayer? Is not any petition that would strive to change the divine order superfluous? If God's economy is *already* perfect, is it not an implication upon His wisdom to beg for its revision? The strained use of the prayer of petition for special material favors is standing evidence of the selfish

materialism of humanity. If God be Infinite Love and Wisdom, and knows better what we need than we can know, how can we presume to counsel or enlighten Him? Can we ask even for needed spiritual blessing, expecting a change on His part in response? We misapprehend the nature of prayer. His Spirit is already omnipresent, awaiting our recognition, and how could it be more?

Is there, then, no place for prayer? Yes, for "prayer without ceasing." Prayer is communion, aspiration, oneness of spirit. It is soul-contact with the Parent Mind, the reception of the Immanent God into the every-day consciousness. In its loftiest form it is a living recognition that the Infinite Love has already bestowed every possible gift, so that there is absolutely nothing to ask for. But there is unbounded utility in true prayer on the human side, to bring such a stupendous fact into our consciousness. As by such aspiration we come into oneness with God, we command a thousand-fold more blessing through spiritual law than would be possible if we possessed infinite power to bend the divine will, linked with our fallible wisdom to determine the manner of bestowment.

In proportion as men feel themselves to be "sons of God," they can wield divine forces and legally make them ministries of blessing. Take a case of physical ailment, for the recovery of which there are two possible forms of prayer. One, that God in answer to petition would change on His part so as to send forth a special influx of healing power. Such a response would imply changeableness, improvement, and existing imperfection on the part of God which our importunity would correct. The second, recognition that Unchangeable Good has already done everything necessary, and that it remains for us to come so close to Him as to be able to bring the divine ideal into outward expression, through and in accord with Law. A knowledge that physical wholeness is natural — as the external manifestation of spiritual forces already at our disposal — would powerfully aid in bringing lawful and potential wholeness into actuality. As "sons of God" we may learn to command orderly supernal powers, and through them to make visible such complete demonstrations as shall show answers to prayer from a Deity who is "without variableness or shadow of turning." Every possible prayer for what is truly the best is eternally

answered, and the result is in readiness for us to bring into conscious manifestation. We need not beg good of a Father who is Infinite Love, but we must open our souls and quicken our spiritual vision to the perception of the infinitude of lawful gifts already our own. The grand mission of prayer is to bring us subjectively into harmony with God by the recognition of His presence in the soul. It is not a form of words, though it may be audibly expressed. In its essence it is loving intercourse with the Presence which besets our spirits "behind and before."

By infallible Law one grows into the likeness of his mental delineation of the Deity which he worships, for it forms his highest ideal of perfection. The more complete one's concept of God, the more divinely shaped will be his standards and attainments. To instruct or implore a God who is susceptible to change or improvement reflects its vacillation and imperfection upon the petitioner. The prayer of communion and aspiration unfolds the divine selfhood, and reveals the road to the utilization of Law, and the apprehension of truth, that through them men may acquire dominion which is princely in its richness. Such spiritual wealth is the natural heritage of "sons."

The universal cosmos, visible and invisible, has a rhythm, to discover the harmonious vibrations of which is man's high privilege and prerogative. Paul knew this when he affirmed, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." This was a reference, not merely to the historic Jesus, nor to any special bestowment of power, but to such a perception of God's orderly methods as enabled him to command them. These constitute the essential Christ which Jesus outwardly manifested.

Let us concisely state a few fundamental applications of Law that are of the highest importance and utility, but which humanity is slow to recognize.

Love is the high consummation and fulfilment of all Law. It casts out fear, discord, and imperfection. To minister is Godlike — Christlike. Giving out spiritual and material good fulfils divine order, and, therefore, benefits the giver as well as the recipient. In proportion to one's bestowment upon others his own being is enriched. Giving and receiving are found to be but the different sides of one whole. Ministry is the motive power of spiritual advance-

ment, for the law of love reaches down, rules and overcomes adverse laws which are below itself.

The laws of mental delineation are also of supreme importance in the human economy. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." One unconsciously grows into the likeness of his favorite mental specifications, and finally becomes the expression of his ruling thought. Evil, if brought near, examined, and analyzed, grows more realistic as it is dwelt upon, and this is true even when the sincere purpose is its opposition. As darkness is the mere absence of light, so evil displaced by good fades to its native nothingness. Good is positive because it is Godlike and lawful. The objective vitality of evil is gained from the reflection of subjective consciousness. If we had nothing wrong in ourselves as a correspondence, we could never recognize the same quality in others, and if such a condition were general, the Christly law of non-resistance would have unlimited sway. "Thinketh no evil," is to give it no breathing space. Pessimism is unwholesome because it multiplies bad conditions and galvanizes them into life. One always finds what he looks for. Recognizing only the best in humanity it is thereby subjectively and objectively emphasized and brought into manifestation. The sensational and realistic delineation of criminal details in journalism and fiction multiplies crime and criminals. One who commits a physical assault is speedily arrested and punished by society, but the assaults of dime novels, police gazette literature and illustrations upon youthful and plastic mind are vastly more deadly. The exhibition and depiction of objective depravity arouses and stimulates its subjective correspondence.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Nature is optimistic, and as civilization recedes from natural standards towards artificialness it tends toward chaos and decay. We may reverently affirm that God is perfect and infinite Optimism.

The throes and penalties which appear inherent in the material nature of man are the necessary incidents, experiences, and goads in the great process of spiritual evolution.

Intrinsic growth in the individual and in society is through pain and confusion, these being the effervescence of good and evil; the conflict between the divinity and the animality in dual human nature. The maledictions of the imprecatory psalms of David were directed against the adverse forces of his own lower nature, and not against foes without.

The immutable law of correspondence in physical expression would be of supreme utility to the race if its potency were generally recognized. The human body being but a literal transcript of the mind, physical inharmonies can be rectified through mental and spiritual lawfulness, but as the process is complex and gradual, the correspondence is not superficially apparent.

Those most significant and well-defined laws which govern thought are also but lightly appreciated. Thoughts are powers and even when unexpressed they go forth armed with influences for good or ill upon other minds. The moulding power of thought currents, and their utility or abuse as regulated by Law, are more truly corner-stones in the scientific Temple of Truth than are the orderly methods of gravitation, cohesion, or any other observed phenomena of the physical world. Large thought-space bestowed upon unworthy objects or propensities confer dominion upon them. Even an utter nonentity may thus crowd the whole field of vision, and be galvanized into supreme reality. The sensualist dwells in a sensual atmosphere, and the whole world has a corresponding hue. The whole objective universe takes on the color and quality of the subjective status of the beholder. If there be a barren waste within, the external world will be a veritable Sahara. All visible actions and occurrences are but the inevitable sequences of stored-up aggregations of thought. High thinking, cultivated and encouraged, elevates the consciousness and transforms the thinker. Thoughts being substance, each current delineation that is poured into the great reservoir of unconscious mind adds a tinge of its own color. Every sequence is not a matter of chance, but of Law.

Rich outward environment does not bring harmony and contentment, even though the world believes the reverse, as indicated by the mad race for power, wealth, and position. Material attainment, however marvellous, will never usher in the "Golden Age." The wealth of invention which has

so wonderfully augmented man's physical accomplishment during the past fifty years, has conferred no additional happiness. The greatly broadened scale of material comforts only increases and intensifies his sullen discontent with his lot. Humanitarians who confine their efforts to the amelioration of physical conditions alone, only touch the surface of human misery. If every one were housed in a palace, dissatisfaction, rivalry, and restlessness would still be the rule.

The intellect may be cultivated, and the tastes refined to the utmost, without in the least quickening the moral pulse or lifting man into a higher and more harmonious consciousness. When well-rounded spiritual and moral character becomes the goal of mankind, and the search for harmony is made within rather than without, ideal conditions will become manifest. By invariable Law the spiritual realm of man's nature is serene and perfect, and the ego must climb into its delectable atmosphere in order to inhale the divine ozone.

Everything that lives grows into the likeness of its environment. Man can invoke either the true or false, and surround himself with it as if by magic. By and through Law, he is a creator, and can build subjective worlds and ere long the objective sphere takes on their quality. Materialistic science has fancied that it was exploring the whole realm of logical truth, while in fact it has hardly raised its eyes above the lower and cruder side. A study of the influence of unexpressed thought is as truly scientific as a research in microscopy or electricity, and the logical sequences of different subjective mental states are of far greater practical interest than an inquiry into the principles of chemistry or bacteriology.

A study of health is vastly more profitable than a study of disease, because every mental delineation presses for outward structural expression.

Religion teaches that love is the sum total of the moral code, but science has yet to discover that love is the grand focus where all the infinite lines of Law converge. It is already apparent to the spiritual vision of keen observers that love is the highest Law, but the fact will gradually dawn upon humanity that in the kingdom of the Real, love is the *only* Law. The law of attraction which is omnipres-

ent in the material cosmos may be regarded as an exact correspondence of the universality of love in the pure realm of all-embracing spirit. The colors of the rainbow, when blended, form the pure white light, and so, however complex and heterogeneous law in its thousand aspects may appear, its final translation is love. In its ultimate, Love sees only love outside of itself. It finally becomes incapable of beholding anything besides, because all else is composed of subjective falsity. Only the Real will glorify the field of its delectable vision.

Tennyson beautifully expresses this thought:—

“One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off, divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.”

Love in its lower forms is educational. Personal, paternal, filial, and even conjugal loves, are the training schools of that broader, perfected, impersonal Law of Attraction. The grand climax of the welding of Law and Love will only be reached when it blossoms into universal recognition as the One Force of the Universe. Then will be realized the *scientific exactness* of the declaration that “God is Love.” Such a subjective recognition, whether here or hereafter, is known as Heaven.

“Where good and ill,
And joy and moan,
Melt into one,
There Past, Present, Future, shoot
Triple blossoms from one root;
Substances at base divided
In their summits are united;
There the holy essence rolls,
One, through separated souls.

All lesser and lower conditions lack perfected *lawfulness*, and are but mirror-like reflections of different degrees of unlawful consciousness. All other characteristics ascribed to God are subjective images projected and magnified. The “*consuming fire*” of pure Love may wear a terrible aspect to those who are persistently law-less, and that aspect is called hell. Such distorted vision kindles purifying internal fires until falsity is consumed, and this brings God — the Real — into recognition as “All in all.”

A WORLD-WIDE REPUBLIC.

BY E. P. POWELL.

HUMAN fraternity and universal good-will is no longer a dream of enthusiasts, but a practical and solvable problem. So much has been accomplished since Voltaire, as Wendell Phillips had it, "prated democracy in the salons, while he carefully held on to the flesh-pots of society by crouching low to kings and their mistresses," that we can say republicanism is a proved success, and a long stride ahead of monarchy as a matter of governmental and social evolution. The drift and purpose alike of our age is toward liberty and fraternity. Nationalism no longer satisfies popular sentiment. There is a code of international law that governs three fourths of the globe; I mean all the high seas; so that we may say that it is only on the land that either feudalism or monarchy is tolerated. We have, besides, one continent practically democratic. It will take our Southern neighbors, beginning with unfavorable heredity, many years and more struggles to be able to construct their democratic sentiments into republican law and order; but there is not the least sign of a backward movement. Churches are not content with continental boundaries, but reach across oceans with their Pan-Episcopal, Pan-Methodist, Pan-Presbyterian, Pan-Congregationalist, as well as Pan-Catholic councils. The word of the master was a grand one and universal: "The Field is the World."

The recent session of the Committee of Three Hundred, having in charge the calling of a congress of all enlightened nations, to meet in America in conjunction with the Columbian Exposition, in 1893, was in line with natural evolution, and a notable event. The first meeting was in New York in 1890, and was held in Faunce's Tavern, Washington's Headquarters, a century before; the second was held in Washington, in rooms furnished by the Government. Already at this stage there were engaged in the movement, either by active work or as heartily endorsing the aim in view, such

men in this country as stand foremost in Church and State. Best of all, there was no lack of affiliation on account of party or creed—or no creed. John Boyle O'Reilly, just before his death, said, with the language of a poet as well as a statesman, "The nineteenth century could not close with a nobler work." General Sherman wrote, "The whole world turns to us to find the result of our experiment."

The third meeting was held in Philadelphia on the 12th and 13th of October. The object was most specifically to issue an "Address to the Nations," to organize a "Human Freedom League," and to transact such other business as might further the general purpose of holding the International Congress of 1893. The sessions of the 12th were held in Independence Hall, from whence, one hundred years ago, went forth the declaration that all men are born with equal rights,—a principle that won the sneers of autocracy, but which has since won the approval of the world. Governor Pattison welcomed the committee to Pennsylvania, and Mayor Stuart to Philadelphia's hospitality, with stirring words. The governor said, "The sovereignty of kings is giving way before the sovereignty of the people. A more opportune time than the present could not be chosen for the advancement of popular government. We are about to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus. The nations of the earth are invited within our borders. The purpose of the Pan-Republic Congress will be to take advantage of their presence to spread the spirit of popular government." Dr. Persifor Frazer, chairman of the local committee, said in the opening speech, "The movement has been most gradual, and has been for the attainment of more justice, a broader manhood, the abolition of national theft and murder, termed annexation and war; the substitution of fair dealing and arbitration; to ameliorate the sufferings of mankind, and curb the license of armed tyranny." The proposed congress, it is understood, shall consist of two classes of delegates, those representing governments already republican, and those who simply stand for freedom and human progress without regard to government. In other words, there will be representative men present, co-operating in the congress, from nations governed by monarchs. Meanwhile each session of the Committee will discuss and permit to be discussed human wrongs anywhere, and of any social character.

The adoption of an "Address to the Nations," proved to be a difficult matter at the second gathering in Washington; it was not wholly relieved of its delicacy at Philadelphia. Proposed addresses had been requested from Edward Everett Hale, D. D., Professor Burgess, of Yale College, Col. H. C. Parsons, of Virginia, John Clark Ridpath, LL. D., of Indiana, E. P. Powell, of Clinton, New York, and Col. Ethan Allen, of New York. These were referred to a committee of which Professor Goode, of the Smithsonian Institute, is chairman. There is naturally some difference of opinion as to how far this address shall commit those issuing it to an aggressive tone. It seems to be recognized as wise by nearly all interested, to speak only as brothers to brothers; or, as Henry Clay said in 1818, "I would not seek to force on other nations our principles and our liberty if they do not want them. I would not disturb the repose of even a detestable despotism." The formation of a Human Freedom League was attended with no differences of opinion, and occupied the afternoon session of Monday. William O. McDowell, of Newark, New Jersey, was elected president, and communication was opened with similar leagues forming in Europe. A mass meeting in the Opera House in the evening was addressed by Ex-Governor Hoyt, of Wyoming, and other able speakers, who carried the movement cautiously and wisely forward. After the opening address of Tuesday a poem was read by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. During the day, which was devoted to miscellaneous discussion and fraternization, there were seven or eight nationalities represented among the speakers. Letters were read from Grover Cleveland, Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. Dr. W. C. Roberts, of Chicago, Archbishop Ireland, and Ex-President Hayes, expressing deep regret at being compelled to be absent. A remarkable paper, eloquent and considerate, was presented by Yung Wing, LL. D., of China, at one time minister plenipotentiary from that country. Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Wittenmeyer, President of the Woman's Relief Corps during the Civil War; Dr. Persifor Frazer, Lucy Stone, Dr. David C. Kelley, and others joined in the debates or delivered addresses, while Hon. Walter Logan, and Mayor Chase, of Omaha, were among those who responded to toasts at the banquet on Tuesday evening. The next meeting of the Committee will be at Omaha in April. There

will be cheerful and cordial welcome given to sincere workers, desirous of co-operating in the purposes of the committee, and of the Human Freedom League. It does not need to be said that mere agitators and professional revolutionists have their vocation elsewhere.

This is a succinct account of the meeting in Philadelphia. It was everyway stronger than the preceding gathering at Washington. There is nothing just now on the horizon more promising than the purpose to close up our century with a forward movement of republicanism. The social evolution of the future will be more and more cosmopolitan. The national idea is flowing into the broader idea of internationalism. We are now in our higher civilization inaugurating a change of social forms, and an exchange of controlling influences fully equal to that from feudalism to centralism. The control which for three centuries has remained with the middle classes, is now passing into the hands of the differentiated and educated masses. Giving the gospel to the poor was a dream realized only in giving them free schools. They now have the ballot as free as the school. It is impossible for a highly moral nature to withhold sympathy from those who believe that society can be so ameliorated that there shall be an end of wars, and of all standing armies, as well as an equalization of the products of industry that shall essentially banish poverty and its vices. The aim of this movement is, in fine, to decrease the hindrances to human happiness, and increase the power of hope and love. The work laid out for the congress is broad and humanitarian. The general scope, as defined by a previous pronunciamento of the committee, is to consider the general welfare, and promote the spread over all the world of free institutions. The work will, however, concentrate in a grand effort to lessen the power of both individual potentates and races to tyrannize over the weaker, to promote the sentiment of peace over war, and to exalt arbitration over battle, to create, in fine, a reign of intelligence and moral purpose over brute force.

Mr. Carnegie has lately amplified with much of his eloquence a not entirely new idea of a league of English-speaking peoples. He calculates that the child is born who will see four hundred million English-speaking people in the United States alone. He advocates an alliance larger than

that which England now sustains as "imperial," namely, a race confederation. He is convinced that England should request her colonies to establish independent governments. Then should follow free-trade and an affiliation in religion, laws, literature, postal customs, coins, and other commercial appliances. Mr. Carnegie even looks forward to a general council of all these English-speaking peoples, a "Supreme Court which shall judge between the nations forming the league." This scheme is broad, rational, and forward-looking; but it is clumsy as compared to a fraternization of adjacent peoples without regard to race or even form of government. Such a federation might hold a common court of adjudicature on international questions, even while a part of the States included remained locally monarchical. Nor is there any reason why there might not be a legislative council as well as a Court of Arbitration, holding fast, however, to the conceded principle that such a congress and court shall be concerned only with matters international. It is not, therefore, a mere chimera, when many of the most enlightened minds of the world seek to promote a federation of all enlightened peoples, and a world-wide republic. The fulfilment of this hope may lie some distance in the future; but who, one hundred years ago, would have dared to dream a republic of nearly fifty States covering the western continent from ocean to ocean. We who inherit the full testament of the eighteenth century should leave a legacy as far-sighted, as humane, and hopeful for the workers who are to people the twentieth.

WHAT IS BUDDHISM?

*Condensed from the work by Subhadra Bickshu, and translated for The Arena by
CHARLES SCHRODER.*

A DEEP Buddhistical vein is now going through the modern world of Western nations, having become especially forceful and penetrating since the period when Schopenhauer erected his philosophical system, more or less, on the very old teachings of Buddha Gautáma.

There is no want of comprehensive scientific works in reference to Buddhism, and poets, also, have been unable to resist the great attraction of the doctrines of this Indian sage, as is shown in the works of Richard Wagner, which are largely influenced by the ground-thoughts of Buddhism. The Samsara and Nirvana have become current expressions of many of our modern poets, not only in their descriptions of scenes relating to the world in which we live, but also in their pictures of salvation from this world of Error, Guilt, Suffering, Birth, and Death.

Subhadra Bickshu, one of the most exalted disciples of Buddhism, has recently published a catechism, compiled from the sacred books of the Southern Buddhists, for the use of Europeans, with explanatory remarks wherever needed. This little work contains the most important points of Buddha's teachings, leaving out the superstitions with which the people's child-like fancy has, in the course of thousands of years, embellished them.

Buddha's real name is Siddhartha, of the kingly house of Gautama. His father, Suddhodana, was king of the Indian race of the Sakyas, and Aryan people, living at the foot of the Himalayas, about one hundred and fifty miles from Benares; the capital was Kapilawastu, on the river Rohini, now called Kohana. The story of the birth and life of Siddhartha Gautama, as given by the sacred works of India, is briefly as follows:

In Kapilawastu, Siddhartha was born on a Friday of the year 623 b. c. The Brahmans, who lived at the court as

priests and astrologers, had predicted that the prince, should he remain in the worldly life, would become one of the greatest of kings, but if he embraced religious asceticism, would be a victorious and perfect enlightener of the world.

Similar prophecies were made by the hermit saint, Kalandewila, who hurried from the wilderness of the Himalayas in order to greet the new-born child. King Suddhodna was ill pleased with the latter prophecy, and resolved to educate his son in such a manner as would be sure to keep him in the worldly life, and secure for him the succession to the throne. To accomplish this, all things were removed from his son's presence that would have given him knowledge of human suffering, age, and death. The most celebrated teachers were engaged for him, whose chief efforts were directed towards this end. His father built him three palaces, and in these, situated in the midst of large and magnificent gardens, the prince spent his youth. He had everything his heart could desire, with the one exception that he was not permitted to leave the boundaries of the gardens, from which the poor, sick, and aged were vigorously excluded. When the prince had reached his sixteenth year, his father married him to the Princess Yasodhara, and he continued to live the usual life of an Indian heir to the throne of a kingdom, until his twenty-ninth year. One day, while driving through his fine grounds, he met three, to him very strange, spectacles, which suddenly opened his eyes to the true nature of existence: First, a broken, tottering man, bent double under the weight of extreme old age; then, a sick and weakly child, whose body was covered with festering sores, and lastly, the dead body of a youth, already in an advanced state of decomposition, was being carried towards him. These hitherto unknown pictures moved him to the depths of his being; the whole nothingness and mutability of life were made clear to him, as if by magic. He at once began to change his life by avoiding all amusements; and the conviction gradually grew in him that existence was not a good to be desired, but rather an evil to be deplored, and that it was foolish and entirely unworthy of a noble nature to seek after the joys and dissipations of this world.

His whole aim was, henceforth, the endeavor to ascertain the causes and mysteries of sickness, death, and re-birth, and

to find a means of abolishing them. For this purpose he concluded to leave the world and retire into the wilderness.

One night, when all were asleep, Siddhartha rose, cast a last look on his sleeping wife and little son Rahula, wakened his trusty Tschanna, and ordered him to saddle his favorite horse. He rode away, leaving behind him power, honor, riches, and those he loved best in the world. Arrived at the river Anoma, he cut off his beautiful hair with his sword, delivered to the faithful servant his arms, jewels, and his horse, ordering him to return to his former home and acquaint his father and wife as to his fate. He then remained seven days longer at the river Anoma, occupied with deep and earnest thoughts. Meeting a beggar, he exchanged clothes with him, and journeyed to Radja-Grila, the capital of the Kingdom Magadha, near which lived two celebrated Brahma scholars, whose pupil he became. They taught him that the soul should be purified through prayer, sacrifices, and religious usages of many kinds, and be redeemed through the grace of God. But he soon recognized that the knowledge of these men was vain and futile, neither bringing him peace nor leading him to redemption from sickness, death, and renewed birth.

He now subjected himself in a forest near Uruwala, to the severest asceticism, praying and fasting in the solitude, and inflicting on himself the hardest and most painful bodily punishments. Soon the reputation of his great sanctity brought him five comrades, who were pursuing similar aims. For six years Siddhartha existed in this frightful manner, when he noticed that his strength was leaving him. Now, at last, he recognized that asceticism did not lead to the wished-for haven. He, therefore, ceased his self-tortures, though his companions began to become doubtful of his sincerity, and again took regular nourishment. He resolved to live henceforth solely in conformity with the dictates of his real inward being, abstaining from all sensuality, and striving, in perfect solitude, to unlock his innermost Ego, and reveal his highest spiritual powers. He took a bath in the river Nirandjara, ate some rice food, and reclined towards evening under a Nigrodha tree (*ficos religiosa*) with the positive determination not to rise again until he had attained to the highest moral and spiritual knowledge. Under this tree he fought the last and hardest battle with his earthly

desires and lustful appetites, whose power then appeared to him to be greater than ever; the battle with that longing for existence and pleasures, with that strong desire to live, which is at once the root of our being, and the source of all our sufferings.

Honor, reputation, power, riches, earthly love, family happiness, and all other worldly attractions, now appeared to him in the most tempting manner. And, besides all these, the carking doubt whether, after all, he was pursuing the right road. At last he conquered; the veil was torn from his eyes, and the highest knowledge was his reward; he had become a perfect world-illuminated Buddha.

Space does not permit us to enumerate all the future life phases of Buddha, as teacher; the sending out of converted brothers, the success of his teaching in Kapilawastu, with his father and son, as well as in the whole district of the Ganges. He taught forty-five years, and at his death Buddhism was securely founded.

He died in his eightieth year, in the arms of his favorite pupil, Ananda. His last words were: "Ye must not think, my brothers, the voice of the master is stilled, we are now without a guide. The gospel, which I have made known to you, the rules of a pure, immaculate, life-journey which I have established for you, shall be your guide and teacher when I cease to be with you. Always bear in mind, my brothers, my admonition that all created things are mutable and fleeting; strive, without ceasing, for the release of the body, and for redemption from sin."

Let us now turn to the gospel of the Buddhists (Dharma), the truth and order of healing, as revealed intuitively to and proclaimed by, the Buddha, transmitted by the Arahats, and inscribed in the three holy books: The Sutra, Vinaya, Abhidarma-Pitaka. They contain: I. the orations and expressions of the Buddha, II. the precepts and life-rules for the brotherhood of the elect, and III. the religious philosophy of Buddhism. The contents of these writings are by no means claimed to be divine revelations, for the idea that eternal truth has been revealed to a few favorite ones by a God or an angel is held to be preposterous and founded on nothing. Men have never received any other revelation than through the medium of those exalted teachers of the race, who, through their own power and indomitable perse-

verance, have gained the highest perfection man is capable of, and who, therefore, are called world-enlighteners or Buddhas.* The aim of Buddhism is the release or emancipation from the Samsara or the world of error, guilt, suffering, death, and birth. It is the world of the beginning and of the ending; of the eternal changes, deceptions, disappointments, and pain; the unceasing, never-ending course of re-births or re-incarnations, from which we cannot flee so long as the real light of redemption and truth has not entered into and found lodgment in our souls. The expression of re-birth, in the Buddhistical sense, has nothing in common with the Christian idea of new birth or being born again. The doctrine of Buddhism of re-birth, i.e., the continued re-incorporation of our real spiritual being, forms the fundamental principle of the great Asiatic religions.

The doctrine of the re-birth is alone sufficient to explain to the Buddhists the mystery of existence; it explains why the righteous man is often so poor and despised, while the evil-doer enjoys riches and honor; it replies to the despairing question, addressed constantly but vainly to heaven by millions of souls, "Why have we to suffer and endure so much?" It explains that, indestructible as are the forces of nature and matter, so, likewise, is the innermost being of man. Death is no annihilation, but only the passing over from one feeble form into another; whosoever takes pleasures in this world, there is none to gainsay him, neither a God nor a devil can rob him of them, but he must abide by the consequences. Man's real fate depends solely on his inward being, on his own will, and he has the prospect of countless re-births, in which he will earn the fruits of both his good and his evil deeds. But, to him who is weary of this unceasingly renewed existence, and will earnestly strive for freedom and release, is opened a way of redemption.

The cause of suffering, death, and re-birth is the will to

*It is that indwelling power which, as Jesus of Nazareth taught, is possessed by, or overshadows every human being, which our Master called "the light of the world," Matt. v. 14, and which is described by John i. 9, as "the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." With some of us this power, no doubt in consequence of former lives, has reached a high state of development; others are more moderately endowed with it, and again others appear to be entirely destitute of even a trace. But even with the last the absence of the light is not real, but only apparent, though it has been so continuously suppressed through successive bad lives with their worldly aims and desires, as to seem to be totally extinguished.

Indeed, the resemblance between the teachings of Christ and those of the Buddha becomes greater in the degree as they are stripped, the former of man-made creeds and dogmas, and the latter of the superstitions and embellishments, neither of which had their origin in the doctrines of the respective masters. — *Translator.*

live, which fills us all; the desire of individual existence in this or in some other world. The will to live in Buddhistical sense is not only the conscious will, but that unconscious life-force which dwells in all creatures and organisms, in animals and plants as well as in man. Only by abandoning this will, and by totally suppressing the desire for an individual existence, in this or in some future world, can man ever be freed and redeemed, and reach eternal peace.

The road to this release, to Nirvana, we can find through the recognition of four healing truths, viz: the truth of *suffering*, the truth of the *cause* of *suffering*, the truth of the *cessation* of *suffering*, and the truth of the *way* which will lead to cessation from suffering.

Buddha teaches that it is because of our non-recognition of these four cardinal truths, that we have to travel so long the mournful and dreary road of re-births. But when these truths are once fully recognized and acted upon, the will to live disappears, the longing which leads to renewed existence ceases, and the Samsara is a thing of the past.

In the book relating to the announcement of a moral world rule, the following words, referring to the four healing truths, are said by the Buddha: This, brethren, is the supreme truth of *suffering*; birth is suffering, age is suffering, sickness is suffering, death is suffering; to be parted from loved ones is suffering; to be placed together with unloved ones is suffering; not to obtain that which we desire is suffering; to bear that which we dislike is suffering; in one word, existence as an individual, an Ego, is, according to its nature, suffering.

This, brethren, is the supreme truth of the *cause* of suffering: It is the will to live, the desire to enjoy our existence which leads from birth to re-birth, and seeks satisfaction, now in this, now in that appearance. It is the longing to satisfy our passions, the wish for individual joy in this or in some other life. This, brethren, is the supreme truth of the *cessation* of suffering: It is the total destruction of our will to live, of our desire to exist and to enjoy. You must overcome and crush it, so that it has no place where it can hide. This, brethren, is the supreme truth of the *way* which leads to cessation of suffering: Verily, it is the supreme road, consisting of eight parts, which are called: true knowledge,

true will, true word, true deed, true life, true endeavor, true thought, and true forgetting of self. There are two roads of error, brethren, which he who is striving for freedom from earth-dominion may not travel. The one, the longing to satisfy our passions and sense-desires of whatever kind, is low, mean, dishonorable, and destructive; it is the road on which travel the children of this world. The other, the asceticism and self-torture, is sombre, painful, and utterly useless. The middle road alone, which has been found by the one who has attained perfection, avoids these two error-roads, opens the eyes, imparts self-knowledge, and leads to peace, to truth, to enlightenment, to Nirvana.

The Nirvana, according to the explanation of the Buddhist scholar, is a condition of holy peace, accompanied by the indestructible certainty of obtained freedom and release. Nirvana means, literally, to be extinguished. The will to live, the longing for earthly joys, here or somewhere else, is extinguished. The false idea, that material goods can have any value, or be lasting, has evaporated. Gone is the flame of sensuality and selfishness.

Although it is possible to reach Nirvana already in this life, an extremely small number are able to accomplish it. Our mental and moral condition, through the effect of deeds in former births, is generally so deficient that many re-births are needed before we can arrive at this haven of peace. But to obtain a re-birth under *favorable* conditions is within the power of every one who earnestly strives for it. It solely depends on the wish to live which dwells in all of us, and forms the kernel of our existence.

The nature of our re-birth depends entirely on our deeds, and is regulated by merit and guilt as exhibited in our former lives. If our *merit* is greatest, we shall be born again in a higher state or world, and under favorable conditions. If, however, we have subjected ourselves to heavy guilt through evil deeds, a re-birth in a lower place, and rich in sorrow and suffering, is the necessary and inevitable result. The consequences depend on our Karma, the moral law of the world, of which the physical law, as seen by us, is only the sensual and temporal appearance. Karma is that which other religions designate as divine purpose, providence, or fate.

Re-birth may not only take place on this earth, but also

on any one of the innumerable inhabited worlds, with partly lower and partly higher developed conditions.

There are two kinds of Buddhists. Those who express the refuge formula, and make *five* general solemn declarations, but remain in the worldly state, are called Upasaka, i.e., acknowledgers or followers of the doctrine. But the really true disciples of Buddha are only those who abjure the world and, in making *ten* solemn declarations, walk the supreme path of eight parts, which leads to enlightenment and liberty. These take the name of Bickshu, or Samanes, and form the Sangha, i.e., brotherhood of the elect.

The Refuge-Formula (Trisarana), which is binding on every Buddhist, reads thus: "I take my refuge to Buddha, I take my refuge to the doctrine, I take my refuge to the brotherhood of the elect."

The five solemn declarations of the worldly followers are these, viz.: I solemnly declare:—

- I. Not to kill or injure any living being.
- II. Not to steal.
- III. Not to pursue any illicit pleasures; i.e., to abstain from all forbidden sexual intercourse.
- IV. Not to lie, to cheat, or to bear false witness.
- V. Not to drink any intoxicating beverages.

The first of the above declarations (which is the *neminem larde* of Schopenhauer's) is the most important one. It not only refers to man, but to all living organisms. Whoever wantonly kills, injures, or tortures animals is no follower of Buddha, and cannot expect to receive a favorable re-birth.

The fifth declaration, in its full sense, is only binding on the real disciples. For the worldly followers it merely means abstinence from the use of what are termed ardent liquors; the temperate use of wine and beer, however, is permitted to the Upasaka. Whoever sincerely lives up to these five declarations will be highly esteemed on earth, and his re-birth will take place under conditions more favorable than the former one.

For the brotherhood of the elect, besides other strict life-rules, are added five more solemn declarations, viz.: I solemnly declare:—

- VI. To eat only at stated times.
- VII. To abstain from dancing, from the singing of

worldly songs, from attending public performances and musical exhibitions, in fact, to avoid all worldly pleasures.

VIII. To abstain from vanity, give up the use of jewels and ornaments of every description, as well as that of perfumed clothing, soaps, salves, and oils.

IX. To avoid the use of luxurious, soft beds, and to sleep only on a hard and low couch.

X. To always live in voluntary poverty.

The third declaration is also made more strict for the Bickshu, in that it demands from him absolute celibacy, sexual virtue and purity, and the fifth declaration means for him that he must entirely abstain from the use of intoxicating beverages of whatever kind, nor is he permitted to eat any kind of animal food.

The path of eight parts, which the Arahat must pursue, we have already explained. Many of the Bickshus live in monasteries, or as hermits in forests. They are to be living examples to the Upasakas of abstemiousness, self-denial, and holiness, must, when the latter desire it, explain the holy teachings to them, and are required in all phases of life where the Upasakas need moral and spiritual support and guidance, to give them their advice and assistance, the same as was formerly done by Buddha.

Every member is free to leave the brotherhood at all times, for the Buddhists know nothing of compulsion. Whoever desires to return to the pleasures (so-called) of this world, can make known his weakness to any of the prominent brothers, and is given his freedom without incurring any dishonor, or having to listen to deprecatory remarks. But whoever casts ignominy on the society through heavy and wanton transgressions of his solemn declarations receives the severest punishment known to the Buddhists — he is expelled from the brotherhood.

It remains now for us to point out some of the principal differences between the religion of the Buddhists and that of the Christians and other sects. A redemption through the merit of Bu^{ddha} is not known to the Buddhist.

No one can shield another from the results of his evil deeds. Each one has to work out his own salvation. Neither can any one lessen the rewards due to a good man for his good deeds. Man gains moral rewards, through living up to his solemn declarations in spirit, thought, word,

and deed, through constant effort after knowledge, i. e., knowledge of himself, but beyond all, through kindness and justice towards all living beings.

In order to gain real merit and reward, we must overcome the love of self, as this is the foundation of all our errors, foolish and evil deeds; we must shun the evil and encompass the good. Evil is every thought and action, purposing the injury and torture of other beings; every selfish desire having for its aim our own well-being, without considering whether others may have to suffer in consequence of it. Evil may not be repaid by evil; the disciple of Buddha simply leaves the evil-doer to eternal justice. He pities and pardons him, for the bad man will have to suffer for his unrighteousness, in consequence of the effect of the Karma, either in this or in the next birth, and his sufferings will be severe, in proportion as he now sins and rejoices.

There is no eternal punishment for the guilty one; the moral and spiritual law rests on justice; therefore, every evil deed finds only a corresponding temporary penalty in this or in a following birth. Great crimes require many rebirths for their punishment, as dwellers in dark worlds, until the offence is condoned. No crime is considered greater than large possessions of goods or money in a world where there are so many poor, and all real disciples look upon a rich man with sincere pity, for they know that his punishment will be terrible. Hereditary sin does not exist; the idea is entirely opposed to eternal justice. No one needs to suffer for the faults of others. Where there is suffering there must be evil, and where evil is there must be suffering. If we see the good and just suffer on earth, we may be sure that it is in consequence of his unfavorable Karma. It is in expiation of the debt with which he has loaded himself in former births. If we see the guilty and the unjust in high esteem, and living in the midst of pleasures, it is in consequence of their good deeds in former births. But, after having lived a life of pleasures, they must again reap the bitter fruits of their selfishness and guilt in the coming re-births.

No one can avoid the consequences of bad deeds, through suicide. Eternal justice knows no mercy. The Dhammapada which is the magnificent collection of Buddhist lore, says: "Not at the utmost ends of the world, not in the depths of the oceans, not in the fastnesses of the mountains,

will you find a refuge from the consequences of your guilty deeds." Suicide itself, however, is not considered an evil action, but a very foolish one, for it cuts off a life-thread which, in conformity with the law of Karma, will be at once renewed, and under less favorable conditions. He who tries to avoid, through suicide, the sufferings which he is undergoing for his own good, proves by this that he has not the will to become better and wiser. Through this action he has entered the dark path, which conducts him to a rebirth in a world of despair and torture. Repentance and contrition may aid in one's salvation, but only when accompanied and expressed by condoning deeds. The most self-debasing repentance is utterly useless unless expressed by good and unselfish actions.

The religion of the Buddhists is dominated by a spirit of purest tolerance. Never and nowhere has blood been shed for its propagation; it has never, wherever successfully established, pursued and maltreated those whose beliefs were different. What other religion can say this of itself? According to Buddha's teachings, those of other religions may gain salvation and freedom. The moral and spiritual order of the world does not ask what one believes or disbelieves. Only, to the Buddhist, the road has been made easier, for he has the true teacher to point out the way. But that does not preclude him who follows the wrong teacher after many erroneous journeys, from finally arriving at the right goal. It is probably unnecessary to observe that Buddhism knows no miracles, as such, and that it does not consider prayer, sacrifices, and other usages necessary to reach salvation. The principle differences between Buddha's religion and those of other teachers are stated by Subhadra Bickshu in the following words:—

"Buddhism teaches the highest wisdom and goodness without a personal God; a continuation of being without an immortal soul; an eternally blessed state without a local heaven; a possibility of salvation without a vicarious saviour; a redemption where each is his own redeemer, and which can be reached without prayer, sacrifices, self-torture, or other usages; without priests and the mediumship of saints; without divine grace, and solely through one's own will and power; and finally a highest perfection which may be enjoyed already in this life and on this earth."

WALT WHITMAN.

BY D. G. WATTS.

WE are all familiar with Hans Christian Andersen's story of the "ugly duckling." Walt Whitman is the ugly duckling of American literature, and all the barn-yard fowls—those who have never flown over the fence of conventionality—peck at him. But are they not, unawares, ill-treating a beautiful swan? The recognition of Whitman has been scant indeed. The magazines are filled with panegyrics of Browning and Emerson, Longfellow and Tennyson, but in praise of Whitman no voice is raised. Carlyle has said that "Sympathy is the first essential of insight." Without such a vantage ground no man's life-work can be understood and properly represented. Carlyle has himself suffered from the want of sympathy on the part of his biographer. Whatever our other qualifications may be for writing this sketch, we feel sure we fulfilled the essential one of sympathy, and to those to whom this may come, we say: you, too, must put yourself *en rapport* with Whitman, if you wish to understand him. If we should be asked to state in one word what Walt Whitman stands for, we would name it Freedom. Freedom of a nation: Democracy; freedom of the spirit: man.

Emerson struck the key-note of the new thought in his address to the divinity students of Cambridge, and the sweet sound was caught up by listening ears throughout our liberty-loving land. The truth was in the air, and lay ready to be moulded into speech. Emerson was the voice, and gave it utterance. It could not have failed to be spoken ultimately, but Emerson was nearest the source of all truth, and soonest caught the words of the inarticulate voice. It is true that many like Alcott, Ripley, Thoreau, and Whitman were, under the powerful stimulus of the new truth, led into some extremes of thought and life. "Sanity is the balance of a thousand insanities." Should it, then, be accounted strange that men like Thoreau and Whitman—blinded by the very excess of light—were betrayed into

occasional "insanities"? It is interesting to observe the effect of the idea of liberty upon such widely dissimilar natures. One, because of injustice in the State, defied the laws of the State; the other, because of inconsistencies in the laws of society, defied its laws. One, shy, shrinking, and sensitive, seeing man's coarseness and grossness, loves solitude, and loves it so much that he says, "If I don't get it this week, I will cry for it all next." The other, rugged, self-asserting, and combative, seeing the incongruity between man's professions and man's life, does not fly, not he; he stays to fight them — right them. Flee from man — he seems to say — man my brother? Why, it is for him that all nature coheres! Man, the ever-old, ever-new problem; man, the universe in miniature; man, created in the image of God — himself a god, — he alone is worthy of my song. I, Walt Whitman, sing of myself, reveal myself to myself, and thus reveal you to yourself. This is his position and his message. Whitman's attitude towards the body has prevented his taking his rightful place in American literature.

According to his philosophy, the body and the soul are one. "Do you ask," he says, "to see the soul? See your own shape, person, substance, trees, etc." Again, "I have said the soul is not more than the body, and I have said the body is not more than the soul." Looking on the corpse of a fellow-woman, he exclaims, "Fair, fearful wreck, tenement of a soul, *itself a soul!*" Holding such views he announces them, stands by them. "I dare not," he says, "shirk any part of myself."

Although we do not accept his philosophy (there is, however, a certain truth in it), we must, nevertheless, hold him in honor that he has chosen abuse and neglect by non-conformity, rather than praise and reward by conformity. If there be a man qualified more than another to sit in judgment on Whitman, the pure-minded Thoreau was that man. May we not accept his verdict in this matter of the body? We quote from Thoreau's letters, "That Walt Whitman, of whom I wrote you, is the most interesting fact to me at present. I have just read his second edition (which he gave me), and it has done me more good than any reading for a long time. Two or three pieces in the book are disagreeable, to say the least; simply sensual. He does not celebrate love at all. It is as if the beast spoke. No doubt there have always been doors where such deeds were unblushingly

recited, and it is no merit to compete with their inhabitants. But even on this side he has spoken more truth than any American or modern I know. I have found his poems exhilarating, encouraging. As for his sensuality — and it may turn out to be less so than it appears — I do not so much wish that those parts were not written, as that men and women were so pure that they could read them without harm, that is, without understanding them. On the whole, it sounds very brave and American, after whatever deductions. Though rude and sometimes ineffectual, it is a great primitive power."

If we have dwelt at some length on Whitman's position in regard to the body, it has been that we might, as far as possible, free the mind from prejudice in that regard, that the spiritual verities everywhere abounding in his poems might be recognized and enjoyed. Carlyle has said, with a snarl and a sneer, "Close your Byron and open your Goethe," and so we say: If you are not seeking to be lulled and soothed; if you are not satisfied with the lullaby songs; if you do not wish the ear pleased with tintinabulations, close your Poe, aye, even your Longfellow, and your Bryant, and open Walt Whitman. He says of himself, "Did you ask dulcet rhymes from me? Did you seek civilian's peaceful and languishing rhymes? Did you find what I said erewhile so hard to follow? Why, I was not singing erewhile to you to follow, to understand, nor am I now. What to such as you, anyhow, such a poet as I? Therefore, leave my works. Go lull yourself with what you can understand: with piano tunes. For I lull nobody, and you never will understand me."

We have indicated the school of thought to which Whitman belongs; we have roughly outlined the man, but to complete the preparations for the study of his poetry, a knowledge of his style is necessary. His style is veritably bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh. Like himself it is coarse and rugged, and although at times unwieldly, it is not without music of its own.

Emerson and the other leaders of the new movement, while claiming perfect freedom of thought, conformed in the manner of expressing that thought, to the old models. Whitman carried his revolt further. He saw that the world was in bondage to the past; that in law, in medicine, in theology, and in literature, we were ruled by dead men; that in art we were still under the powerful spell of the Greeks; and against this tyranny he also rebelled, and he

formed his style as he did his thoughts, by no model other than himself. "I myself," he says, "make the only growth by which I can be appreciated." To have succeeded in throwing off the shackles that bind us to the past; to have stood detached and aloof from all former models and forms of art, is no small achievement; but this Whitman accomplished. Not that he was ignorant of the "mighty ones,—Job, Homer, Eschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Emerson,"—but he gave up "the backward world," and set himself the task. "To formulate the modern out of the peerless grandeur of the modern; out of himself, comprising science, to recast churches, poems, art recast, may be; discard them—end them."

We have now done what we could to prepare the way to a more perfect understanding of Whitman. It will be a matter of some difficulty, however, to make selections that shall best convey the beauty, range, and aim of his poetry. To aid us in this endeavor, and to simplify our work, we have made the following divisions: Descriptive (miscellaneous) poems; poems of nature; poems of the war; poems of Democracy and man.

Of course such a division is more or less arbitrary, but like Mercutio's wound, "it will serve." Although Whitman's voice is a cry to arms against outward and inward foes, and his measure is pitched to the sound of war's alarms, he occasionally turns aside, to voice an aspiration, to give a glimpse of the lowly lot of man, or to paint nature in her softer moods. Among such descriptive poems we notice a passage in his poem on "Faces" that illustrates his keen sympathy with humanity.

I saw the face of the most smear'd and slobbering idiot that they had at the asylum, and I knew for my own consolation what they knew not; I knew of the agents that emptied and broke my brother; the same wait to clear the rubbish from the fallen tenement, and I shall look again, in a score or two of ages, and I shall meet the real landlord perfect, and unharmed, every inch as good as myself."

With nature, he is also in true sympathy, as witness this description of the "Twilight":—

The soft, voluptuous, opiate shades,
The sun just gone, the eager light dispell'd—(I, too, will soon be gone,
dispell'd)
A haze—nirvana—rest and night—oblivion."

And this of a "Prairie Sunset":—

"Shot gold, maroon, and violet, dazzling silver, emerald, fawn,
 The earth's whole amplitude and nature's multiform power consign'd
 for once to colors;
 The light, the general air possess'd by them—colors till now unknown.
 No limit, confine—not the western sky alone—the high meridian—North,
 South, all,
 Pure, luminous, color fighting the silent shadows to the last."

How appropriate would be the following over the graves
 of the unknown dead at Gettysburg:—

"Brave, brave, were the soldiers (high named to-day) who lived through
 the fight;
 But the bravest press'd to the front and fell, unnamed, unknown."

Whitman catches the voice, the cries, the shouts of the
 ocean. Witness this from "Patrolling Barnegat":—

"Wild, wild the storm, and the sea high running;
 Steady the roar of the gale with incessant undertone muttering;
 Shouts of demoniac laughter, fitfully piercing and pealing,
 Waves, air, midnight."

Let us now turn to the "Proud Music of the Storm." If
 this poem be read until the language is familiar, and its
 grandeur and movement is realized, it will be seen to com-
 bine the harmonies of the instruments of man with the more
 perfect harmonies of nature, to be indeed a kind of "sphere
 melody." From the majesty of a storm we turn to a more
 silent hour, an hour of meditation:—

"This is thy hour, O soul, thy free flight into the worldless,
 Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the lesson done,
 Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the themes thou
 lovest best,
 Night, sleep, death, and the stars."

We may well imagine the following to have been one of
 the themes he loved to ponder:—

"Roaming in thought over the universe I saw the little that is good
 hastening towards immortality;
 And the vast that is called evil I saw hastening to merge itself, and be-
 come lost and dead."

We cannot pass on without noticing two poems, — the
 "Prayer of Columbus," the "Star of France." The prayer
 of Columbus might be appropriately read at the opening of
 the World's Fair. How simple and pathetic is this verse:—

"One effort more, my altar, this bleak sand,
 That Thou, O God, my life has lighted
 With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,
 Light, rare, untellable, lighting the very light,
 Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages;

For that, O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,
Old, poor, and paralyzed, I thank Thee!"

In the poem "O Star of France" (written in 1870), every line quivers with emotion; with sorrow for the "dim smitten star." France, prostrate and bleeding, he pities, but does not rebuke:—

"Miserable! yet for thy errors, vanities, sins, I will not rebuke thee;
Thy unexampled woes and pangs have quell'd them all,
And left thee sacred."

The closing stanza of this poem read in the light of the recent exposition in Paris is grandly prophetic:—

"Finish'd the days, the clouds dispel'd,
The travail o'er, the long-sought extrication,
When lo! reborn, high o'er the European world,
(In gladness answering thence, as face afar to face, reflecting our Columbia,)

Again thy star, O France, fair lustrous star,
In heavenly peace, clearer, more bright than ever,
Shall beam immortal."

In Whitman's philosophy, nature is always mediate; is connected with, and stands related to man, but she must be wooed before she will yield to man her deepest secrets. He says: "I may have to be persuaded many times before I consent to give myself really to you, but what of that? Must not nature be persuaded many times?" To nature and not to man he goes to sustain his soul and to try his thoughts. In the open air he examines philosophies and religions for "They may prove well in a lecture room, yet not prove at all under the spacious clouds, and along the landscape and flowing currents."

Nature is also a spur and inspiration to him. "I think," (he says) "that heroic deeds were all conceived in the open air, and all free poems also. I think I could stop here myself and do miracles." And again, "Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons. It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth." Man may not be sympathetic at all times; man may tire, but the earth never tires:—

"The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible, at first;
Nature is rude and incomprehensible at first.
Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things well envelop'd."

Several of the more important of Whitman's poems are songs of nature as illustrating, typifying, explaining man or men. Democracy, such as "Song of the Open Road,"

"Song of the Rolling Earth," "Song of the Redwood Tree." These poems are full of the "primeval sanities" of nature, and also full of man, religion, and the soul. Nature, the universe, being itself, he says, but a road, as many roads, "as roads for travelling souls." Travelling the open road, under the expanse of sky, surrounded by objects of nature, man learns. These objects are real, "but the soul is also real; it, too, is positive and direct." No reasoning, no proof, has established it; undeniable growth has established it. A few poems such as, "Song of the Broad Ax," "Song of Joys," "Song of the Trumpeter," call up to the imagination scenes in nature and in life, and we see them or live them over again. In the "Song of Joys," the pleasures of the senses, and the pleasures of thought, are exquisitely contrasted. We quote in illustration:—

"O for the voices of animals! O for the swiftness and balance of fishes!
O for the dropping of raindrops in a song! O for the sunshine and motion of waves in a song!
O to realize space!
The plenteousness of all, that there are no bounds;
To emerge and be of the sky, of the sun, and moon, and flying clouds;
as one with them."

This truly is joy, but it yields to higher, and so he sings:—

"Yet O, my soul supreme!
Knowest thou the joys of pensive thought?
Joys of the free and lonesome heart; the tender, gloomy heart?
Joys of the solitary walk, the spirit bow'd, yet proud, the suffering and the struggle?"

As time goes on, and the Civil War is further removed from the living generation, Whitman's war poems will have an increasing value as throwing side lights on the lurid scenes of that stirring period. With the *vraisemblance* of an eye-witness he gives all the experiences of a soldier. The lament over a fallen comrade; the long march; the struggle; defeat and victory, many a war-worn veteran even now will live over again the sad familiar scenes portrayed in the "Dirge for Two Veterans," and be quickened into the old martial spirit by the "Artilleryman's Vision." By a natural transition we go from the war poems to that greater warfare which man ever fights against foes within and foes without, to which Whitman dedicates himself. In bidding adieu to his war comrade he tells him how peace may have come to him but for himself:—

"And this contentious soul of mine,
 Still on our own campaigning bound,
 Through untried roads, with ambushes, opponents lined,
 Through many a sharp defeat and many a crisis, often baffled,
 Here marching, ever marching on, a war fight out — aye here,
 To fiercer, weightier battles give expression."

In this greater battle for freedom, we have grouped the poems thus: "Poems of Democracy and man:" Democracy, as the fullest, amplest, expression of the religious principle is Whitman's constant thought, his "great idea." Thus he chants of *Libertad* and Democracy, and the "dear love of comrades," but as the basis for these, as holding in the germ all these, he sings of *himself*, of *yourself*-man.

To bring to the light this real nature of man, thinks Whitman, is *the* mission of the poet, is his own mission. The poet, of all men, has the most faith, and "he who has the most faith sees the farthest." Hence he says, the poet is the "equable man"; that to him we must look, not only "by this steady faith to withhold the years straying towards infidelity," but to "settle justice, reality! Immortality!" With this clear poetic vision Whitman sees a state based on the "dear love of comrades," a state not held together by laws, but by love. He writes, "were you looking to be held together by lawyers? Or by any agreement on paper? Or by arms? Nay, not the world, nor any living thing, will so cohere." This ideal future state he looks for in this favored land of America. Dangers beset her; to herself and her mission she must be true at all hazard; if lost "no victor else has destroyed her but her own self," but he knows she will not be lost, but be victorious over all foes.

"Be not disheartened," he prophesies, "affection will solve the problems of freedom yet. They shall yet make Columbia victorious." But before America, before the State, is the soul! So he orders: Fall behind me, States, for man is before all, typical of all." Before this actual spiritual man, all else gives way; hence he says, "Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God, at Nature, and its wonders. But that I turning, call to thee, O soul — thou actual me — and lo! thou gently masterest the orbs. Thou matest time, smilest, content at death, and fillest, swellest, full the vastness of space."

Passages many and beautiful crowd upon us, but we must confine this article within reasonable limits, and the quotations we have given must suffice.

The present time is not only one of great material splendor, but is one, as well, of quickened thought and spiritual power. Man is not only making electricity and steam,—external forces,—subservient to him, but he is also learning more of the force that resides within himself, and this spirit power,—this Christ principle — he is applying to himself in controlling the body to the state in plans of associations, of communion; and men are no longer willing to wait the fulfilment of the dreams of poets, and the visions of prophets, but are working *practically* to bring about *ideal* conditions. It seems strange that the bard who has given expression to the longings for universal brotherhood, and a “state of perfect and free individuals,” should not have received the recognition which is his due. Verily, a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. America has been slow to acknowledge Whitman’s great merits, but in England he has already taken a high position. It is a shame that the country Whitman loves so well, and whose future grandeur and noblest aspirations he constantly celebrates, should withhold her praise, and that encouragement should first come to him from a land, to some extent, out of sympathy with his aims and his teachings. Recognition long delayed should no longer be withheld. He still lingers among us, and there is yet time for the “*amende honorable*.” Whitman has said: “When her poets arrive, America will in due time advance to meet them.” Now, when the spiritual movement is sweeping over this and other lands; now when religion is seen to rest on the dual principle of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, it seems to us “due time” for America to advance to meet America’s poet; he who prophesies the glorious, joyful triumph of the new faith, the new hope. Hear his glad refrain:—

“ O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth’s is in thy notes,
Marches of victory — man disenthral’d — the conqueror at last,
Hymns to the universal God from universal man — all joy!
A reborn race appears — a perfect world, all joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence, and health — all joy!
Riotous, laughing bacchanals fill’d with joy!
War, sorrow, suffering gone — the rank earth purged — nothing but joy left!”

ARE THE TEN COMMANDMENTS BINDING ON THE GENTILES?

BY W. A. COLCORD.

W.M. H. ARMSTRONG, in the last ARENA, says some very good things in his article on "Sunday at the World's Fair." It is becoming quite generally known, if not generally admitted, by all who are familiar with the Scriptures and current history, that nowhere in the Bible is to be found a command to keep Sunday, the first day of the week, as the Sabbath or a "holy day"; that Constantine, in A. D. 321, enacted the first Sunday law known to the world, and that, therefore, to teach the observance of that day as the Sabbath or a holy day is "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." But with Mr. Armstrong's ground of opposition to the demand for closing the World's Fair on Sunday, I do not agree. Though affirming that "no one can deny the necessity and benefit of man resting one day in seven," he holds that there is now no divinely appointed Sabbath, upon the ground that the Ten Commandments are no longer in force, at least so far as the Gentiles are concerned. After quoting Acts xv. 24, 28, 29, he says: "Here is freedom for the Gentiles from the Ten Commandments, and especially the observance of the Jewish Sabbath, the most valued of the ten."

Acts xv. 24, 28, 29, reads as follows: "Forasmuch as we have heard, that certain which went out from us have troubled you with words, subverting your souls, saying, Ye must be circumcised, and keep the law; to whom we gave no such commandment: . . . for it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things: That ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication: from which if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well. Fare ye well."

That Mr. Armstrong has placed a wrong construction

upon this Scripture in concluding from it that the Gentiles are free from obedience to the Ten Commandments, and that there is now no scriptural foundation for the Sabbath I think is evident from the following facts: —

1. There is nothing in this communication to the Gentiles prohibiting the having of false gods, blasphemy, disobedience to parents, murder, theft, lying, or covetousness, or, in other words, the transgression of the first, third, fifth, sixth, eighth, ninth, and tenth commandments, though in other Scriptures in the New Testament these things are expressly condemned.

2. When any of the Ten Commandments are quoted or referred to in the New Testament, they are always introduced as of binding obligation, and a rule of life for all. Instance the following: —

“ Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.” Matt. v. 19.

“ I had not known sin, but by the law; for I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet. . . . For I was alive without the law once; and when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.” Rom. vii. 7, 9.

“ Owe no man anything, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.” Rom. xiii. 8-10.

“ If ye fulfil the royal law according to the Scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, ye do well: but if ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin, and are convinced of the law as transgressors. For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all. For he that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill. Now if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of the law. So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty.” James ii. 8-12.

3. The Saviour plainly declared that he did not come to destroy this law. Matt. v. 17. On the contrary, he taught its importance and binding obligation, as seen in the Scripture already quoted from Matt. v. 19. To the young man who came to him inquiring what he should do to inherit eternal life, he said: "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments," and when asked which, he replied: "Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Honor thy father and thy mother; and Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Matt. xix. 16-19.

4. And in the last book in the New Testament, down almost to the last verse of the last chapter, the importance of keeping the commandments is recognized: "Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." "Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. xiv. 12, xxii. 14.

From this it must be evident that whatever freedom was granted to the Gentiles by the letter recorded in the 15th of Acts, it was not intended to grant them freedom from the Ten Commandments; otherwise there can be no agreement in the teachings of the New Testament upon this point.

What has been said of the Commandments as a whole, may be said of the one relating to the Sabbath. Wherever this or the Sabbath institution itself is referred to in the New Testament it is spoken of as existing and of binding obligation upon all. Said Christ, "The Sabbath was made for man." Mark ii. 27. Mr. Armstrong says: "We cannot find in the New Testament where he even recommended anyone to keep the Sabbath day holy. On the contrary, he and his disciples were accused of breaking the Sabbath by the hypocritical Scribes and Pharisees." It is true that Christ was *accused* of breaking the Sabbath, but there is often a vast difference between being accused of doing a thing and doing it, especially if the accusers are hypocrites. Christ never broke the Sabbath. By both precept and example he taught the hypocritical Scribes and Pharisees, who had loaded it down with their irksome and senseless tradition, how properly to observe it. To his accusers he said: "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days," thus not only recogniz-

ing the law of the Sabbath, but what that law permitted to be done on that day. Luke speaks of his practice thus: "And he came to Nazareth where he had been brought up; and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read." Luke iv. 16. Of those who had followed him from Galilee, while he lay in the tomb, it is said: "They returned and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment." Luke xxiii. 56. And of the practice of the great apostle to the Gentiles, Luke says: "And Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the Scriptures." Acts xvii. 2.

It must, therefore, be an erroneous conclusion that either the divine code known as the Ten Commandments, as a whole, or the Sabbath Commandment as a part, has been abrogated as a rule of life for either Jew or Gentile. While it is true that justification cannot be obtained through this on account of the disobedience of all, nevertheless it is everywhere in the Scriptures recognized as the synopsis of all religion and morality — a rule of life for all.

Therefore, opposition to the demand for closing the World's Fair on Sunday should not be made upon the ground that the Ten Commandments are not binding upon Gentiles, and that there is, therefore, now no Sabbath. Neither should it be made upon the ground that Sunday is not the Bible Sabbath. The true basis for opposition to this clamor for Sunday-closing is that the Church and State should be kept separate; that it is not the business of the Church to dictate how the world of the World's Fair shall be run. The world and the true Church of Christ run on different roads, one a broad road, and the other a narrow one. All attempts at reversing this order or of trying to run both on the same road have been fraught with evil, and only evil, both to the Church and to the State. Proscription, persecution, and intolerance, have invariably followed. Therefore, in the interests of good government and a pure Church I say, Let this clamor cease, and let the World's Fair Commissioners decide when the Fair shall be opened and when closed, as in their judgment they think will best serve the whole people, whose servants they are.

THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.*

BY EDWARD P. SHELDON.

IT is a most beautiful legend,
That the poet so sweetly sings,
Of the bell of the angels in heaven,
Which softly at twilight rings.
A music supremely entrancing,
But only that person can hear,
Whose heart is free from all passion,
And of hatred and sin is clear.

I know of a music much sweeter
And grander to mortal ear ;
Everyone, if he wills, can feel it,
And at any hour can hear.
'T is made, not by heavenly angels,
But by human hearts and wills ;
This music is most inspiring,
The soul with rapture it thrills.

'T is in the most wonderful palace,
Its glorious anthems roll ;
In the very innermost chamber
Of the temple of the soul.
The heart that feels the approval
That comes from a kindly deed,
Knows well there's no sweeter music
On which the spirit can feed.

In sweet'ning the life of another,
In relieving a brother's distress,
The soul finds its highest advancement,
And the noblest blessedness.

* Suggested by reading Rose Osborn's "The Bell of the Angels."

That life is alone worth the living
That lives for another's gain ;
The life that comes after such living
Is the rainbow after the rain.

This spirit of human kindness
Is the angel the soul most needs ;
It sings its most wonderful paean,
While the heart does its noblest deeds.
It leadeth our spirits in transport
To celestial valleys and streams ;
By day it gives grand inspiration,
And at night it brings beautiful dreams.

In the twilight of life when the angels
Ring for us their heavenly chime,
The true heart will mount on the pinions
Of a symphony more sublime.
And the reason that music is grander
Than the bell which the angels toll,
'Tis the voice of God thus proclaiming
His temple within the soul.

THE MORAL AND LEGAL ASPECT OF THE DIVORCE MOVEMENT TOWARDS THE DAKOTAS.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND divorces granted in a single year, and the majority demanded by women! So says the report ordered by Congress in 1887. This is not a sudden, sporadic, or exceptional manifestation of human wretchedness seeking relief and crowding into a tidal wave at a special time. It is a thing of steady growth; for, if we cast a statistical glance backward for a dozen years, we find a similar condition. During 1874 in Ohio, there were 1,742 applications for divorce, and the following year in Connecticut one tenth as many divorces as marriages. And these random straws betoken also that the blowing of this breeze is confined to no locality. So it may safely be said that possibly the most marked, and probably the most rapidly rising of the many fermentations in our present attempt at civilization, is this movement towards a wiser freedom in the necessary relations between the sexes. It is, indeed, the most hopeful sign of our century and of the next one, for it proves that the reign of common sense is commencing, and that the old superstition, by which a woman was punished with life-long loneliness or life-long slavery because her first marital choice was a blunder, is at last beginning to die — though, like all things of darkness, it dies hard.

Yet, my aim in this present article is not to declare the righteousness, demonstrate the dignity, and stimulate the growth of divorce, but simply in the brief compass of four thousand words to correct some false impressions lately spread abroad, first by corrupt and then by careless newspapers, in regard to the divorce laws of the United States, and especially as to the validity of divorces obtained in the great and liberal West.

I have been led to write this paper for THE ARENA,

because I have found that many lawyers in the East, where law has now a marked tendency to become specialized in practice, have extremely hazy ideas as to the exact present condition of this important branch of their business, very important, because marriage is a basic element of society.

Now, to understand divorce scientifically, we must first discover and consider what marriage is from our modern American standpoint. Some regard marriage as merely a civil contract, though full of curious exceptions to the laws governing other contracts; some deem it a sacrament or ordinance of religion, a special belonging of the Church; but in America this latter view never had aught but a feeble grasp on the public mind — was not admitted into our social structure, as was the case in England when Henry VIII. founded a somewhat new and rather interesting religion — and the former, or *quasi*-legal view, has entirely changed. American law, with the cumulative force of multitudinous decisions and *dicta*, declares marriage to be not a contract, but a status: *id est*, a legal condition established by law which the State can create, or change, or destroy. People can contract to commit marriage, but marriage executed is purely and entirely a status. One of our most eminent jurists, Judge T. M. Cooley, in his great work, "Constitutional Limitations," expressly declares this to be the American doctrine; and that most clear, convincing, and entertaining of law-writers, Joel Prentiss Bishop, shows in his latest work how this proposition that marriage is a status and not a contract is gaining ground in the courts of England. Bishop says: "We know the foregoing definition to be correct, because it accurately describes what the courts constantly decide. That marriage executed is not a contract we know, because the parties cannot mutually dissolve it; because the act of God incapacitating one to discharge its duties will not release it; because no accepted performance will end it; because no suit for damage will lie for the non-fulfilment of its duties; because these duties are not derived from its terms but from the law; because legislation may annul it at pleasure, and because none of its other elements are those of contract, but are all of status."

It is clear; then, that the Law and the Church are not at one or anywhere near to each other on this point, nor has the Church always been at one with itself. The Christian doc-

trine, according to Saint Paul, seventh chapter of First Epistle to the Corinthians, is that marriage is a remedy — a remedy against fornication or indiscriminate sexual intercourse. Truly a grand and edifying view which must commend itself to all delicate-minded men and women who have ever felt the ennobling passion of love as distinct from, although subsequently including and refining, that perfectly natural and proper sensation which poets call desire. For love, wherever it exists, in heart of prince or peasant, lady of fashion or country maiden, is an excitement not of the nervous system, but of the soul or affectional nature, and nearly always precedes that passion of which our lady novelists and erotic poets are so prodigal — in their books. Love is never born of passion, though the intensest passion may be born of love, a physico-psychical fact unknown to coarse and common sensualists. And marriage need not be the grave of love, as the Italian proverb goes; it can be made the eternal temple of an ever-growing tenderness that may justly be called the religion of the heart. But Paul thought otherwise; he deemed it merely a "remedy" and if anyone thinks I wrong the Apostle, let him or her examine carefully the text referred to, mark the caption of chapter in the Protestant version and also the notes in Haydock's Catholic Bible.

Following the folly of Saint Paul, the early Christian fathers quite logically took a degrading view of woman. From being considered among the primitive pagans as the natural spoil of man, woman among the primitive Christians came to be regarded as the spoiler, the temptress, a trap for men's souls cunningly baited by the devil. She was to be kept at a distance as dreadfully dangerous. Saint Austin even went to the extreme of objecting to the presence of his own sister in the same house with his saintship. This theologic absurdity, however, wore itself out, and the Church, as it grew, developed a doctrine which, though viewed with hostility by many Protestant historians, seems to me to have been exerting through the centuries a refining influence on mankind by adding dignity to the position of woman, for the raising of the mother of Christ into peculiar prominence, not as an object of worship, but as a medium of intercession very close to the bosom of God, has been gradually counterbalancing the evil effect of that early Jewish fable, the

garden and the fall. Nay, more, after moulted the Pauline doctrine by applying it less broadly, the Church raised his "remedy" to the rank of a sacrament, and by setting the seal of its disapprobation on divorce gave to married women a certain assurance of position which they had lacked before. For in the Roman world — and the world was all Roman when Christianity began — men had the power to divorce their wives at mere whim,—the case of Cicero, for instance, — though it does not appear that divorced women were declassed thereby, for we read of their being married again and moving in society. But there can be no doubt that the Church for many centuries did improve the average condition of women of the upper classes. Cardinal Gibbons in his charmingly written book "*The Faith of our Fathers*" pushes this claim. "Christian wives and mothers, what gratitude you owe to the Catholic Church for the honorable position you now hold in society! If you are no longer regarded as the slave, but the equal of your husband; if you are no longer the toy of his caprice and liable to be discarded at any moment like the women of Turkey and the Mormon wives of Utah; but, if you are recognized as the mistress and queen of your household, you owe your emancipation to the Church." Brave words these, but they seem to claim all on the principle that, if all is boldly claimed in any argument, much is likely to be conceded by persons not possessed of settled opinions. Granting that the Church has done no little and is doing much to-day, through the many hallowed, unselfish lives in its memberage, to elevate womanhood, yet one must admit also that to the Law, likewise, as it has developed among Protestant nations, is due as much, if not more, the present approximate equality of woman with man. And it must also be admitted that, while the Catholic Church has not yet wisely adjusted itself to the different conditions of modern life in this matter of divorce by relaxing the rigor of its rule, which it could do without any inconsistency, the Protestant Church, on the contrary, that for long was almost as stern in its refusal to countenance divorce except for one cause, is now with all its branches yielding gracefully to the blowing of this modern breeze — this wind of a wider and a wiser freedom. Even the Episcopal Church has beheld without horror in the last year one of its noted bishops aiding and abetting his daughter in the getting of

a divorce in Rhode Island so that she might marry a more suitable man. Though, indeed, it is curious that the Anglican Church should have held the other position so long, when we consider that it owes its origin to the desire for a divorce on the part of Henry VIII. of England which his Holiness, Pope Clement VII., refused to grant.

This liberalization of thought among the churches on this theme has its parallel in the liberalization of statutory laws likewise, and where formerly but few causes for divorce were permitted by law, now in the newer States a good many, though by no means yet enough, grounds are recognized and the duration of time one must suffer before the right to bring a suit can accrue has been greatly shortened, though it ought to be shorter still. If one can bring a suit instantly for breach of a mere contract, why for a breach of marriage, which, being a status, is of a nature far more important than contract, should not a suit be brought with equal promptness? If a man beats his wife she ought to have the right to have her marriage dissolved at once by a proper court, and he be compelled to support her till she marries again, or is able to support herself. But, *μέλλοντα τάχυτα*, these things are for the future, and for the present benefit of those who desire to procure divorce on the mildest grounds, rather than for harsh causes calculated, even if unproven, to throw odium upon and cause unnecessary suffering to the other party, such as accusations of adultery, cruelty, or drunkenness, and also for the benefit of those many modern readers, who like to study all facts by the light of comparison, I have compiled from the most recent data obtainable the following table of jurisdictions, or list of States and Territories in which desertion or wilful neglect are recognized as grounds for divorce, with the terms of residence necessary therein before an action can be begun.

Jurisdiction.	Length of Desertion Necessary, etc.	Length of Residence Required.
South Dakota:	One year wilful neglect or desertion,	90 days.
North Dakota:	One year wilful neglect or desertion,	"
New Mexico:	No period specified,	Six months.
Arizona:	Six months intentional abandonment,	" "
Wyoming:	One year,	" "
California:	One year wilful neglect or desertion,	" "
Idaho:	One year,	" "
Nevada:	" "	" "
Nebraska:	Two years,	" "
Rhode Island:	Five years or less, at discretion of Court,	One year.

Jurisdiction.	Length of Desertion Necessary, etc.	Length of Residence Required.
Washington:	One year,	One year.
Wisconsin:	" "	" "
Montana:	" "	" "
Kansas:	" "	" "
Illinois:	" "	" "
Kentucky:	" "	" "
Iowa:	Two years,	" "

Examination of this table and a study of the concomitant statutes, unfortunately too verbose for entire citation here, show that the tendency towards easier relief from the ball-and-chain of an unhappy marriage manifests itself more and more in the new communities of the great West, and suggests an improvement on Bishop Berkeley's celebrated line about "the course of empire" to wit: "Westward the star of woman takes its way." For, since many more women than men are terrible sufferers in a wrong or imperfect marriage state, this western liberality, or tendency thereunto, betokens the dawn of a higher morality all over the country, and we may even hope to see in the first quarter of the next century mediæval South Carolina (*which admits of no divorce for any cause, and yet by statute has had to limit to one fourth of his estate the amount which a South Carolina gentleman may bequeath to his concubine or her issue*) sloughing the putridity of her legalized corruption and enacting as liberal divorce laws as those with which Dakota Territory, to its unfading honor, began its career, and which to-day make North and South Dakota the banner States of human progress.

Under Dakotan laws the statutory grounds for divorce are six: Adultery, extreme cruelty, wilful desertion, wilful neglect, habitual intemperance, and conviction of felony. Extreme cruelty (as defined by the liberal and salutary statute) is the infliction of grievous bodily injury or *grievous mental suffering* upon the other by one party to the marriage. Wilful desertion is the voluntary separation of one of the married parties from the other with intent to desert. But the husband may choose any reasonable place or mode of living, and if the wife does not conform thereto, it is desertion. Wilful neglect is the neglect of the husband to provide for his wife the common necessities of life, he having the ability to do so, or it is the failure to do so by reason of idleness, profligacy, or dissipation. Habitual intemper-

ance is that degree of intemperance from the use of intoxicating drinks which disqualifies the person a great portion of the time from properly attending to business *or which would reasonably inflict a course of great mental anguish upon the innocent party.* Desertion, neglect, and intemperance must be of a year's duration before either is a ground for action, *but they need not have occurred in the State.*

To acquire the right to sue for a divorce in the Dakotas a residence of ninety days is necessary, and the summons must be served on the defendant either by a six weeks' publication in a Dakotan newspaper, or by personal service in the State where the defendant resides. After this six weeks' publication, which means also the mailing of copies to the address or supposed address of the defendant, a period of thirty days is allowed by law in which the defendant, may make answer. If no answer is made in that time the case goes by default, but is not quite ended, for the judge appoints a commissioner to take testimony corroborative of the plaintiff's allegations. This commissioner, of course, being in another State generally, is chosen by the plaintiff's lawyers, and when the commissioner returns the testimony, the judge signs the decree. So, allowing ten days for the papers to go, return, and be signed, with ninety days for residence, forty-two days for publication of notice, and thirty days of further grace to the defendant for reply, it is possible to secure a legal divorce by coming to either Dakota in the comparatively short space of one hundred and seventy-two days, or less than six months. It is even possible in less time, if the defendant makes a contest, or a show of contest, by instructing some local lawyer to enter an appearance; for the right of reply accrues on the first day of service or of publication, so, if a man replied instanter to his wife's suit, the case might come up right after the ninety-first day and, should the judge be willing, might be decided on the ninety-second day. I have known a few instances of this rapidity, but, as a rule, those who come to the Dakotas for freedom must expect to spend from five to six months in this invigorating climate.

But is a Dakotan divorce valid everywhere? A good many lawyers, misled by certain cases decided in the courts of New York, and one or two other legally confused States, have entertained quite honest doubts on this point; but no

shadow of doubt can remain in the mind of anyone, lawyer or layman, who will take the trouble to study the cases commonly cited as against the validity of extra-territorial or other-State divorces obtained by a former citizen of New York, Massachusetts, etc.

The case most often quoted, and quoted very carelessly, in support of the doctrine that the divorce decrees of other States have no value in New York, unless the defendant submits to the extra-territorial jurisdiction by appearing to contest the suit, is the *People v. Baker*, 76 N. Y., 78. This case was, no doubt, correctly decided, but all that it contains of pertinence to the general proposition is this: If a domiciliary of one State neglects to defend an action for divorce brought by a domiciliary of another State, the divorce obtained by the plaintiff does not apply to the defendant.

Mrs. Baker obtained a divorce in Ohio, after serving papers upon her husband to which he paid no attention, and against which he made no appearance. Fancying honestly enough that her freedom freed him also, he married again, and was found guilty of bigamy. It was not pretended for a moment that the Ohio divorce was invalid as to the woman who got it, but it was inoperative and void as to the man who neglected to defend it, and did not come within the jurisdiction. In brief, while Ohio had the admitted right to change the marital status of Mrs. Baker, who had become an Ohio resident, it could not reach out and change the status of a New Yorker, unless he came voluntarily by attorney into Ohioan jurisdiction. The court expressly said in the Baker case (page 85); "It is, of course, to be granted that each State may declare and adjudge the status of its own citizens, and hence, if one party to a proceeding is domiciled in a State, the status of that party, as affected by the matrimonial relation, may be adjudged upon and confirmed or changed, in accordance with the laws of that State." Nor do I know of any case anywhere that has really enlarged upon the doctrine of this Baker case. *O'Dea v. O'Dea*, 101 N. Y., 23, often cited as a legal child of the Baker case, clearly does not, and in the recent case of *Munson v. Munson*, not yet reported in the books, while it appears that Judge Larned leaned to an enlarging view, it will be found that what led the other judges to concur in the result (doubtless not in the Larned reasonings that arrived at it)

was the taint of fraud in the original libel. New York courts do hold that the jurisdiction of courts of other States is always open to inquiry, or that if a judgment has been procured by fraud it may be questioned collaterally, *Hunt v. Hunt*, 72 N. Y., 217; but Judge Folger in that case qualifies this very strongly by saying: "There must be fraudulent allegations and representations designed and intended to mislead, with knowledge of falsity *and resulting in damaging deception.*" And it is likely, as interstate divorce law evolves, that inquiry into jurisdiction of other State courts will be limited to cases where a showing of palpable or of provable fraud in procedure is made; otherwise the essential value of the constitutional provision that full faith and credit shall be given by the courts of one State to the findings of the courts of another is in danger of being vitiated.

My view of the validity of Dakotan divorces is not a solitary one by any means. In support of it I quote by permission from the letter of a great New York lawyer:—

"I insist that a divorce obtained in South Dakota, for legal cause, with personal notice on the defendant, is and will be good in any State of the Union. There have been some foolish decisions in this State, but I think the next time a case gets before the Court of Appeals that Court will overrule the nonsense of the past. But in Mrs. ____'s case there will be personal service. About that there can be no doubt, and in my judgment the divorce is just as good without personal service, provided the requirements of the statute are fully complied with and in good faith — and after such divorce a marriage is, in my judgment, perfectly good. Yours very truly,

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL."

To this let me add one more point. It has been asserted that the coming to South Dakota for the purpose of obtaining a divorce would invalidate it, would be a fraud upon the Dakotan court, and that a divorce there obtained, such purpose being afterwards proved, would receive no recognition in other States. I submit that the contrary is true. Divorce is a legal right or remedy, and even if a person makes residence in the Dakotas for that sole purpose, the object is a lawful one, and if the preliminary residence for the ninety days required is actual or *bona fide*, it answers the requirements of the statute, and must be upheld by the Supreme

Court of the United States. Moreover, as to New York decisions being adverse, what case could be stronger than *Thorp v. Thorp*, 90 N. Y., 605? This holds that a man divorced in New York for adultery, and forbidden to remarry by the New York statute, who went to Philadelphia with a New York woman *for the sole and express purpose of evading* the New York decree by marrying her in that place and returning at once to New York, had contracted a marriage which being valid in that other State, was valid in New York also, and the Court of Appeals, with all the judges concurring, except Rapallo, who was absent, reversed the contrary judgment of the lower court and established this doctrine, that a person's purpose in going to another State to get married, even to evade a statute of his place of original *and subsequent* domicile, is a perfectly lawful and proper one. If to evade a legal penalty, such as prohibition of marriage, one may run over into another State, surely to gain a legal right one may take up residence in another State. How long they choose to retain such residence after fulfilling the statutory requirements, is their own individual concern of which courts can have no legitimate cognizance.

In conclusion I would say, as the unbiased result of much conscientious study of domestic relations, that the salutary effect of liberal divorce laws in the prevention of crime, the promotion of happiness, the development of individual dignity, and the betterment of the race, cannot be readily over-estimated. An easy return to perfect freedom from marriages that are wrong is the best harbinger and surest hastener of that desirable day when more marriages will be right.

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Yours sincerely
Frederick Gossard

A SPOIL OF OFFICE.

A STORY OF THE MODERN WEST.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

PART I.

I.

EARLY in the cool hush of a June morning in the seventies a curious vehicle left Farmer Councill's door, loaded with a merry group of young people. It was a huge omnibus, constructed out of a heavy farm wagon and a hay rack, and was drawn by six horses. The driver was Councill's hired man, Bradley Talcott. Councill himself held between his vast knees the staff of a mighty flag in which they all took immense pride.

Laughter and scraps of song and rude witticisms made the huge wagon a bouquet of smiling faces. Everybody laughed, except Bradley, who sat with intent eyes and steady lips, his sinewy brown hand holding the excited horses in place. This intentness and self-mastery lent a sort of majesty to his rough-hewn face.

"Let 'em out a little, Brad," said Councill.

Behind them came teams, before them were teams, along every lane of the beautiful upland prairie, teams were rolling rapidly, all towards the south. The day was perfect summer; it made the heart of reticent Bradley Talcott ache with the beauty of it every time his thoughts went up to the blue sky. The larks, and bobolinks, and red-wings made every meadow riotous with song, and the ever-alert king-birds and flickers flew along from post to post as if to have a part in the celebration.

On every side stretched fields of wheat, green as emerald and soft as velvet. Some of it was high enough already to ripple in the soft winds. The corn-fields showed their yellow-green rows of timid shoots, and cattle on the pastures luxuriated in the fulness of the June grass; the whole land was at its fairest and liberalest, and it seemed peculiarly fitting that the farmers should go on a picnic this day of all days.

At the four corners below stood scores of other wagons, loaded to the rim with men, women, and children. Up and down the line rode Milton Jennings, the marshal of the day, exalted by the baton he held and by the gay red sash looped across his shoul-

ders. Everywhere were merry shouts, and far away at the head of the procession the Burr Oak band was playing. All waited for the flag whose beautiful folds flamed afar in the bright sunlight.

Every member of the grange wore its quaint regalia, apron, sash, and pouch of white, orange, buff and red. Each grange was headed by banners, worked in silk by the patient fingers of the women. Counting the banners there were three Granges there,—Liberty Grange, Meadow Grange, and Burr Oak Grange at the lead with the band. The marshal of the leading grange came charging back along the line, riding magnificently his fiery little horse.

“Are we all ready?” he shouted like a field officer.

“Yaas!”

“All ready, Tom?”

“Ready when you are.”

He consulted a moment with Milton, the two horses prancing with unwonted excitement that transformed them into fiery chargers of romance, in the eyes of the boys and girls, just as the sash and baton transfigured Milton.

“All ready there!” shouted the marshals with grandiloquent gestures of their be-ribboned rods, and the teams began to move toward the west. The men stood up to look ahead, while the boys in the back end of the wagons craned perilously over the edge of the box to see how long the line was. It seemed enormous to them, and their admiration of the marshals broke forth in shrill cries of primitive wildness.

Many of the young fellows had hired at ruinous expense the carriages in which they sat with their girls, wearing a quiet air of aristocratic reserve which did not allow them to shout sarcasms at Milton, when his horse broke into a trot and jounced him up and down till his hat flew off. But mainly the young people were in huge bowered lumber wagons in wildly hilarious groups. The girls in their simple white dresses tied with blue ribbon at the waist, and the boys in their thick woolen suits which did all round duty for best wear.

As they moved off across the prairie toward the dim blue belt of timber which marked the banks of Rock River, other processions joined them with banner, and bands, and choirs, all making a peaceful and significant parade, an army of reapers of grain, not reapers of men. Some came singing “John Brown,” or “Hail, Columbia.” Everywhere was a voiced excitement which told how tremendous the occasion seemed. In every wagon hid in cool deeps of fresh cut grass, were unimaginable quantities of good things which the boys never forgot even in their great excitement.

On the procession moved, with gay flags and flashing banners. The dust rolled up, the cattle stared across the fences, the colts ran snorting away, tails waving like flags, and unlucky toilers in

the fields stopped to wave their hats and gaze wistfully till the caravan passed. The men shouted jovial words to them, and the boys waved their hats in ready sympathy.

At ten o'clock they entered the magnificent grove of oaks, where a speaker's stand had been erected, and where enterprising salesmen from Rock River had erected soda water and candy stands, with an eye to business.

There was already a stupendous crowd, at least so it seemed to the farmers' boys. Two or three bands were blaring away somewhere in the grove; children were shouting and laughing, and boys were racing to and fro, playing ball or wrestling; babies were screaming, and the marshals were shouting directions to the entering teams, in voices that rang through the vaulted foliage with thrilling effect, and the harsh bray of the ice cream and candy sellers completed the confusion.

Bradley's skill as a horseman came out as he swung into the narrow winding road which led through threatening stumps into the heart of the wood past the speaker's stand. Councill furled his great flag and trailed it over the heads of those behind, and Flora and Ceres, and all the other deities of the grange upheld the staff with smiling good-will. And so they drew up to the grand stand, the most imposing turn-out of the day. They sprang out and mingled with the merry crowd, while Bradley drove away. After he had taken care of the team he came back towards the grand stand and wandered about alone. He was not a native of the country and knew very few of the people. He stood about with a timid expression on his face that made him seem more awkward than he really was. He was tall, and strong, and graceful when not conscious of himself as he was now. He felt a little bitter at being ignored,— that is, he felt it in a vague and wordless way.

Lovers passed him in pairs, eating peanuts or hot candy which they bit off from a huge triangular mass still hot from the kettle. He had never seen any candy just like that, and wondered if he had better try a piece. The speaking on the stand attracted and held his attention, however. Oratory always had powerful attraction for him.

Seats had been arranged in a semi-circle around the stand, on which the speakers of the day, the band, and the singers were already grouped. All around, leaning against the trees, twined in the branches of the oaks, or ranked against the railing, were the banners and mottoes of the various granges. No. 10, Liberty Grange, "Justice is our Plea." Meadow Grange, "United We Stand, Divided We Fall." Bethel Grange, "Fraternity." Other mottoes were "Through Difficulties to the Stars;" "Equal Rights to All, Special Privileges to None."

The choir rose to sing, accompanied by an organ, and their voices rolled out under the vaulted aisles of foliage, with that thrilling, far-away effect of the singing voice in the midst of illimitable spaces. This was followed by prayer, and then Mr. Deering, the president, called upon everybody to join in singing the national anthem, after which he made the opening address.

He spoke of the marvellous growth of the order, how it had sprung up from the soil at the need of the farmer; it was the first great movement of the farmer in history, and it was something to be proud of. The farmer had been oppressed. He had been helpless and would continue helpless till he asked and demanded his rights. After a dignified and earnest speech he said:—"I will introduce as the next speaker Mr. Isaac Hobkirk."

Mr. Hobkirk, a large man with a very bad voice, made a fiery speech. "Down with the middlemen," he cried, and was applauded vigorously. "They are the blood-suckers that's takin' the life out of us farmers. What we want is to deal right with the manufacturers, an' cut off these white-handed fellers in Rock River who git all we raise. Speechifyin' and picnickin' is all well an' good, but what we want is *agents*. We want agents fr' machinery, wheat buyers, agents fr' groceries, that's what we want; that's what we're here for; that's what the grange was got together for. Down with the middlemen!"

This brought out vigorous applause and showed that a very large number agreed with him. Bradley sat silently through it all. It didn't mean very much to him, and he wished they'd sing again.

The chairman again came forward. "Napoleon said 'Old men for counsel, but young men for war.' But our young men have listened patiently to us old fellows for years, and mebbe they don't think much of our counsel. I'm goin' to call on Milton Jennings, one of our rising young men."

Milton, a handsome young fellow with yellow hair and smiling lips, arose and came forward to the rail, feeling furtively in his coat-tail pocket to see that his handkerchief was all right. He was a student at the seminary, and was considered a fine young orator. This was his first attempt before so large an audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began after clearing his throat. "Brothers and sisters of the Order: I feel highly honored by the president by being thus called upon to address you. Old men for counsel is all right, if they counsel what we young men want, but I'm for war; I'm for a fight in the interests of the farmer. Not merely a de-fensive warfare but an of-fensive warfare.

"How? By the ballot. Mr. President, I know you don't agree with me. I know it's a rule of the order to keep politics out of it, but I don't know of a better place to discuss the inter-

ests of the farmer. It's a mistake. We've got to unite at the ballot box ; what's the use of our order if we don't ? We must be represented at the State legislature, and we can't do that unless we make the grange a political factor.

" You may talk about legislative corruption, Mr. President, and about county rings, to come near home. (Cheers and cries, " Now you're getting at it," " That's right," etc.) But the only way to get 'em out is to vote 'em out. (" That's a fact.") You m'say we can talk it over outside the order. Yes, but I tell you, Mr. President, the order's the place for it. If it's an educational thing, then I say it ought to educate and educate in politics, Mr. President.

" I tell you, I'm for war ! Let's go in to win ! When the fall's work is done, in fact from this time on, Mr. President, the farmers of this county ought to organize for the campaign. Cut and dry our ticket, cut and dry our plans. If we begin early and work together we can strangle the anacondy that is crushing us, and the eagle of victory will perch on our banners on the third of November, and the blood-suckers trouble us no more forever."

With this remarkable peroration, spoken in a high monotonous key, after the fashion of the political orator, Milton sat down mopping his face, while his admirers cheered.

The chairman, who had been twisting in his chair, hastened to say : —

" Fellow-Citizens: I'm not to be held responsible for anything anybody else speaks on this platform. I do not believe with our young brother. I think that politics will destroy the grange. To make it a debating school on political questions would bring discord and wrangling into it. I hope I shall never see the day. I now ask Brother Jennings to say a few words."

Mr. Jennings, a fat and jolly farmer, came to the front looking very hot. His collar had long since melted.

" I aint very much of a speech-maker, Mr. President, brothers and sisters. Fact is, I sent my boy down to the seminary to learn how to talk, so't I wouldn't haf to. I guess he represents my idees purty well, though, all except this political idee. I don't know about that. I aint quite made up my mind on that point. I guess I'd better leave the floor for somebody else."

" Glad you left the floor," whispered Milton to his father as he sat down by his side. Milton was a merciless joker, especially upon his father.

" We have with us to-day," said the chairman, " one of the most eloquent speakers in the State, one whose name all grangers know, our State lecturer, Miss Ida Wilbur."

The assembly rose to its feet with applause as a slender young woman stepped forth, and waited with easy dignity to begin her speech. There was something significant in her man-

ner, and a splendid stillness fell upon the audience as she began in a clear, penetrating, musical contralto.

"Brothers and sisters in the Order: While I have been sitting here listening to your speakers, I have been looking at the mottoes on your banners, and I have been trying to find out by those expressions what your conception of this movement is. I wonder whether its majesty appears to you as it does to me." She paused for an instant. "We are in danger of losing sight of its larger meaning.

"Primarily, the object of the grange has been the education of the farmers. It has been a great social educator, and I am glad, my friends and neighbors, when I can look out upon such an assembly as this. I see in it the rise of the idea of union, and intelligent union; but principally I see in it the meeting together of the farmers who live too much apart from the rest of the world.

"I believe," she cried, with lifted hand, "I believe this is the greatest movement of the farmer in the history of the world. It is a movement against unjust discrimination, no doubt, but it has another side to me, a poetic side, I call it. The farmer is a free citizen of a great republic, it is true; but he is a solitary free citizen. He lives alone too much. He meets his fellow-men too little. His dull life, his hard work, make it almost impossible to keep his better nature uppermost. The work of the grange is a social work." She was supported by generous applause.

"It is not to antagonize town and country. The work of the grange to me is not political. Keep politics out of it, or it will destroy you. Use it to bring yourselves together. Let it furnish you with pleasant hours. Establish your agencies, if you can, but I care more for meetings like this. I care more for the poetry there is in having Flora, and Ceres, and Pomona brought into the farmer's home."

Her great brown eyes glowed as she spoke and her lifted head thrilled those who sat near enough to see the emotion that was in the lines of her face. The sun struck through the trees, that swayed in masses overhead, dappling the upturned faces with light and shade. The leaves under the tread of the wind rustled softly, and the soaring hawk looked down curiously as he drifted above the grove, like a flock of cloud.

On Bradley, sitting there alone, there fell something mysterious, like a light. Something whiter and more penetrating than the sunlight. As he listened, something stirred within him, a vast longing, a hopeless ambition, nameless as it was strange. His bronzed face paled and he breathed heavily. His eyes absorbed every detail of the girl's face and figure. There was wonder in his eyes at her girlish face, and something like awe at her

powerful diction and her impersonal emotion. She stood there like an incarnation of the great dream-world that lay beyond his horizon, the world of poets and singers in the far realms of light and luxury.

"I have a dream of what is coming," she said in conclusion, and her voice had a prophetic ring. "I see a time when the farmer will not need to live in a cabin on a lonely farm. I see the farmers coming together in groups. I see them with time to read, and time to visit with their fellows. I see them enjoying lectures in beautiful halls, erected in every village. I see them gather like the Saxons of old upon the green at evening to sing and dance. I see cities rising near them with schools, and churches, and concert halls, and theatres. I see a day when the farmer will no longer be a drudge and his wife a bond slave, but happy men and women who will go singing to their pleasant tasks upon their fruitful farms." The audience did not cheer, it sat as if in church. The girl seemed to be speaking prophecy.

"When the boys and girls will not go west nor to the city; when life will be worth living. In that day the moon will be brighter and the stars more glad, and pleasure, and poetry, and love of life come back to the man who tills the soil."

The people broke into wild applause when she finished. Tears were streaming down many of their faces, and when Deering arose to announce a song by the choir his voice shook and he made no secret of his deep emotion. After the song, he said: "Neighbors, we don't want to spoil that splendid speech with another this day. The best thing we can do is to try to think that good time is here and eat our dinner with the resolution to bring that good time as soon as possible."

Bradley sat still after the others had risen. The dazzling pictures called up by the speaker's words were still moving confusedly in his brain. They faded at last and he rose with a sigh and went out to feed the horses their oats.

II.

The dinner made a beautiful scene, the most idyllic in the farmer's life. The sun, now high noon, fell through the leaves in patches of quivering light upon the white table-cloth, spread out upon the planks, and it fell upon the fair hair of girls, and upon the hard knotted fingers of men and women grown old in toil. The rattle of dishes, the harsh-keyed, unwonted laughter of the women, and the invitations to dinner given and taken filled the air. The long plank seats placed together made capital tables, and eager children squatted about wistfully watching the display of each new delicacy. The crude abundance of the Iowa farm had been brought out to make it a really great dinner.

The Councill's and the Burns families took dinner together. Mrs. Burns, fretful and worn, cuffed the children back from the table while bringing out her biscuit and roast chicken. Some sat stolidly silent, but big-voiced Councill joked in his heavy way with everyone within ear-shot.

"Well, the Lord is on our side, neighbor Jennings, to-day, anyhow," he roared across the space of two or three tables.

"He's always on our side, brother Councill," smiled Jennings.

"Wal, I'd know about that. Sometimes I'm a leetle in doubt."

"Got something good to eat?" inquired Jennings of Mrs. Councill.

"Land sakes, no! We never have anything fit to eat since Jane's got to havin' beaux; my cookin' aint fit for a hawg to eat."

"I aint a-goin' to eat it, then," roared Councill in vast delight at his joke on himself. "I'll go over and eat with Marm Jennings." They all roared at this.

"Tell us so't we c'n laff," called Mrs. Smith.

"Where's Brad?" said Mrs. Councill, looking about her. "Aint he comin' to dinner?"

"I don't see him round anywhere. Mebbe he's out feed'n the horses," replied Councill, without concern.

"Say! that was a great speech that girl made," put in Brother Smith, coming over with a chicken leg in one hand and a buttered biscuit in the other. "But what we want is free trade —"

"What we want is a home market," said Milton, some distance away.

"Oh, go to — Texas with y'r home market!"

"Tut, tut, tut, no politics, brethren," said Jennings.

Bradley was standing over by the trunk of a large oak tree, watching from afar the young girl who had so stirred him. She was eating dinner with Deering, his wife, and daughter, and Milton, who was there, looking very bright and handsome, or at least he appeared so to Eileen Deering, a graceful little girl, his classmate at the seminary.

Miss Wilbur sat beside Deering, who was a large man with a type of face somewhat resembling Lincoln's. She was smiling brightly, but her smile had something thoughtful in it, and her eyes had unknown deeps like a leaf-bottomed woodland pool across which the sun fell. She was feeling yet the stress of emotion she had felt in speaking, and was a little conscious of the admiring glances of the people.

She saw once or twice a tall, roughly dressed young farmer, who seemed to be looking at her steadily, and there was something in his glance, a timid worshipful expression, that touched her and made her observe him more closely. He was very

farmer-like, she noticed ; his cheap coat fitted him badly, and his hat was old and shapeless. Yet there was something natively fine and chivalrous in his admiration. She felt that.

" You're a farmer's daughter yourself," said Deering, as if they had been speaking of somebody else who was.

" Yes, my father was a farmer. I'm a teacher. I only began a little while ago to speak in the interest of the farmer. It seems to me that everybody is looking out for himself except the farmer, and I want to help him to help himself. I expect to speak in every county in the State this winter."

Bradley crept nearer. He was eager to hear what she was saying. He grew furtive in his manner, when she observed him, and he felt as if he were doing something criminal. He saw Miss Wilbur say something to Mr. Deering, who looked up a moment later and said to Bradley, whom he did not know, " Why, certainly, come and have some dinner, plenty of it."

Bradley flushed hot with shame and indignation, and moved away deeply humiliated. They had taken him for a poor, friendless, lonely tramp, and there was just enough truth in his loneliness to make it sting.

" Say, Brad, don't you want some grub ? " called Councill.

" Quick, 'r 'y lose it," said Burns.

He sat down and fell upon the dinner silently, but there was a hot flush still upon his face. He was not a beau. It had always been difficult for him to address a marriageable woman, and a joke on that subject threw him into dumb confusion. He had lived a dozen tender dreams of which no one knew a word. Indeed he never acknowledged them to himself. He had admired in this way Eileen Deering whom he had seen with Milton a few times during the year. He now envied Milton his easy air of calm self-possession in the presence of two such beautiful girls.

Miss Wilbur had stirred his unexplored self. Down where ambitions are born ; where aspirations rise like sun-shot mists, her words and the light of her face had gone. Already there was something sacred and ineffably sweet about her voice and face. She had come to him as the right woman comes sometimes to a man, and thereafter his whole life is changed.

He walked away from the few people he knew, and tried to interest himself in the games they were playing but he could not. He drifted back to the grand stand and sought about till he could see Miss Wilbur once more.

The hour or two after dinner was spent in visiting, getting acquainted, and the time seemed all too short. Each granger took this opportunity of inquiring after the health of the other grangers of the county. The young people wandered in laughing,

romping groups about the grounds, buying peanuts and sugar candy, and drinking the soda water and lemonade which the vendors called with strenuous enterprise.

On the shadowed side of the grand stand the leading men of the grange gathered, consulting about plans and measures.

"Now, it seems to me that we're going on all right now," said Deering. "We're getting our goods cheap and we're cuttin' off the middleman."

"And we're getting hold of the railways."

"Yes, but it don't amount to nothin' compared to what ought to be done. We ought 'o oust them infernal blood-suckers that's in our court-house, and we want to do it as a grange."

"No," said Jennings in his placid way, "we can do that better. I've got a plan."

"What we want," said Hobkirk, "is a party, a ticket of our own, then we can—"

"No, we can't do that. It won't be right to do that. We must stand by the party that has given us our railway legislation."

Milton and several of the younger farmers drew off one side and talked earnestly about the fall campaign.

"They'll beat us again unless we go in together," Milton said with emphatic gesticulation. Milton was a natural politician. His words found quick response in the erratic Hobkirk who had good ideas but whose temperament made all his words jagged shot. He irritated where he meant to convince.

Bradley listened to it all without feeling that he had any part in it. It didn't seem to him that politics had anything to do with the beautiful words of the girl. On the stand the choir began to sing again and he walked toward them. They sang on and the people listened while they packed away the dishes. They sang "Auld Lang Syne," and "We'll Meet Beyond the River," with that characteristic attraction of the common people for wistful, sorrowful cadences which is a paradox not easily explained.

"All aboard!" called Councill from his wagon as Bradley drove the team up to the grand stand. While the merry people clambered in and paired off along the seats he was seeing Miss Wilbur shaking hands with the people who paused to say good-by. His heart ached for a glance of her brown eyes and a word, but he held the reins in his great hands and his face showed only his usual impassive reticence.

The banners were taken up, the children loaded in, the boys looking back wistfully to the games and the candy-stands. Councill unfurled his flag to the wind, and Bradley swung the eager horses into the lane. On all sides the farmers' teams were getting out into the road; the work of the marshals was done. Each man went his own gait.

The young people behind Bradley began to sing:—

“Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We’re homeward bound
Homeward bound.”

And so along each lane through the red sunset the farmers rolled home. Home through lanes bordered with velvet green wheat, across which the sunlight streamed in dazzling yellow floods. Home through wild prairies, where the birds nested and the gophers whistled. The dust rose up, transformed into gold by the light of the setting sun. The children fell asleep in their tired mothers’ arms. The men shouted to each other from team to team, discussing the speakers and the crops.

Smiles were few as each wagon turned into its gateway and rolled up to the silent house. The sombre shadow of the farm’s drudgery had fallen again on faces unused to smiling.

Only the lovers lingering on the road till the moon rose and the witchery of night came to make the girlish eyes more brilliant, softening their gayety into a wistful tenderness, only to these did the close of the day seem as sweet and momentous as the morning. While the trusty horse jogged on, impatient of the slow pace set by his driver, the lovers sat with little to say, but with hearts lit by the light that can glorify for a few moons, at least, even the life of ceaseless toil.

III.

A farm is a good place to think in, if a man has sufficient self-sustaining force—that is, if work does not dominate him and force him to think in petty or degrading circles.

It is a lonely life. • Especially lonely on a large farm in the West. The life of a hired man like Bradley Talcott is spent mainly with the horses and cattle. In the spring he works day after day with the drag or seeder, moving to and fro an animate speck across a dull brown expanse of soil. Even when he has a companion there is little talk, for there is little to say, and the extra exertion of speaking against the wind, or across distances, soon forces them both into silence.

True, there is the glory of the vast sweep of sky, the wild note of the crane, the flight of geese, the multitudinous twitter of sparrows, and the subtle exalting smell of the fresh, brown earth; but these things do not compensate for human society. Nature palls upon the normal man when he is alone with her constantly. The monotone of the wind and the monochrome of the sky oppress him. His heart remains empty.

The rustle of flashing, blade-like corn leaves, the vast clean-cut mountainous clouds of June, the shade of shimmering popple

trees, the whistle of plover and the sailing hawk do not satisfy the man who follows the corn plow with the hot sun beating down all day upon his bent head and dusty shoulders. His point of view is not that from the hammock. He is not out on a summer vacation. If he thinks, he thinks bitter things, and when he speaks his words are apt to be oaths.

Still a man has time to think and occasionally a man dominates his work and refuses to be hardened and distorted. Many farmers swear at the team or the plow and everything that bothers them. Some whistle vacantly and mechanically all day, or sing in endless succession the few gloomy songs they know. Bradley thought.

He thought all summer long. He was a powerful man physically and turned off his work with a ready knack which left him free to think. All day as he moved to and fro in the rustling corn rows, he thought, and with his thinking, his powers expanded. He had the power of self-development.

The centre of his thinking was that slender young woman and the words she had uttered. He repeated her prophetic words as nearly as he could a hundred times. He repeated them aloud as he plowed day after day, through the dreamful September mist. He began to look ahead and wonder what he should do or could do. Must he be a farmer's hired man or a renter all his life? His mind moved slowly from point to point, but it never returned to its old dumb patience. His mind, like his body, had unknown latent forces. He was one of those natures whose delicacy and strength are alike hidden.

"Brad don't know his strength," Councill was accustomed to say. "If he should ever get mad enough to fight, the other feller'd better go a-visitin'." And a person who knew his mind might have said, "If Bradley makes up his mind to do a thing he'll do it." But no one knew his mind. He did not know its resources himself.

His mind seized upon every hint, and bit by bit his resolution was formed. Milton going by one Monday morning on his way to the seminary stopped beside the fence where Brad was plowing and waited for him to come up. He had a real interest in Bradley.

"Hello, Brad."

"Hello, Milt."

"How's business?"

"Oh, so so. Pretty cold."

The wind was blowing cold and cuttingly from the northwest. Milton, rosy with his walk, dropped down beside the hedge of weeds in the sun and Brad climbed over the fence and joined him. It was warm and cosey there, and the crickets were cheeping feebly in the russet grass where the sunlight fell.

"Say, Milt, what does it cost to go to school down there?"

"Depends on who goes. Costs me 'bout forty dollars a term. Shep an' I room it and cook our own grub."

"What's the tuition?"

"Eight dollars a term."

"Feller could go to the public school for nauthin', couldn't he?"

"Yes, and that'd be all it 'ud be worth," said Milton with fine scorn.

"What does a room cost?" Brad pursued after a silence.

"Well, ours cost 'bout three dollars a month but we have two rooms. You could get one for fifty cents a week."

He looked up at Brad with a laugh in his eyes. "Don't think of starting in right off, do you?"

"Well, I don't know but I might if I had money enough to carry me through."

"What y' think o' doin', study law?"

"No, but I'd kind o' like to be able to speak in public. Seems t' me a feller ought o' know how to speak at a school meetin' when he's called on. I couldn't say three words to save m' soul. They teach that down there, don't they?"

"Yes, we have Friday exercises and then there are two debating clubs. They're boss for practice. That's where I put in most o' my time. I'm goin' into politics," he ended with a note of exalted purpose as if going into politics were really something fine. "Are you?"

"Well, there's no tellin' what minit a feller's liable to be called on and I'd kinder like to,—"

Milton jumped up. "Well, hold on, this won't do f'r me; I must mosey along. Good-by," he said and set off down the road.

"When does the next term begin?" called Bradley.

"November 15th," Milton replied, looking about a minute; "better try it."

Bradley threw the lines over his shoulder and, bending his head, fell into deep calculation. Milton's clear tenor was heard ringing across the fields, fitfully dying away. Milton made the most of everything, and beside he was on his way to see Eileen. He could afford to be gay.

Bradley thought, even while he husked the corn, one of the bitterest of all farm tasks when the cold winds of November begin to blow. Councill had a large field of corn and every morning in the cold and frosty light Ike and Bradley were out in the field, each with a team. Beautiful mornings, if one could have looked upon it from a window in a comfortable home. There were mornings when the glittering purple and orange

domes of the oaks and maples swam in the mist dreamfully, so beautiful the eyes lingered upon them wistfully. Mornings when the dim lines of the woods were a royal purple, and gray-blue shadows streamed from the trees upon the yellow-green grass.

Husking was the last of the fall work and the last day of husking found Bradley desperately undecided. It was a bitter cold morning. As he leaped into the frost-rimmed wagon-box and caught up the reins, the half-frozen team sprang away with desperate energy, making the wagon bound over the frozen ground with a thunderous clatter.

In every field the sound of similar wagons getting out to work could be heard. It was not yet light. A leaden-gray dome of cloud had closed in over the morning sky and the feeling of snow was in the air. There was only a dull flush of red in the east to show the night had been frostily clear.

Ike raised a great shout to let his neighbors know he was in the field. Councill, with a fork over his shoulder, was on his way down the lane to help a neighbor thresh. Ike jovially shook the reins above the horses and Bradley followed close behind, and the two wagons went crashing through the forest of corn. The race started the blood of the drivers as well as that of the teams. The cold wind cut the face like a knife and the crackling corn-stalks flew through the air as the wagon swept over them. Reaching the farther side they turned in and faced toward the house.

"Jee Whitaker!" shouted Ike, as he crouched on the leeward side of his wagon, and threshed his arms around his chest, after having finished blanketing his team to protect them against the ferocious wind. "I'm thunderin' glad this is the last day of this kind o' thing."

He looked like a grizzly bear in bad repair. He had an old fur cap on his head that concealed his ears and the most of his face. He wore a ragged great coat that was generally gray but had white lines along the seams. Under this he wore another coat still more ragged and the whole was belted at the waist with an old surcingle. Like his father, he was possessed of vast physical strength and took pride in his powers of endurance.

"Wal, here goes," he said, stripping off his outside coat. "It's tough, but it aint no use dreadin' it."

Bradley smiled back at him in his wordless way, and caught hold of the first ear. It sent a shiver of pain through him. His fingers, worn to the quick, protruded from his stiff, ragged gloves, and the motions of clasping and stripping the ear were like the rasp of a file on a naked nerve. He shivered and swore, but his oath was like a groan.

The horse, shumped and shivering, looked black and fuzzy, by

reason of their erected hair. They tore at the corn-stalks hungrily. Their tails streamed sidewise with the force of the wind, which had a wild and lonesome sound, as it swept across the sear stretches of the corn. The stalks towered far above the heads of the huskers, but did little to temper the onslaught of the blast.

Occasional flocks of geese drifted by in the grasp of the inexorable gale, their necks out-thrust as if they already caught the gleam of their warm, southern lagoons. Clouds of ducks, more adventurous, were seen in irregular flight, rising and falling from the lonely fields with wild clapping of wings.

There was immensity in the dome of the unbroken, seamless, gray threatening sky. There was majesty in the dim plain, across which the morning light slowly fell. The plain, with its dark blue groves, from which thin lines of smoke rose and hastened away, and majesty in the wind that came from the illimitable and desolate north. But the lonely huskers had no time to feel, much less to think, upon these things.

They bent down to their work and snatched the red and yellow ears bare of their frosty husks with a marvellous dexterity. The first plunge over, Bradley found as usual that the sharpest pain was over. The wind cut his face, and an occasional driving flake of snow struck and clung to his face and stung. His coat collar chafed his chin, and the frost wet his gloves through and through. But he warmed to it and at last almost forgot it. He fell into thought again, so deep that his work became absolutely mechanical.

"Say, Brad, let's go to that dance over at Davis's," shouted Ike, after an hour of silence.

"I guess not."

"Why not?"

"Because I aint invited."

"Oh, that's all right; Ed, he told me to bring anyone I felt like."

"I aint going, all the same. I may be in Rock River by Saturday."

"They aint no danger o' you're going to Rock River."

Bradley fell once more into the circle of his plans and went the round again. He had saved two hundred dollars. It was enough to take him to school a year, but what then? It was the most momentous day in his life. Should he spend his money in this way? Every dollar of it represented toil, long days of lonely plowing or dragging, long days under the burning harvest sun. It was all he had, all he had to show for his life. Was it right to spend it for schooling?

"What good'll it do yeh?" Ike asked one day when Bradley was feeling out for a little helpful sympathy. "Better buy a

team with it and rent a piece of land. What y' goan to do after you spent the money?"

"I don't know," Bradley had replied in his honest way.

"Wal, I'd think of it a dum long spell 'fore I'd do it," was Ike's reply and Councill agreed with it.

Bradley fell behind Ike for he wanted to be alone. He had grown into the habit of accounting to *Her* for his actions, and when he wished to consult with *Her*, he wanted to be alone. There was something sacred, even in the thought of *Her*, and he shrank from having his thoughts broken in upon by any careless or jesting word.

As he pondered, his hands grew slower in their action and, at last, he stopped and leaned against the wagon-box. Something came into his heart that shook him, a feeling of unknown power, a certainty of faith in himself. He shivered with an electric thrill that made his hair stir.

He lifted his face to the sky and his eyes saw a crane sailing with stately grace, in measureless circle, a mere speck against the unbroken gray of the sky. There seemed something prophetic; something mystic in its harsh, wild cry that fell, like the scream of the eagle, a defiant note against wind and storm.

"I'll do it," he said aloud, and his hands clenched. At the sound of his voice he shivered again, as if the wind had suddenly penetrated his clothing. His dress made him grotesque. The spaces around him made him pathetic, but in his golden-brown eyes was something that made him sublime.

The thought which he dared not utter, but which lay deep under every resolution and action he made, was the hope, undefined and unacknowledged to himself, that sometime he might meet her and have her approve his action.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE DAWNING DAY.

AMID the crash of falling creeds and time-honored dogmas which to-day so distinctly marks a new epoch in the world of religious thought, an ill-defined sense of uneasiness is weighing on the minds of millions of conscientious, truth-loving people, like the shadow of a great sorrow or the premonitions of an impending catastrophe. This feeling is not surprising nor is it new. Since civilization dawned, at every onward step from lower or material conceptions to the acceptations of loftier ideals, the same thrill of general alarm has been experienced; the same sky overcast with depressing doubt and dread has canopied the thinking world. When Paganism in Rome gave way to the alien creed of the Galilean fisherman; when Luther electrified Europe, by hurling into the stagnant pool of dogmatic and conservative thought great thunderbolts forged from freedom's iron; when in our own time the era of modern science burst upon the dazzled vision of the world, civilization felt the same shock. Nor is this to be wondered at when we remember that the old ever contains much of the gold of truth, which rash reformers too often indiscriminately assail while denouncing real error. Besides it is a weakness of humanity to cling lovingly to old ideas and long-cherished dreams. Yet the onward march of progress, like the great natural laws which govern the universe, heeds not the heart-throbs, the fears, nor yet the prayers of individuals. When the era dawns for a larger truth to be made manifest, it comes much as does the morning, silently but with its all-pervading brightness. Many seek to shut out the light and may, for a time, darken their own mentality by closing their eyes to the new truth, but they are impotent to prevent the beneficent rays baptizing the outer world. The spectacle of powerful religious and conservative bodies, of political institutions and masterly brains attempting to baffle and drive back an on-coming but unwelcome truth, is one of the most instructive yet pathetic pictures constantly recurring in the civilized world, reminding one of men attempting to put out a prairie fire in the west or a forest ablaze in the pine belts of the north. The majestic ocean of flame may be checked at one point or held for a time at bay in another, but along the general lines billow upon billow sweeps onward. The inevitable triumph of the new over the old has never failed

to awaken the fear of millions, but the future has always demonstrated the wisdom of the new thought, revealing the splendid fact that the prophets and pioneer thinkers beheld grander vistas, nobler ideals, higher hopes, and loftier faiths, resulting from the new truths, the light of which seemed darkness to millions of minds, whose vision was still limited by their position in the valleys of prejudice and inherited thought. Precisely so with the battle now in progress in the religious world. Many of the noblest thinkers are passing under the fire of ancient critical and conservative thought, being tried for heresy and in some instances being driven from the religious bodies in which they have long labored, because, having risen above the masses in the valley, they have caught a broader view of creation's marvels and the thoughts and plans of the Divine Architect. Yet it will some day be demonstrated that these men constituted the vanguard of real progress. Some day it will be seen that they had caught more perfectly than the masses in their generation the true spirit of an elevating religion. If in the midst of this babel of confusion those who are racked with fear, doubt, and dread will lay aside prejudice and preconceived opinions, while thoughtfully studying the whole situation, not only as presented to-day, but comparatively as well, they will, I believe, be forced to the conclusion that it is more than possible that they are not in possession of all the truth held in the ever-broadening dawn of a perpetually coming day. They will, I think, behold that even now the world is aglow with a truer religion than has heretofore blossomed along the highway of time.

There is to-day, I believe, more deep, pure, and far-reaching love in the heart of humanity, a truer conception of justice, a higher standard of spirituality than civilization has ever known. Slowly has man arisen from the cellar of his being, from the gross level of pure sensuality and materiality. In the long, painful search of man for happiness, he has touched every key in his being. He has made a god of his stomach, crying, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry," as though gluttony was the magic key to happiness. Sensualism! Behold Tiberius, surrounded by maidens, crowned with laurels, eaten up with disease. Ambition! Napoleon, — Waterloo — St. Helena! And so through the long night of man's search for the secret of happiness, the shout has ascended from age to age, and from zone to zone. Eureka! Here is felicity! But scarcely have the words burst forth from joyous lips before the illusion has changed into a fleshless, grinning spectre of death. The history of man has been at once an evolutionary growth, and a search for happiness. But the nineteenth century, more than any other century, has given to the people a truer ideal than has heretofore been currently accepted, and the

eventide of this century, more than any other period, approaches nearest a realization of the coveted prize, because the great surging masses of our time have more fully than the masses of any other age, come into realization of the truth that in the mind or spiritual nature abides the true self, and that in the fountain of true spirituality, from whence flow love, truth, justice, and harmony, lies the most exalted and enduring happiness. True, far up the vista of the ages, as beacon lights along the treacherous shores, have great lives sent forth thoughts bearing the essence of the highest wisdom, religion, and philosophy, but it has remained until our time for the beauty and power of these age-long truths to be appreciated by the people. Nor must it be supposed that the light has as yet fully dawned on the popular mind. Only the red streaks which herald day, only the purple glow which is the prophet of effulgent light are visible. Still enough is seen to give assurance that the epoch is at hand when humanity will rise into a higher story of being; when men will come to fully realize that only as the lofty aspirations of the spirit find response will true happiness be the heritage of the people.

I know the statement that the great rank and file of Christendom to-day have a loftier conception of religion, and more true spirituality in their hearts than ever before will be called in question. It will be urged that the presence of such widespread poverty and suffering in the cities and country demonstrates the falsity of the assumption, and this would have force were it not for two things. (1) Never before has the question of the poverty and suffering been so agitated. Never have the rights of the masses been so dwelt upon. Never has there gone up such a mighty protest for justice for the oppressed as to-day. Our literature, from the newspaper to the most solid review, from the family weekly to the popular novel, is ablaze with moral enthusiasm. The philosopher, the novelist, the editor, the clergyman, and the playwright are treating social problems as never before. The very air is vibrating with expectancy. *The word has gone forth that there must be a change.* (2) The great army of people who are struggling by manual labor for a livelihood are no longer content with a mere subsistence. The angry discontent which is swelling from ocean to ocean is a most eloquent affirmation of the fact that the soul of the people has awokened to a higher life; a nobler ideal has passed before their vision. Henceforth discontent will fill their minds until conditions are so changed that the longings and aspirations of their higher natures are satisfied.

A few centuries ago men were content to be the vassals of kings, lords, and dukes. They lived much as the animals of the fields. Times changed, but still the masses found little time for aught beyond providing themselves with shelter, supplying the

appetite, and keeping the body warm. As long as this condition satisfied them there was little chance for improvement. When, however, the soul-life awakened, a great discontent was manifested, first among the urban population, later in remote country life; a discontent so pronounced, so resolute, so intelligent, that all thoughtful students of history will readily understand that nothing save that wider justice and broader freedom which will make life for the people mean something more than a struggle for existence can quiet the rising storm. Thus from the thinker in the seclusion of his study to the artisan at the bench and the farmer in the field, we find a profound intellectual awakening, which demonstrates the onward march of humanity. It is true that those in power may be blind to the signs of the times and deaf to the import of the rising storm, much as was the nobility of France before the Revolution, and they may through injustice and oppression cause a temporary eclipse of that which lies at the bottom of this agitation and discontent—the soul-awakening—so that the first result may be seen in one of those blind, brutal, and bloody storms of retribution, which have before darkened the pages of history, but beyond which rose truer life and a greater meed of justice. If, however, such a cataclysm should come, it would be attributable to an anaesthetized conscience on the part of conservatism, the privileged classes and a soulless plutocracy, rather than to the people whose moral and intellectual natures are now becoming aroused, and beyond any manifestation of ferocity and bloodshed which may come, will rise a newer and broader life in which the spiritual element will predominate, in which the soul-life will dissolve the baser instincts as fire melts ice. In this golden age which is at hand, religion will appear more radiant than poet's dream or artist's dearest conception, for she will be the fulfilment of man's noblest ideal, the embodiment of all that is pure, loving, wise, and just. In this coming age we may expect society to hold in reverence that lofty dream of seer and bard, that persistent prophecy which one generation has handed down to another, clothed in the varied imagery peculiar to different climes and ages, but ever bearing the same significance, *Liberty*, *Fraternity*, and *Justice*, and the great moving thought of this higher civilization will be summed up in the new watchword, which is so old, “OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD;” *drive out the base with the pure; destroy hate with love, brutality with gentleness, and elevate man by touching all the well-springs of spirituality, by playing upon the notes of his higher being.*



Herbert Spencer

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HERBERT SPENCER: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

CONSIDERING the large place which is everywhere given to Herbert Spencer the philosopher, it is somewhat curious to find that so little is generally known about Herbert Spencer the man. In view of this popular ignorance, the following brief sketch of his life may prove of interest to students of his writings. Not that the record will reveal much that is striking or unusual. It is the story of a man working against difficulties almost insuperable towards the carrying out of a great plan, and the realization of a noble ambition; and it yields little of a more eventful character than the gradual development of ideas, and the slow progress of a chosen work towards its partial consummation. Yet since that work stands out as one of the most Samson-like efforts of human genius and power, its supreme value may give to commonplace details a significance which they would not otherwise possess.

Herbert Spencer was born at Derby, England, on the 27th of April, 1820. His father was a schoolmaster, a man of very strong character, more than usual breadth of culture, and original views. On all subjects connected with his own profession, he was far in advance of his time, advocating methods, some of which are only now beginning to be put to the test of practical adoption. In particular, he regarded it as more important to foster independence of judgment and thought, to excite interest and nurture the reflective powers, than to load the immature mind with any quantity of merely

bookish learning. The proper ambition of the teacher he held to be the production of a well-balanced, self-reliant human being, and not of a walking encyclopædia of more or less useless information.

It is needful to notice these peculiarities of the father's methods, because it was under his immediate influence that the mind of the youthful Herbert first began to assert itself. The boy's health was at first so precarious that for some time his parents had little hope of rearing him; but as he ripened into a lad he yearly improved in strength and vigor. Probably it was largely owing to this early constitutional weakness, and to his father's not unnatural dread lest anything like pressure should prove seriously and perhaps permanently detrimental, that, unlike his great contemporary, John Stuart Mill, he was, measured by the standard of mere acquisition, a very backward boy. At the age of seven — an age when Mill was already familiar with Latin and Greek — Spencer was learning to read; and after that he does not appear to have exhibited much of that inherent fondness for books which so often distinguishes the embryo man of letters. It is amusing to find that the first volume which seems to have attracted his attention was good, moral, prosy old "Sandford and Merton," — a book which, in some most unaccountable way, has managed to endear itself to the affections of large portions of the English-speaking youth.

When, by and by, the elder Spencer gave up his school and devoted himself to private teaching, Herbert was sent from home to continue his education. In his new circumstances he proved himself anything but an apt scholar. He was restless, inattentive, idle, impatient under restraint, and with a constitutional love of having his own way which made him rebellious under the usual methods of control. Moreover, he early exhibited a marked repugnance to the ordinary routine of the school curriculum. To get a lesson by heart was almost intolerable, and he evinced an awkward dislike to accepting statements merely because they were set down in books. It is said that he rarely recited correctly anything that he had learned by rote; but on the other hand, he soon showed himself superior to all the other boys of his age in matters demanding observation, thought, and reasoning power.

Meanwhile, as is usual in all such cases, his real edu-

tion was going on outside the schoolhouse walls. A fondness for the study of nature in all its varied manifestations was an early developed characteristic; and in long country rambles after specimens for his herbarium and entomological collections, many a delightful half holiday was passed. But more than this; at home the conditions were exceedingly favorable for the growth and expansion of his mind. Into the house came regularly, week by week and month by month, the more advanced of the medical, scientific, and literary periodicals; and into these the boy was permitted to delve almost at his will. And even more important than his miscellaneous reading were the table conversations to which he was from the first an attentive listener. The elder Spencer and his brothers — all men of strong intellect, genuine cultivation, and pronounced views, and all radicals in religion as well as in politics — were accustomed during their family gatherings to canvass with a freedom and thoroughness alike rare, all the more important public issues of the day; and young Spencer was thus habituated from his earliest boyhood to the treatment as open questions of all matters connected with the varied problems of the Church and the world. At a time when most children are being taught, before all things, the sacredness of tradition, Spencer was already breathing the keenest atmosphere of discussion. In this way were naturally strengthened his already unmistakable tendency towards original investigation and his equally pronounced hatred of accepting any statement upon mere authority, no matter how good in itself that authority might be.

The next important step in Spencer's education was his removal in his thirteenth year from his father's household to that of his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath, a clergyman of the English Episcopal church, but withal a somewhat eccentric specimen of his kind. A radical at a time when the establishment was almost synonymous with high toryism; a teetotaler when the temperance movement was regarded by religious people as little less than a subtle form of atheism; a chartist, and the first clergyman to take a prominent part in the anti-corn-law propaganda; a vigorous and unwearied lecturer and writer on all matters pertaining to social reform, when social reform smacked unpleasantly of infidelity; Thomas Spencer was

assuredly a man marked out from the rank and file of the clergy of his day. Under his care the boy now spent three quiet but not uneventful years; and once again his successes and his failures in the various studies taken up, were alike significant. In the classic languages, to which a portion of his time was now given, very little progress was made. Young Spencer manifested neither taste nor capacity in this direction; rules and vocabularies proved perpetual stumbling-blocks to him; and what was with infinite difficulty committed to memory was very quickly forgotten. The study of French was productive of but little better results; the same repugnance to the merely arbitrary rules of language being just as strongly exhibited. But while for subjects of this class there was shown an inaptitude almost astonishing, a counter-balancing aptitude was revealed for subjects demanding a different kind of ability—constructive and co-ordinating power, rather than a memory for unconnected details. In mathematics and mechanics such advance was made that he soon placed himself in these departments ahead of fellow-students much older than himself. What was noticeable, too, was his early habit of laying hold of essential principles, and his ever-growing tendency towards independent analysis and thought; the latter characteristic being exemplified in his devotion to the amusement of striking out new mathematical problems and elaborating original solutions for old ones.

It was during this stay at Hinton that a determination was arrived at, which in all probability largely decided the after course of his life. His uncle, himself a graduate of Cambridge, where he had taken honors as ninth wrangler, was desirous from the beginning that Herbert should be prepared with a view to subsequent admission to that university. To this Herbert himself strenuously objected, and in the end, after a great deal of discussion, throughout which he held to his opinion with the tenacity usual with him, his wishes carried the day. All idea of an academic career was abandoned once and for all; and thus, instead of going on to Cambridge, he presently returned to his father's house, where he spent what was to all appearance, an idle and unproductive year. Then came his first experiment in practical work. At the desire of his father whose high conceptions of the teacher's function led him to urge his son towards

the adoption of his own profession, he became assistant in the school in which he had passed some little time as a boy. Both on his intellectual and on his moral side young Spencer undoubtedly possessed all the most important qualifications which go to the making up of a successful teacher. With a rare faculty for luminous exposition he combined a talent for arousing interest in the subjects dealt with, while his keen and earnest appreciation of, and respect for, the individualities of his pupils, revealed him in advantageous contrast with the average pedagogue of his time.

Yet despite his high promise of success, he did not persevere in the venture; not apparently from any distaste for the work itself, or hesitation to follow his father's wishes in the matter; but simply because at the moment his attention was drawn off in another direction. In the autumn of 1837 an offer came from the chief engineer of the London and Birmingham Railway, then in process of construction, and, accepting this, Spencer now passed nearly a year in the ordinary routine of engineering work. This was followed by a further period of eighteen months spent on the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway, during which his progress in his profession was marked by various papers on technical subjects in the *Civil Engineer's Journal*, and by the invention of a little instrument called the velocimeter, for testing the speed of locomotive engines.

It now seemed as if his career in life had been at length marked out for him—as if the great enigma which faces almost every young man on the confines of the world had received a satisfactory answer. From that time onward for the space of some eight or ten years he continued to be intermittently engaged in engineering pursuits; periods of activity alternating, however, with lengthy intervals, during which professional work remained almost at a standstill. But presently, after several premonitory recessions in the tide of commercial prosperity, the railway mania ebbed suddenly away, leaving Spencer, along with countless other young men, stranded high and dry upon the shore. The crisis was a serious one; for those—and their name was legion—who had been attracted to the work during the season of temporary boom, now found themselves committed to a profession which offered but little outlook as a career, and was indeed seriously if not fatally overstocked. Thus, at

the age of twenty-six, Spencer found himself but little advanced towards anything like a final settlement in life. From any practical point of view the past few years had been so much valuable time literally thrown away.

Viewed in the light of subsequent achievement, however, these years had not been altogether fruitless. In the not infrequent intervals of leisure just referred to, he had found an opportunity for pursuing a good deal of miscellaneous study; science of various kinds coming in for by far the larger share of his attention. It is especially interesting to find him, during this period, busily engaged in the perusal of Sir Charles Lyell's then recently published treatises on geology. The point which is perhaps particularly worthy of remark in regard to this incident is, that it was in these volumes that Spencer in all probability first came face to face with that doctrine of the gradual branching and re-branching of species, which in those pre-Darwinian days went somewhat vaguely by the name of the development-hypothesis. It is matter of common knowledge that with a candor and courage rare even among scientific men, Lyell in after years yielded to the arguments of the evolutionists, or, as he himself sometimes phrased it, "read his recantation"; so that, after standing out against the Lamarckian doctrine of "innate progressive development," he finally incorporated the conception of natural selection in the later editions of his classic works. But in the volumes which were then in Spencer's hands, Lyell made common cause with the uniformitarians against the metaphysically-conceived progressionism of Lamarck and his disciples, and the consequence was that Spencer's first acquaintance with the theory of development was in the form of a hypothesis to be analyzed and thrown aside. This is not the only case in which a new doctrine has been set forth with a great array of adverse arguments, and the doctrine has proved stronger than the arguments; in other words, this is not the first case in which a convert has been made by the attacks of the enemy. Spencer rose from the perusal of Lyell's volumes with a distinct bias in favor of Lamarck's views, and shortly afterwards became an ardent believer in the general idea of organic development. There is no doubt that the ready acceptance on his part of an opinion which was then held to be so extravagant and startling—an opinion which, for the rest, as we now see clearly

enough, rested upon foundations altogether too fantastic and vague to appeal with much force to the general scientific judgment — was due in no small measure to the singularly well-prepared condition of his own mind. Already his habit was to regard the inter-relations of all phenomena as illustrations of the processes of natural causation; and the developmental view presented itself to him in so favorable a light, because it helped him materially in the task of grouping all phenomena whatsoever within the limits of the action of uniform and undeviating law. No one needs to be reminded that the force of any given argument is largely dependent upon its relation to the condition of the mind before which it is laid; and there is, therefore, perhaps, nothing so astounding as might at first sight appear, in the fact that Spencer was rapidly won over by a course of reasoning and a presentation of illustrations which had no effect whatever upon the vast majority of his generation.

But Spencer, during this period, had done more than, by thought and study, to lay up a store of materials for future use. He had delivered himself of his first message to the world. It was in the summer of 1842 — or soon after he had completed his twenty-second year — that he began the publication, in a paper called the *Nonconformist*, of a series of letters on "The Proper Sphere of Government." Collected and revised, these made their appearance in pamphlet-form during the course of the following year. It does not fall within the scope of the present sketch to enter upon any analysis of this little work; yet one or two remarks concerning it may appropriately be made without venturing outside the limits prescribed by the object which we have in view. In the first place, this pamphlet shows us that Spencer's mind was from the outset mainly occupied with questions of practical import and bearing — that is, that he approached the immense work of his life from the point of view of the widest and most immediate interests of humanity, and only turned backward upon the considerations of science when he became convinced that upon the rightful interpretation of these depended the final settlement of the ever-pressing problems, ethical and social, of the race. It is worth while to bear this in mind in view of the fact that, owing to the merely partial accomplishment of the great task to which he afterwards set his hand, it is easy to lose sight

of the real direction and final cause of the undertaking. Again, it is well to observe in passing the standpoint from which society and its complex arrangements were alike regarded; for as the old conception of the artificial character of the social organism was abandoned, room was left for recognition of the full and free operation of the processes of natural causation. As Spencer himself wrote in after years: "In these letters will be found, along with many crude ideas, the same belief in the conformity of social phenomena to invariable laws; the same belief in human progression as determined by such laws; the same belief in the moral modification of men as caused by social discipline," as were afterwards more fully developed and insisted on in his maturer works. And lastly, as a point of greater detail, it may be mentioned—since probably few readers of to-day have ever seen the pamphlet in question—that in it the keynote is struck with no uncertain sound, of a theme which he has made familiar to the whole world by his many utterances on social questions from that time to this. For with the strong expression of a "belief in the tendency of social arrangements of themselves to assume a condition of stable equilibrium," this little work contained an equally strong "repudiation of state control over various departments of social life," and vigorously insisted on "the limitation of state action to the maintenance of equitable relations among citizens."

But all this philosophizing, whatever value it might possibly have had as a contribution toward the solution of the problems of the world at large, went but small way indeed towards helping him to a solution of the knotty problem of his own life. Teaching had been abandoned for engineering, which, in its turn, had abandoned him; and the outlook seemed gloomy indeed. One thing only his excursion into literature had done for him; it had shown him the possibility of turning his pen to account. With some such end in view, Spencer now drifted to London—"the gathering place of souls." Here he presently secured a position upon the *Economist* newspaper, of which, in 1848, he became sub-editor. This latter appointment, whatever may have been its drawbacks, at least possessed the double advantage of yielding him a fair basis of income (sufficient at all events for his pretty modest bachelor wants), and of allowing him

a rather unusual margin of time for the prosecution of his own study and work. The acceptance of this post, which he held till 1852, established him in London where he has since made his home.

We pass on to sketch out very briefly Mr. Spencer's career after his settlement in the metropolis. It was during the leisure hours just referred to, that in the course of the next two years or thereabouts, he wrote his first important work, "Social Statics." This volume contained an extremely fresh and original treatment of social problems; was startling in many of its ideas, and extremely radical in its whole tone and tendencies. It is natural, therefore, that it should have made no small stir in the thinking world, though of course it never appealed to a very large body of readers. That which it did for him personally was to bring him rather prominently into public notice, and to introduce him to a select circle of advanced thinkers, who were not slow to recognize the exceptional strength and independence of his mind. His long intimacy with Professor Huxley dates from this time; and it was then, too, that he formed his ever-valued friendship with the Brays and the Hennells of Coventry; with the versatile George Henry Lewes, then reputed to be the ugliest man and the finest talker in London; and with that extraordinary woman, who was then sub-editing the *Westminster Review*, but who was afterwards to burst upon an astonished world as the author of the "Scenes of Clerical Life," and "Adam Bede." More than this; "Social Statics" gave Spencer himself an unmistakable revelation of his own powers, and pointed out to him more clearly than had been done before the lines which his subsequently thinking and study could most remuneratively pursue. Shortly after its appearance he began his connection with the *Westminster Review*, a magazine which had then recently been established for the promulgation of advanced views on social, scientific, and religious questions, by an enterprising though somewhat erratic publisher, named John Chapman. It was in the pages of this review that he now began the publication of those elaborate essays, which, though mainly interesting to-day, perhaps, as auxiliary to his great work, and as marking out the lines of his approach to and preparation for it, were notable enough in themselves to call attention at the time to the rise of a new power in the philosophic world. Here,

as we have to deal with these essays from the outside only — as events in the man's life — it is sufficient to say of them that their success enabled him after a while to cut loose from the semi-journalistic and routine labors in which he had been engaged upon the *Economist*, and to devote his whole time and energy to what was now beginning to assume more and more of the character of a chosen work.

For some eight years after this, with an interval of eighteen months of enforced idleness, of which more anon, he continued to be a pretty regular contributor to the leading reviews. In point of subject-matter, the papers then written (many of which have since found, as they deserve, a permanent place in his three volumes of essays) are of an extremely diversified character; the questions of population and education, the curiosities of manners and fashions, the theories of music and representative government, the morals of trade and the homologies of the vertebrate skeleton, all in their turn, together with many other subjects apparently quite as slightly inter-related, coming in for thorough and often strikingly original and suggestive treatment at his hands. Yet heterogeneous in matter as these essays may be, they are none the less connected one with another by that hypothesis of development or evolution which runs through, informs, and unifies them all. Nothing, therefore, could be less fair or less pertinent than the contemptuous sneer of Emerson who undertook, on the basis of their subjects only, to sum them up as the merely journalistic and ephemeral productions of a clever stock-writer.

These, with a treatise on psychology published in 1855, and afterwards incorporated in his larger work on the same subject, occupied him till 1860. But in the meantime a change, destined to be fraught with results of a permanently disastrous character, had come over his life. Over-work had brought on a nervous break-down of so serious a kind that for a year and a half he was forced to lay the pen aside, and suspend his labors altogether. Partial restoration followed the prolonged rest, but it was partial restoration only. From that time to this his condition has been one of intermittent invalidism, dyspepsia and insomnia being the two arch enemies which it has been a hard struggle for him to keep at bay. His constant insistence upon the need of moderation in work, and his eloquent preaching of the gospel of atten-

tion to health, gain an added significance when one remembers that his own bitter experiences of five-and-thirty years furnish the text for his sermon.

The year 1860, to the verge of which we have now brought him, marks the great crisis in Spencer's life, for it was this year that witnessed the publication of the prospectus of his philosophic system. In the light of this new and colossal undertaking, upon the threshold of which he now stood, all his previous work, remarkable though that had been, assumes the proportions of simple experiment and preparation. The time had now come for achievement. The outlined plan of the whole system of "Synthetic Philosophy" was given to the public, and Spencer laid his hand to a task which he knew would mean the production of ten stout volumes of no very salable character, and which he calculated would occupy twenty years of regular and persistent toil.

Marvellous in itself, this great enterprise becomes still more marvellous when we come to examine the conditions of its inception and execution. In the first place, Spencer's financial prospects at the time were not in any way satisfactory. Possessed at the outset of but small private resources, he had frittered away the greater part of these in his devotions to studies which had brought him but small practical recompense. He had, indeed, derived something of an income from his pen, but his articles had demanded too much conscientious thought and labor to make their production a paying concern. A small sum of money left him by his uncle, the clergyman, now deceased, had been largely swallowed up by the publication of two volumes which had so little to commend them in the market that their value as an investment had been nothing at all; while further drain upon his purse had been made by eighteen months of idleness, and the added expenses consequent upon deranged health. Beyond, and worse than all this, was the fact that his break-down had left him in so impaired a condition that three hours a-day were all he could rely on for carrying forward his work. Further, as a commercial enterprise, the proposed undertaking offered nothing of an encouraging character; for few enough in the nature of things would care anything about such a work; while amongst those who looked on with partial interest or half-roused sympathy, there

were many who deprecated the self-imposed task as too ambitious for accomplishment in a single lifetime, and as even foolhardy in the uncertain state of his health. Surely such a combination of obstacles might well have proved enough to deter a less courageous or less resolute man. But Spencer believed that he had a gospel to preach to a world which, if indifferent at the moment, might presently be induced to listen and to learn. One thing only seems to me more impressive than his unflinching confidence in the adequacy of his own powers to the carrying out of his gigantic plan; and that is, his calm, firm faith in the ultimate triumph of those great principles which it was his high privilege to enunciate to the world.

From that time onward there is little to record beyond the gradual progress of his life-work towards completion. All else in his biography henceforth takes a purely episodical character. Difficulties in addition to those of which he had already taken account have thrown unlooked-for impediments in his way; and at one time, driven to despair by the small and grudging support yielded him by an enlightened reading public, he came close to the very brink of discontinuing his labors altogether. Other interruptions were from time to time occasioned by his having to turn aside from the work itself to deal with matters only indirectly connected with it; such as replies to criticisms and the correction of misconceptions and perversions of his statements (in which distracting exercise some of us feel that he has spent somewhat too large a share of his time); the supervision of the preparation and arrangement of that vast storehouse of facts and data, the "Descriptive Sociology," and the writing of his delightful little introduction to the study of that subject. Moreover, in calculating upon a regular working capacity of even three hours a-day, the event proved that Mr. Spencer had gone beyond his limitations. During many a lengthened period of unusually bad health, he has been forced to seek renewed strength in absolute repose; while through many a weary month together the work has grown beneath his hands at hardly more than a paragraph or two each day. In face of all this the real wonder is, that in the thirty years which have elapsed since the prospectus was issued, so much of the scheme there mapped out in detail should have been translated into accomplished fact; for the five thousand closely

printed pages which embody the "Synthetic Philosophy," as thus far developed, would form no mean literary baggage for a man in robust health and the full enjoyment of his working powers.

That this monumental task will ever now be completed, has, I fear, assumed the aspect of a physical impossibility. Mr. Spencer is now in his seventy-second year, and the pathetic personal references prefixed to his "Data of Ethics," and his recently-published "Justice," show how fully he realizes the gradual ebbing away of strength and opportunity. But from a man of his indomitable courage and perseverance much may yet be looked for; and if, in these latter days, he is forced to abandon all hope of rounding off his life-labors to a completed whole, he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that throughout the civilized world friend and foe alike will welcome every new chapter as it comes from his pen as an important and permanent contribution to the thought of the time.

DANGER AHEAD.

BY ROBERT S. TAYLOR.

THE first President of the United States in his farewell address to his countrymen said:—

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this despotism to the purposes of his own elevation on the ruins of Public Liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it. . . . A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

His twenty-second successor, ninety-five years later, discussing the last manifestation of that spirit of party against which Washington thus earnestly warned the American people, said, in his recent message to Congress:—

The method of appointment by the States of electors of President and Vice-President has recently attracted renewed interest by reason of a departure by the State of Michigan from the method which had become uniform in all the States. . . . For nearly sixty years all the States, save one, have appointed their electors by a popular vote upon a general ticket, and for nearly thirty years this method was universal. . . . That this concurrence should now be broken is, I think, an unfortunate and even threatening episode, and one that may well suggest whether the States that still give their approval to the old and prevailing method ought not to secure by a constitutional amendment, a practice which has had the approval of all. . . .

An election implies a body of electors having proscribed qualifications, each one of whom has an equal value and influence in determining the result. So when the Constitution provides that "each State shall appoint (elect) in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, etc." an unrestricted power was not given to the legislatures in the selection of the methods to be used. "A republican form of government" is guaranteed by the Constitution to each State, and the power given by the same instrument to the legislatures of the States to prescribe methods for the choice, by the State, of electors must be exercised under that limitation. The essential features of such a government are the right of the people to choose their own officers, and the nearest practicable equality of value in the suffrages given in determining that choice. . . .

If I were called upon to declare wherein our chief national danger lies, I should say, without hesitation, in the overthrow of majority control by the suppression or perversion of the popular suffrage. That there is a real danger here all must agree, but the energies of those who see it have been chiefly expended in trying to fix responsibility upon the opposite party, rather than in efforts to make such practices impossible by either party.

Is it not possible now to adjourn that interminable and inconclusive debate, while we take, by consent, one step in the direction of reform by eliminating the gerrymander, which has been denounced by all parties, as an influence in the selection of electors of President and members of Congress? . . .

To the consideration of these very grave questions I invite not only the attention of Congress, but that of all patriotic citizens. We must not entertain the delusion that our people have ceased to regard a free ballot and equal representation as the price of their allegiance to laws and to civil magistrates.

It is not intended in what follows to make any invidious comparison between parties. It may be taken that each will do what it can to cripple its adversary by resort to the gerrymander when opportunity offers. Nor are the examples of its operation here given supposed to be more reprehensible than others that could be stated. They are chosen because they happen to be familiar to the writer.

No State in the Union has distributed its favors between parties more impartially than Indiana. The Republicans carried the State in 1868, 1872, 1880, 1886, and 1888; the Democrats in 1870, 1874, 1876, 1878, 1882, 1884, and 1890. And no State presents in greater degree that localization of party coloring which facilitates the application of

the gerrymander. The following facts will illustrate its effectiveness.

At the election of 1888 the entire Republican State ticket was elected. Yet the lower house of the legislature, all chosen at the same time, stood fifty-seven Democrats to forty-three Republicans. A like comparison cannot be made as to the Senate because half of its members held over from 1886. The election of 1890 showed a Democratic tidal wave in Indiana, as elsewhere. The State ticket of that party was elected by a larger plurality than any party has received for many years, being nearly twenty thousand. This, however, was still a narrow plurality — less than five per cent. of the total vote of the two great parties. Yet the House contained seventy-four Democrats to twenty-six Republicans.

At the election of 1888 the Republicans of Indiana cast in the aggregate 265,365 votes for congressmen; the Democrats 259,987 votes — a difference of 5,378 in favor of the Republicans. And yet the Democrats elected ten congressmen, and the Republicans three. The Democrats had one congressman for every 25,998 votes cast by them; the Republicans one for every 88,445. At the election of 1890 the aggregate Republican vote for congressmen in the same State was 216,765; a Democratic vote 239,258; a Democratic plurality of 22,491. The Democrats elected eleven representatives, being one to every 221,750 voters of that party, while the Republicans elected two, being one to every 108,382.

The elections of the same two years in Ohio furnish an illustration of what may be done by reversing the polarity of the gerrymander. The election of 1888 found the congressional districts of that State as they had been laid out by the Republican geographers. The whole number of Republican votes cast for congressmen was 416,520; of Democratic votes, 395,629, showing a Republican plurality on the aggregate vote of 20,891. But while the Republicans elected sixteen representatives, or one to every 26,032 votes, the Democrats elected only five, or one to every 79,125 votes — an almost exact counterpart of the result in Indiana at the same election.

At the State election of 1889 the Democrats carried the legislature and elected the governor. And that legislature redistricted the State with such effect that at the election of 1890, an aggregate Democratic vote of 361,539 elected fourteen representatives in Congress, or one to every

25,825 votes, while an aggregate Republican vote of 362,625 (a plurality of 1,086) elected only seven representatives, or one to every 51,803 votes.

Thus, while a Republican gerrymander gave Ohio a representation in Congress of sixteen Republicans and five Democrats, a Democratic gerrymander gives the same State two years later a representation of fourteen Democrats and seven Republicans.

Words cannot characterize too strongly the injustice of the disfranchisement of the minority by such means. It destroys the substance while leaving the form of Republican government. The safeguard of democracy is the opportunity of redress by frequent elections. Unwise or oppressive legislation, corrupt administration, frauds at the ballot-box, are all bad enough, but they are all possible of cure at the next election; and they tend to cure themselves by the indignation which they provoke. Not so the gerrymander. It excites no dissatisfaction in the minds of those who are profiting by it, while it cuts off hope in the hearts of those who are the victims of it.

It is some answer to these criticisms that the wrong done in one State is balanced by a like wrong in another State in which the relations of parties are reversed. The disfranchisement of Republicans in Indiana is revenged by the disfranchisement of Democrats in Ohio. And in these rough reprisals the people find enough semblance of justice to reconcile them to outrages which would otherwise be unbearable.

But the new departure inaugurated by the legislature of Michigan, to which the President has called the attention of the country, presents the gerrymander in a new and more serious light. It discloses the possibility of capturing the presidency by legislative enactment.

The States of Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia have 159 votes in the present college of 444 electors. It requires only sixty-four more to elect. It is entirely possible to obtain them by an extension of the Michigan method to a few other close States.

Connecticut has six electoral votes. It would certainly be feasible to make three electoral districts in that State that would be sure to return Democrats.

New Jersey has ten electoral votes. It is represented in the fifty-second congress by five Democrats and two Republicans. It would seem certain that it could be so districted as to return six Democratic electors without fail.

New York has thirty-six votes in the college, and twenty-three Democrats in the present House of Representatives. Her politicians would be humiliated to confess that they could not carve that many sure Democratic electoral districts out of her ample territory.

Add to these six out of fourteen in Michigan, ten out of fifteen in Indiana, fourteen out of twenty-three in Ohio, fifteen out of twenty-four in Illinois, and seven out of twelve in Wisconsin, and the required number is made up, with twenty to spare for miscalculations.

All these States are unstable in politics. It is only necessary that each of them shall follow the example of Michigan and change its method of choosing electors to the district plan, and then gerrymander the State in the formation of the districts, to make the election of the President a mere formality.

It was probably with a view to immediate contingencies that this change in the method of choosing electors was made in Michigan. It seems to be conceded that it assures the return of four Democratic electors from that State. There are several possible combinations in which those four votes would just complete the 228 necessary to elect. Thus:—

Sure Democratic States	159
New York	36
Indiana	15
New Jersey	10
Michigan	4
<hr/>	
	224

Or thus:—

Democratic States	159
New York	36
Indiana.	15
Montana	3
Connecticut	6
Michigan	4
<hr/>	

Or thus:—

Democratic States	159
New York	36
New Jersey	10
Wisconsin	12
Montana	3
Michigan	4

224

Or if such a thing should happen as that West Virginia with her six votes should break away from the Democratic column, Michigan might repair that disaster as follows:—

Democratic States	153
New York	36
New Jersey	10
Connecticut	6
Indiana	15
Michigan	4

224

Or thus:—

Democratic States	153
New York	36
New Jersey	10
Connecticut	6
Wisconsin	12
Montana	3
Michigan	4

224

There is no intrinsic objection to the choice of electors by districts. In fact, as will be pointed out presently, it would be a fairer method, if adopted by all the States, than the method now generally in use. And there is no substantial complaint to be made of the districting for that purpose provided by the recent law in Michigan. By its terms one elector is to be chosen from each congressional district, and one each from two districts into which the State is divided. It is understood to be the expectation of the Democratic party managers in Michigan to elect six out of the fourteen electors to which the State is entitled. But four are reckoned upon as sure, and that number is, therefore, taken in the foregoing prognostications. Even six, however, would not be more than

might be fairly returned by the Democratic voters of Michigan. In this first step toward the breaking up of the harmony of the States, care was taken to observe a moderation which could not be expected if the movement should extend. The objectionable feature of the business is, that the adoption of this method in the divided States, and the retention of the old method in the solid States, results in a national gerrymander which destroys the fairness of the election. If, in addition to this, we take into account the fact that of the 159 electoral votes which we all count in advance as Democratic, not less than twenty-five rest upon a basis of votes counted in the apportionment, but not counted in the ballot-box, it is apparent that an election might take place under the forms of law which would be in reality a flagrant usurpation.

Is there no danger in such an outlook? Suppose the departure inaugurated in Michigan should be followed in enough other closely divided States to settle the presidential election beforehand. Might not a tragedy follow the farce?

It would be better that it should not. It would be wiser to await the political revolution which must follow such measures, sooner or later. But in a situation so strained that it wants but a spark to produce an explosion, who shall insure us against the spark?

It is useless for one party to appeal to the other to refrain from the exercise of any power within the letter of the law which the fortunes of political warfare may place in its hands. The Republican party has employed the gerrymander too often to have any standing to complain of the Democratic party for using it now.

It is to those, who, without being any the less partisans, have, nevertheless, a higher concern for peace, security, and universal justice than for the present success of any party that the thoughtful suggestions of the President commend themselves. Cannot even the hottest headed of us be as prudent as the pugilists, and invoke the aid of some Marquis of Queensbury to frame rules for us that shall insure a fair fight, to which we can bind ourselves in advance?

It is undeniable that the electoral college system has failed to operate according to the anticipation of the framers of the Constitution. It was their expectation that the States would appoint as electors citizens of high ability and large acquaintance with public affairs, who would give the country the

benefit of their own superior wisdom in the choice of a President. But from the very beginning the electors have never exercised any judgment of their own in the discharge of their duty. They have always been mere recorders of the expressed will of their constituents.

It has often been proposed to abolish this system and elect the President and Vice-President by direct vote of all the people. But a moment's consideration will show the practical impossibility of such a change. An amendment of the Constitution requires the assent of three fourths of all the States. Twelve out of the present number could defeat an amendment. In the electoral college each State has a representation equal to the number of its senators and representatives. In an election by direct vote its representation would be measured by its population. There are five States which now cast three votes each in the electoral college. Each of these would lose approximately two thirds of its power in the choice of President by the change. There are eight States with four votes each, which would lose approximately half their power by the change. That these thirteen States would approve such an amendment is unreasonable to expect. And the time never will come when this obstacle will not stand in the way. That plan may, therefore, be put aside as impossible.

The present provision of the Constitution is that "Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress." In the beginning the States adopted various methods of exercising this power. In some the electors were appointed by the legislature: in some they were elected by general ticket, and in some by districts. But the drift of change toward election by general ticket began very soon. By 1824 the choice was by election in seventeen out of the twenty-four States, and by 1829 they had all abandoned the method of legislative appointment except Delaware and South Carolina. The latter State alone maintained it until the Civil War. Whatever question may have existed as to the constitutionality of any of these methods has been settled by practice, so that the only question now is one of policy.

The method of choice by the legislature is one which no one would think of reviving. It is open to many objections,

of which the one that it furnishes an opportunity for the effective use of the gerrymander is sufficient for this discussion.

This remits and limits us to some method of choice by the people of each State. Of these the simplest is that which has been followed in all the States for a quarter of a century until the recent innovation by the State of Michigan, viz.: election by general ticket. This method is open to one grave objection. It applies the unit rule to the presidential election. It makes the whole electoral vote of the State depend upon what may be a slender majority, or even plurality of the votes cast. At the election of 1884, the result in the State of New York, and through it the result for the nation, was determined by a few hundred votes. From this cause it happens sometimes that the majority in the electoral college is one way while that of the popular vote is the other way. But as this inequality is no one's fault, and as the result of it in one State is set off against like inequalities in the other direction in other States, the wrong done is one which the people have submitted to without serious complaint.

The next simplest method is the election by districts. And if all the States would adopt that system, and there could be some assurance of a just and permanent arrangement of district boundaries, it would be far better than the present system. It would secure in the electoral college an accurate reflection of the will of the people, and would be open to no substantial objections. But without that assurance (which it would seem impossible to provide) it would present the same opportunity and temptation to gerrymandering which exist now as to representatives in Congress. Hence it would be an imperfect system.

A third and the best method would be by general ticket with the right of cumulation. This system of voting, sometimes called minority representation, has been earnestly advocated by many thoughtful men for years past, but has never found favor with legislators or the general public. Its peculiar applicability to the choice of presidential electors will well justify its consideration at this time.

By this system each voter would be entitled to cast as many votes for elector as there were electors to be chosen from his State, just as he does now, but he would be entitled, as he is not now, to distribute them among as many different

persons, or cumulate them upon any less number, at his option. Thus, in a State entitled to fifteen electors in the college, the voter could cast his fifteen votes as one each for fifteen persons, as he does now, or as three each for five persons, or as fifteen for one person, or in any other combination. In practice each party would be driven to measure its strength according to its hopes, nominate a corresponding number of candidates, and concentrate its strength upon them. If, in the case just supposed, the two great parties were evenly balanced, each would nominate eight candidates, but one of them would elect only seven. The fight would be for the fifteenth elector. And the result would be an almost exact reflection of the relative strength of parties in the State. In a different situation one party might nominate ten, and elect eight, nine, or ten; the minority getting the remainder.

Without extending the discussion, the advantages which this system would afford may be summed up as follows:—

1. It would keep the gerrymander out of the presidential election.
2. It would preserve unchanged the representation of the States in the electoral college as provided by the Constitution.
3. It would secure in the college a more perfect expression of the popular will than can be obtained in any other way except by direct vote.
4. It would insure a real contest in every State, instead of the perfunctory campaign which now takes place in the States in which the party majority in either direction is so great that the result is a foregone conclusion.
5. It would eliminate the "pivotal States" from the case, with all the demoralizing consequences which that feature entails, and distribute the battle evenly over the entire country.
6. It would also wipe out the vicious "balance of power" element in politics, by which a fraction of the voters make capital out of the cowardice of the larger parties. At the same time a small party would not be powerless, as it now is, to make itself felt in any other way. Any number of men in a State greater than the number necessary to choose an elector could elect one by cumulating their votes upon him. The saloon-keepers and the prohibitionists could both stand

up and be counted. But their power of coercion would be gone.

7. In combination with the Australian ballot it would nullify the power of money in presidential elections. It would not be worth while to inundate a close State with money for the sake of the one or two electoral votes which would be the largest possible result of its successful use.

It is within the power of any State to adopt this system for itself without any change of the Federal Constitution. But there is obvious reason why it will not do so except for a sinister purpose. Such a change can come in a beneficial form only by an amendment of the Constitution which shall make it universal. This need say no more than that the electors shall be chosen by ballot in each State, and that at the election each voter shall have as many votes as there are electors to be chosen in his State, with the right to distribute and cumulate them as he chooses.

There is, to many minds, at first blush, a forbidding appearance of complication in such a method of voting. But that objection would quickly disappear on trial of it, as has the like objection to the Australian ballot.

A more dangerous objection, which is at the same time a transcendent merit, is, that it would abolish the unit rule in the electoral college. This rule is favored by the politicians. It is an instrument of power in their hands in caucuses and conventions. But it is often also an instrument of wrong, and a means of defeating the will of the people. They have pronounced their disapproval of it on some memorable recent occasions. It is only by its exclusion from the electoral college that the choice of a President can be made the act "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

It is an immediate obstacle in the way of such a reform that it is liable to interfere with the existing plans of political leaders at the time it is proposed. It ought to be sufficient to remove this obstacle to let the change take effect at a time some years in the future. If such an amendment were proposed by Congress at its present session to take effect at the election of 1900 it would give ample time for all present schemes either to rot or ripen, as the fates may have decreed.

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM.

BY LIONEL A. SHELDON.

No subject of a material character occupies a higher place in public consideration than that of railway transportation, and no business so completely pervades the whole country and affects the interests of every inhabitant. The producer, consumer, the men of trade, and investors in railroad securities are especially concerned; and the subject is constantly under discussion in business and social circles, in popular assemblies, and in newspapers and magazines. Railroads are daily drawing from the people large sums of money which absorb the profits of producers, enhance prices to consumers, and notwithstanding the immense aggregate earnings of the roads, bond and stock holders in many cases are not satisfied with what they receive upon their investments. Conditions are unsatisfactory all around, and the highest railroad officials are giving study to the question with a view to the development of some plan that will pacify clamorous elements. When so much thought is aroused it is natural that suggestions should be numerous, that valueless or impracticable schemes should be proposed and find strenuous advocates. That the best solution will ultimately be discovered cannot be doubted, and every contribution to the investigation will tend to throw light upon the subject, and hasten the achievement of a final and satisfactory result. The sensible physician makes a diagnosis of the disease, and a discovery of the cause, before he prescribes a treatment. After the evil in railway transportation has become understood, it may not be difficult to devise a plan for its successful removal.

The evil is not that the character of the service is bad, for as a rule it is excellent, considering all the circumstances under which it is rendered, and railroad managers deserve commendation for the ability and energy displayed in improving it. It is not, as formerly, discrimination against individuals and places, though it is still surreptitiously practised

to some extent where rates are agreed upon to common points by competing roads. The laws of Congress and the States prohibit discrimination, and they are enforced so as to prevent open violations. It is not instability of rates which was in former times a serious grievance. The laws encourage stability, and it is to the interest of the roads themselves to avoid fluctuations as much as possible, and to that end traffic associations are formed whose action is supposed to be binding upon all the represented companies. Rate wars sometimes occur, but they are constantly becoming less frequent and shorter in duration. The real evil is the high rates that are charged for transportation, and it is this of which producers, consumers, and commercial men complain. Notwithstanding they seem to be exorbitant, bond and stock holders are not satisfied with their gains, and railroad managers not infrequently clamor for better rates. The important question is how can they be reduced so as to relieve the masses from the burdens they now bear, without doing injustice to those who have invested their money in railway securities. Rates are made on the theory of earning enough to pay operating expenses, fixed charges, and as large dividends as possible upon the stock. Managers operate the roads with these ends in view, and the larger the dividends the greater becomes their reputation. Volume and character of traffic are important elements to be considered in prescribing rates. Officials are employed to promote the interest of the stockholders, and therefore they look to one side of the question. The interests of the public, being in conflict with those of the security holders, are at best subordinate considerations. The principle upon which rates are made seems fair, but it is important to go behind appearances and endeavor to find out whether there is not a state of facts which renders appearances deceptive. For many years the whole country was afflicted with a craze for railroads, and little attention was given to the manner of securing them. The most liberal pecuniary and legislative inducements were offered for their construction. Crafty men took advantage of this favorable public sentiment and projected roads in profusion, sometimes for the purpose of promoting the settlement and development of the country, and occasionally in the hope that business would grow to a magnitude that would make the operation of the roads profitable, but more fre-

quently for the purpose of acquiring fortunes in their construction. It is undoubtedly true, as has often been asserted, that they were built too rapidly, and it is equally true that they were too expensively constructed. Few of them were designed for operation by the projectors and builders, and it was a favorite idea, when practicable, to parallel existing lines that sales might be made at enormous prices to those who wished to avoid competition. The craze of the people for railroads was supplemented by the ease with which railroad bonds could be disposed of in the markets. West of the Mississippi River it was well-nigh universal that roads were bonded for much more than they cost or were worth, and the stock was issued to first holders without any pecuniary consideration whatever. Excessive capitalization was the result. It has been increased through subsequent consolidations, for when one road has been absorbed by another it has been customary to issue the stock or bonds or both of the new corporation beyond the aggregate of those of the old ones. When roads have become bankrupt or embarrassed, reorganizations have been effected by increased capitalization in order to harmonize conflicting interests. It is estimated, and probably with approximate accuracy, that railroad bonds and stocks in the aggregate are double the cost of the properties, and certainly double what they are now worth, if valued upon the basis of what would be the expense of reproducing them. Over-capitalization, in considerable part, is the cause of high rates, for the design in making rates is to earn enough to assure a satisfactory income upon it all. The effort is not successful in all cases, but it is beyond doubt that a considerable part of the excessive capital receives an income from the money which railroads draw from the people. Mr. Sidney Dillon points to the fact that a few years ago the average income upon railroad bonds and stocks was seven or eight per cent., and that it has fallen to three or four per cent., and he bemoans the misfortunes of those who hold railroad securities. When confronted with the allegation that capitalization is excessive, he enters a plea of confession and avoidance by saying that "Capital is an uncertain quantity." The position is correct as to capital that is fictitious or fraudulent, but not as to any other. The effort of railway managers has been to render fraudulent and fictitious bonds and stocks as valuable as the genuine by

imposing rates that will assure the same remuneration to both classes.

The expenses of operating bear upon the question of rates, and it is legitimate to inquire whether they are more than they should be. The ease with which ponderous fortunes were suddenly acquired in railroad construction and operation created widespread cupidity. Railway directors were generally men who had acquired fortunes in constructing and operating railroads, and hence they were disposed to be liberal in their views as to the worth of the services of the railroad officials. Salaries were made very large, far above those paid public officials or to those engaged in any other pursuits. Though income from railway securities may in percentage have become less, salaries have not been reduced; on the contrary, in many cases, they have been increased. There has also been an increase of officials, especially of those who are assigned to duty in connection with traffic associations, which are institutions that would be unnecessary if railroad companies would be honest as between themselves, and considerate of the public interests. There is no complaint on account of the prices paid for materials or salaries paid to subordinate officials or wages to laborers. Inordinate salaries as well as excessive capitalization contribute to the imposition of unjust charges for transportation. There is another feature to be hereafter discussed which renders the operation of the roads more expensive than is necessary. Railway corporations are not created for private benefit merely, but to subserve the public interests as well, and the people have a right to inquire whether they are called upon to pay more than a reasonable compensation to the carrier. Agitation of this question will continue till a solution is reached which is reasonably satisfactory to the patrons of railroads. There is no disposition among the masses to reduce compensation for services below what they are worth, nor to deprive legitimate capital of fair remuneration.

It has been a prevalent idea that competition is a panacea for high rates, and there are those who still cling to that delusion. If competition were to have full sway there can be no doubt that rates would be so reduced that no more than a reasonable profit would be realized, but it has become a thing of the past, a phantom. In many branches of trade it has been superseded by trusts, and in railway transportation

by combination. There was a time when railroads did compete and lowered rates to get business, but it was soon discovered that it defeated the end the managers had in view, and that was to earn the largest possible dividends upon the stock, however fictitious or excessive it might be. They hastened to adopt means of avoiding competition, and began by agreeing upon common rates to common points. Pooling followed in order to insure good faith, and consolidation of lines was resorted to not only to facilitate the business and promote economy but to prevent rate cutting. Lastly, traffic associations were invented which control rate-making for the great mass of the roads in the nation which are engaged in inter-state traffic. Competition and monopoly are incompatible forces, and the latter has already gained such ascendancy that it practically dominates the business of the country.

The principle of the common law that the carrier is entitled to a reasonable and just compensation, to be determined by the court and jury, was efficacious in protecting the public when transportation was carried on by simple means. The facts were few and easily established by proof. Comparatively little capital was necessary, expenses were small, and the profits could be arrived at without difficulty. The capital invested in railways is immense, expenses are large and embrace voluminous items, and the traffic covers that which is local and inter-state, and is variable in volume. Rates are based upon a consideration of all these conditions, a knowledge of which would be necessary to enable a jury to decide justly. To place all the facts before a jury would prolong a trial beyond ordinary court terms. Suits involving the question of the reasonableness of compensation would relate generally to single shipments, some of which would be unimportant in value, but nevertheless the character of the trial would be the same as if a large amount were involved. Complete justice could not be done unless the inquiry extended to the necessary capital, eliminating the fraudulent and fictitious, to the question whether expenses were not too great on account of the payment of inordinate salaries, to the volume and character of traffic, including the percentages awarded the several lines which participate in it. The ablest and most expert traffic officers cannot determine (and they do not attempt it) the cost of a single shipment nor the pro-

portion it should contribute towards compensating for the capital invested. A jury would be unable to do what traffic officers regard as an impossibility.

The impracticability of trying such cases before a jury or a judge is so apparent that the attempt is almost never made. Such suits are among the rarest in the calenders of courts. Legislatures consequently have enacted laws prescribing maximum rates as a means of protecting the people against exorbitance. Commissions have been created with advisory or regulative powers. The idea is to have officials charged with the duty of giving time and study to the rate question, that they may be able to prescribe such as will be just to all concerned. And hence it has been suggested that the best protection against unjust charges is to confer the power upon the national and State commissions to prescribe rates, the former upon that which is inter-state, and the latter upon that which is local. The suggestion is worthy of consideration, and may be most effective so long as transportation is carried on under the management of a multiplicity of corporations. It will be somewhat difficult to secure uniformity of action on account of differences of circumstances and conditions. The older States have generally conferred upon their commissions only advisory powers, while the new States have conferred regulative ones, and some of the States are without such officers. In the sparsely settled and less productive sections the cost of building, and the expense of operating railroads are greater, and the volume of traffic is smaller than in many of the populous and more productive localities. It is not probable, therefore, that there would be uniformity of rates, and it would not be so material as to local or State traffic, but as to that which is inter-state the trouble would be more serious.

The national commission would have to inquire into the capitalization and operating expenses and volume of traffic of all the roads in the country, and apportion the percentages that each should receive upon or through inter-state traffic. The plan, if intelligently and faithfully executed, would relieve the present burdens of the people to the extent of reducing the expenses of operating by cutting down inordinate salaries, and the income upon capital to that which is reasonable; but this would not be all that should be accomplished in the interest of the public.

There are six hundred railroad corporations in the nation, and each has a corps of officers to be paid from the earnings of the respective properties. The expense of maintaining them is more keenly appreciated by railroad managers than by any other class. To avoid this expense has been and is, in part, the motive for systematization. The idea of consolidating all the roads of the country and placing them under one management is more prevalent than appears upon the surface. Mr. C. P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific system, than whom there is not an abler or more experienced railroad man in the country, is an open advocate of consolidation. It would dispense with the salaries of five hundred and ninety-nine presidents, a great many general managers, and chief engineers, a large number of attorneys and traffic officers. There would be no need for freight and passenger solicitors nor commercial agents. The number of ticket and freight agents could be materially reduced, and the rental of numerous offices saved. The occupation of traffic associations would be gone. Fewer engines and cars would be required, as there would be no returning of "empties" because they belonged to a foreign road; and freight blockades would nearly disappear, for freights could be routed over the freest lines. Under present conditions each company clings to its own, regardless of the delays from blockades on its line. All employees, engaged in keeping foreign car accounts, and in adjusting division of earnings on through business, could be discharged. These general statements indicate what might be done if economy were faithfully carried into all the details of the business.

If all the roads were embraced in a single system, making of rates would be a simple operation. They could be made equal in all parts of the country, based upon distance. It would make no difference if one branch or line failed to earn its share of operating expenses, and the proportion it should contribute to the income upon the capital, as other branches or lines would make up the deficiency. The traffic department would estimate the expenses, and fix the rates, so as to produce earnings to pay them and leave a balance sufficient to reasonably compensate capital, and to make necessary betterments and extensions. There is no good reason why the people in one section should be taxed more for rail transporta-

tion than those of another, and there would be no need that they should if consolidation were accomplished.

In attempting consolidation there are obstacles to be surmounted. As has been said many roads are over-capitalized, and there is far from being equality in earning power. Many bond and stockholders would be called upon to abate from the face value of their holdings, and others would probably demand a premium. The holders of depreciated bonds and stocks are usually hopeful that the growth of the country and the consequent increase of business will appreciate their value. This difficulty has been experienced in the systematization that has already been accomplished, and in the reorganization of bankrupt or embarrassed roads. It may be that consolidation would not be voluntarily assented to without an increase of bonds or stock, or both, to be distributed so as to produce harmony. Such a step would aggravate the evil of excessive capitalization, and would not be satisfactory to the public. Consolidation should proceed upon the theory that the bonds and stocks are worth no more than the properties, and that all roads should be put in at their actual value, which would be the cost of reproduction, and a proportionate share of the new securities distributed upon that basis. If this were done there would be no incentive to exact from the public to pay income upon any but genuine capital.

There probably will always be a controversy over the question of the compensation that should be awarded to capital. The publicists hold that interest rates should be governed by the inconvenience and hazards to which the lender is subjected. The same principle may properly be applied to the investment of money in any business enterprise. Under consolidation upon the basis stated, investments in railroad securities would be less hazardous than they are under existing conditions. With good management, earning of a fair income upon reasonable capitalization would be a certainty. Interest rates are receding from what they were a few years ago, and a fixed and perpetual income of two or three per cent. is all that should be allowed or asked. With such reduction of expenses as may be made, and a limitation of income upon capital to two or three per cent. the railroads would be enabled to reduce present rates perhaps to one half what they now are for production, commerce would be stimulated, and the business of the roads would be immensely

enhanced. Every intelligent railroad man knows that increase of traffic does not require a proportionate increase of expenses. Capital is greedy and not altogether conscionable. It usually takes all it can get. Hence it would not be safe to leave rate making entirely to the parties interested. Government supervision should be retained and exercised to the extent of enforcing economy in expenditures, and restricting compensation for the use of capital to a reasonable percentage. Consolidation would so nationalize railroad transportation that this supervision could properly be taken into the hands of the general government, which would insure simplicity and uniformity. The adherents to the extreme "states rights" doctrine might object to placing the railroads under national control, which would be more or less of a difficulty to overcome; however, there cannot be much left of that sentiment since the States have all authorized consolidation of their own roads with those of their neighbors, and as the larger part of the traffic is inter-state, and by the approval of all political parties, Congress has assumed and exercises control over it. Internal traffic has become too immense to be circumscribed by State lines or restricted and hampered by State laws.

If consolidation cannot be effected in a manner that will be just to those who own the properties, and afford a guaranty against unjust charges, there is another plan that will assure faithful respect for the interests of the people, and that is government ownership and management. It would be a consolidation of all the roads and nationalization of all railway traffic. That there would be difficulty in acquiring the properties through the consent of bond and stock holders is certain, but the government could enforce consent without doing injustice. If the owners would not part with the roads at their actual value it could charter and build parallel lines. There are undoubtedly those who think that to engage in the business of transportation would be extraneous to the proper functions of government; but it would be done solely in the interest of the public, and not for profit. It would be the people's own business, and under their supervisor. They could and would prevent the use of patronage to promote personal or party success. No administration would dare employ it to the public injury, because the cost of transportation comes home to every citizen. It would be an admirable

field for the application of the principles of civil service reform, for much of the service requires expert knowledge. The practicability of government management of railway transportation has been demonstrated in other countries, and it has been shown in this that a large system can be as feasibly operated as a single line. The past history of the government affords a guaranty that the management would be satisfactory in point of ability and fidelity, for in no mercantile or banking establishment in the world is there better method or greater accuracy than has prevailed in all departments of the government, nor is there greater integrity. The postal system is more than conterminous with railroads, and it extends to every citizen of the republic. Though the business is as complicated and difficult, it has been generally conducted to the satisfaction of the public, and improvements keep pace with the advance of time. The same reduction of force and of salaries, and all the economies under consolidation could and undoubtedly would be carried out under government management, and reduction of transportation charges could be made the same as under consolidation. If the purchase were made through the issue of bonds bearing a low rate of interest, or if consolidation into a single company were effected, similar bonds could be issued and secured by a mortgage upon the property, which would furnish excellent security in which to invest trust and idle funds, and for use as collaterals on which to effect loans. In all countries where wealth is considerable, it is deemed a wise policy to provide such means of investment. Agitation of the transportation question will not cease until some effective plan is devised which will relieve the people from unjust burdens, and the adoption, either of consolidation or government ownership, seems to be a probable result.

THE SOLIDARITY OF THE RACE.

BY HENRY WOOD.

CONSCIOUS life consists of relations. The human economy is like a great tree, the branches and leaves of which — all springing from one root and nourished by the same sap — spread themselves forth that they may feel the glow of the sunlight. Life is a continuous divine communication. While it appears broken into a vast number of disjointed fragments, there is but One Life. It is the material and false sense of life which gives it the aspect of independent units. The true life is a derived, shared, and related consciousness. Without any loss of individual responsibility, each one belongs to the race, which as a whole would be incomplete without him. Life to each seems finited and separated in himself. He thinks of his being as distinct, having its own basis, development, interests, and objects, all within a well-defined boundary.

But life is so interwoven with life — or rather is so truly a part of the One Life — that an individual is like a bit of color in a great mosaic.

The ultimate acme of humanity is universal brotherhood. This will not be attained by means of any new departure in sociology, perfected legislation, or ideal political economy, but from a higher consciousness which will fuse and unify heart and character. The current of spiritual life flows from the centre outwards, carrying on its bosom rich offerings of loving service and ministry. The cold tide of selfishness, which ebbs from without inward, ends in a deadly vortex, because it has no compensating outflow.

Individual man does not think for himself. He is taken up and borne along by great thought currents in which he is submerged. While he has a feeling of independence he is as conditioned as a piece of drift-wood in the rapids of a mighty river. The great sweep of events and developments bring to the surface their successive exponents but these seeming rulers of the movement are but its incidental expressions. Every great wave of human thought, whether social, politi-

cal, or religious, bears upon its crest a few leaders upon whom the movement seems to depend, but in reality they are swept along in the prevailing current. In the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries the temper of Europe was ripe for the crusades, otherwise the instigators of those great incursions never could have inspired the vast waves of humanity, which, under the banner of the cross surged eastward for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. Luther was but the instrumental articulation of the spirit of the ripening evolution of religious liberty of the Renaissance. In the fifteenth century, Europe began to feel — even though unconsciously — the presence of a great western continent, and this blind apprehension became incarnate in Columbus. All great distinctive mental currents find special embodiment; therefore, personal leadership is the outcome rather than the inspiration of great transitions. The general character of great mental currents may be tempered and modified by commanding spirits if the main trend be respected; but oftener, apparent leadership is an adroit utilization of existing cumulative forces. The world was just at that stage of religious progress that was fitted for Calvin when he appeared, and when its thought had advanced from stern "decrees" towards "free grace" Wesley came upon the stage and gave it formal expression. It would be as easy to transplant the customs, manners, and modes of communication of Calvin's time into the present era, as to find a fit place for his theological thought, and yet there are those who would patch up that musty doctrinal fabric for present use.

The great ocean of human mind rises and falls, ebbs and flows in huge waves and not in detached drops. Men are unconsciously bound together by a thousand ties, real though intangible. The thunder of the rhythmic march of the mass drowns the light footfalls of those who mark an independent time.

Should we then be discouraged in our efforts for individual advancement? Does the deafening diapason of the multitude render all finer melody impracticable? No; for in a sense every man is the race. While in the lower realm of mind, personalities are mainly expressive, in the higher, individual attainment is race potentiality. The very foremost member in his progress towards the divine, human ideal, represents a veritable race achievement.

Our ideas of human brotherhood are often limited to the present generation, but it includes all who have gone before, and all who will come after. Without affirming the doctrine of metempsychosis, or re-incarnation, there is a sense in which we have lived before the present life. Forms of life come and go, but life, in its essence, being in and of God is without beginning or ending. We shall be spiritually intertwined and incarnated in those yet to come. The race, past, present, and future is one organism. For it, as well as ourselves, we are thinking, willing, acting, and loving. The Scriptures teach that the fathers still live in the children, and that their transgressions, and still more their attainments, are shared by them, and science confirms the statement. Rightly understood, the seeming hard law of "the survival of the fittest" is found to be beneficent, for the fittest are channels of blessing to those who are less fit. As clear life-giving streams flow down the mountain sides, and refresh and make fertile the meadows below, so lofty human attainment, towering above the low plane of sensuality and materialism, helps to lift up and spiritualize the whole race-life. Service reaches down to the things below. It is difficult to help those who are upon our own plane from lack of vantage ground.

The working field for the promotion of the evolution of the spiritual life is as broad as humanity, and reaches all generations. Jesus who expressed the essential Christ said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth" (that which is material and selfish) "will draw all men unto me."

Human personality has been so deeply engaged in working out its *own* salvation, that it has overlooked its organic relations. Dogmatic theology has iterated and reiterated the injunction, "save your own soul," but the most ideal salvation is the forgetfulness of the "own soul" in devotion to the general soul. The very essence of salvation is the death of selfishness. Humanity is bound in one bundle, therefore its kinships and relations are of primary interest. In a sense we incarnate ourselves in those around us. Aristotle defined a friend as "one soul in two bodies."

The spiritual victories gained on this arena of life and renewed, generation by generation, are grand in their scope and significance. We wrestle with principalities and powers, and that in the presence of a cloud of interested wit-

nesses. The sorrows and trials of one are those of all, and the triumphs of each are a general inspiration. If the soul-currents do not flow from within outwards they become stagnant. Dogmatic theology which conceives of salvation as a "plan," has largely lost the consciousness of that "bond of the spirit" which held the primitive church in a loving fellowship. In the parable of the sheep and the goats, Jesus taught that character and ministry, and not creed, formed the basis for the heavenly condition. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. The ever-widening circles of a personal consciousness of the presence of the divine image within, go out like waves to refresh the whole human family of God.

Selfish attempts at soul-saving through the efficacy of ordinances, rituals, and sacraments, rather than through intrinsic character, have narrowed and chilled the influence of the Church and rendered it artificial and unattractive. Man's spiritual ideal is to be a channel through which the divine life and love may flow out to his fellows. "Sons of God" are those who are crucified in the lower self, and from the high altitude of their resurrection are able to draw men unto them.

That evolutionary step called death does not interrupt nor set aside the great vital current of race progress and unity. Being members one of another, the ties of common interest and destiny stretch out both backwards and forwards. Life is one, and so-called death is but an incident. The spiritual world is as truly here as in a future condition. The vital test is not time nor location but moral quality. Has the spiritual man—"the mind of Christ"—gained the ascendancy? Paul in speaking of his tribulations affirms that he was being "baptized for the dead." We suffer from limitations and burdens which past generations, through the channel of ancestral life, have imposed upon us. In like manner the present generation is engaged in a hand to hand conflict, not merely for itself, but for a coming brotherhood, even down to the distant Eons of the future. The keen spiritual perception of Paul enabled him to see the great environing "cloud of witnesses" which view with absorbing interest every step of our advance. Could our dull vision be clarified so that we might catch a glimpse of that great host, what an inspiration it would lend!

Christ conquered everything which is adverse to the race, and his victory was its triumph. He uncovered the "image of God" which had been buried by traditional rubbish and sensuous materialism. The conquest of the Head is the conquest of every member. Every brother in whom the Christly nature becomes incarnated gives an upward impulse along all the innumerable lines which radiate from him as a centre. He is a savior who breaks the captive's chains, takes off the shackles, opens prison doors, and proclaims freedom. The great human campaign will not be ended until every member of the race has been translated into a "son of God." He is already that except in manifestation. The unmanifested who have passed on before have a vicarious interest in us and in our achievements. Each needs a "God-speed" and a drawing upwards.

While man stands at the apex of the great pyramid of sentient life, he is yet in bondage to his lower nature. His goal is a deliverance into perfect spiritual liberty.

It is supposed that heredity brings evil as well as good. But evil being negative and having no God-like basis in the real loses its vitality by the "third or fourth generation," while good goes on even to the thousandth.

The healing streams of altruism run out until they lose themselves in the ocean of eternal love. Race solidarity makes it a privilege for the strong to carry the burdens of the weak until they are finally rolled off. Therefore, brotherly limitations will be overcome by brotherly aid. Man cannot live to himself because he is crystalized into a great organic unity.

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

Missionary effort among the heathen will largely be barren so long as they are taught that there is an inseparable wall between them and their ancestral dead. Their views of the solidarity of interest between themselves and other generations, in many cases, are in advance of so-called Christian nations. A reasonable and practical spiritual religion which would recognize the loving fellowship which binds them to their kindred who have gone before, would powerfully appeal to the "divine image" which is latent in every darkened

heathen soul. God's ultimate economy in humanity is to bring it together, and its lines of reconciliation converge in Him. The comprehensive love which unifies divinity and humanity is the great law which includes all other laws.

How to reconcile the frictions of society is a problem which is attracting the attention of the civilized world. In the past there has been a wider variation in the material conditions of the human family than to-day, but never before has there appeared such a general restlessness. There is a universal reaching out for improvement. Blind and mistaken efforts to bring it about consist partially in organized antagonisms. Classes, trades, and sections solidify, in order to oppose other classes, trades, and sections, and believe that they are conserving their best interests. It is forgotten that society is an organism and that all its members cannot perform the same kind of service. The perfect human body is a unit but the office of each member is unlike that of every other, and therein is completeness. "When one member suffers all suffer."

Socialism is a term which is used with a great variety of meaning. To some it signifies—at least as an ultimate accomplishment—a forcible division of all material wealth by law and coercion. To others it mainly comprises an increased assumption of productive agencies, business operations, and wealth distribution by the State, including a steady enlargement of governmental functions in the future. But true socialism must begin from within, and have its basis in unselfish character. The spirit of love and altruism must be cultivated and awakened until it becomes prevailing, and as rapidly as this takes place its legitimate fruits will be outwardly manifest. Any socialism which contains elements of jealousy, avarice, or coercion is a counterfeit. Any forcible interference with the natural laws of wealth-distribution would discourage thrift and industry, conduce to idleness, and stimulate avarice and anarchy. If through any ostensible legalized process men can get what they do not earn, production will be diminished and decay ensue. Many well-meaning philanthropists confine their attention almost entirely to material conditions, while the royal road to improvement is only through better moral conditions. That sin, intemperance, and improvidence bring forth their inevitable fruit of poverty, misery, and suffering, is not the

fault of our social system. Causation lies deeper. The most helpful help which can be given is to teach men through character reinforcement how to help themselves. It is not a division of "silver and gold" that is needed, for even if that were practicable it would at once diminish production, raise the price of all necessities, and chill industry and progress. The ills of society are directly attributable to the lack of unselfishness, love, and character education. The time is not distant when these will be regarded as of far greater value than material wealth. As a basis for happiness money is the most disappointing thing in the world. Let a truer estimate prevail. Great wealth pursued as an end is a curse to any member of the human family. There is no such soul-dwarfing, hell-inciting, suicidal occupation on earth as the selfish piling-up of surplus wealth as the object of life. The possessor of millions who goes on adding to his store, as a gratification of his insane ambition to accumulate, and lives without a conscientious regard for his obligation to his fellowmen, is surely kindling within himself that torment which Dives experienced, because he is defying the supreme law of his nature. Beneath all the golden glamor, such an one, in the truest sense, is blind, and naked, and sick, and in prison. It is not the fact of the millions, for money is useful, but that their selfish possession will eventuate in a self-made hell in the human soul. Heaven and hell are not places but conditions of character. They are legitimate harvests that come from diverse kinds of seed-sowing. Better a free soul as a digger-of ditches than one which is enslaved by its wealth. Such an one is like a bee submerged in its own honey. Bion once said of a niggardly rich man, "That man does not own his estate, but his estate owns him."

The millennium will consist of the reign of love and unselfishness. Improved economic theory and legislation are powerless to bring it into manifestation. Education in the ordinary sense is also utterly unable to bring about moral reform. Only as human consciousness is lifted into the spiritual zone and the "image of God" uncovered, will that harmony and wholeness be realized which is able to transform the earth into a paradise.

The manifestation of the intrinsic brotherhood is hindered and chilled by the conventionalities of our modern civiliza-

tion. The deep fountains of human love and sympathy are sealed, and artificial barriers are built up between souls. A code of formal precedents, rules, and maxims becomes the unwritten, though inviolable law of society which is based upon selfishness and worldly policy. Each soul wears a polished armor which, though invisible, is as cold and impenetrable as steel, and nothing less than the manifested law of love in a general glow can ever melt it away. Man mistakenly considers himself a unit and still inquires if he is his "brother's keeper." He has not yet drained the cup of self-sacrifice and discovered the sweetness which is hid at the bottom. Such an accomplished ideal would bring heaven into earth-life and emancipate humanity from the slavish ties of the lower self.

The law of ministry is not merely moral, but it is scientific. It constitutes the broad highway to racial and ideal harmony. The observance of fundamental law is a privilege rather than a duty, for it carries rich reward. "He that loveth his life loseth it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." Opportunity for service is a boon conferred. In the human economy it seems almost necessary that some cups should be empty, in order that there may be room for the overflow of others so that both can enjoy their sweetness. If all were filled just to the brim where could any room be found for the exercise of the privilege of bestowment?

The divine life consists of infinite ministration. Jesus expressed its dominion in the loving service of "washing the disciples' feet." Here the whole policy of the world is reversed. Only love can interpret love. "Except as ye become as little children," judged by conventional standards, seems like weakness and foolishness. Forms and traditions which have encased us with their worldly wisdom must be torn away before the tendrils of our being can be free to cling in graceful embrace to neighboring souls. The higher life is not a refinement. It is the awakening of a new consciousness — the glow of the divine image within.

The new brotherhood rises above the altitude of ethical rules and obligations. There is no search for the boundary line between justice and injustice, for balanced obligations are left behind. The very conditions of inequality furnish vantage ground for both a divine and human overflowing

which will continue until disconnected and stagnant pools are unified and swallowed up in a common sea of living interest and destiny. The two grand divisions of right and wrong will be superseded by those of the loving and the unloving, until at length the hardness of the latter will be melted away. The mighty law of love will finally submerge all its inferiors.

The racial soul is the grand unit, and all share its experiences and live its life. However dissimilar the initiates, each travels the grand highway and passes through the same cycles of spiritual unfoldment. The great racial consciousness is being solidified by the cement of love. Seeming inequalities find their interpretation in the fact that the vicarious principle runs through the warp and woof of the whole human fabric. The innocent suffer in the penalties of the guilty, and the sinful share in the warm glow which is kindled by the loving.

But the perfect unity of racial mind exists only in the higher or the spiritual realm. Above the great equatorial line which separates it from that which is sensuous, peace and oneness are perfected. In the lower hemisphere is found the temporary, the seeming, the material, the delusive. It is the abode of shadows. The human ego abides with them until through the discipline of penalty and "growing pains," it emerges into the higher realm of the One Mind. Here the grind and the friction of the baser zone are unknown. Here in the sunshine of the Kingdom of the Real the upper branches of the great human tree blossom and produce their fruit. Here men are one because they are united in God. Humanity ultimates in the universal soul. Here is the final welding of eternal Fatherhood, sonship, and brotherhood. Every heart-throb of the Divine Father sends the vital current of love and unity coursing through the veins of the remotest member.

Mankind is of one coinage for all bear the divine image. This makes the lowest semblance of humanity lovely. Though yet unmanifested he is a son of God. We are instructed to love our neighbor as ourselves, but the Christly standard is still higher. "Love your enemies." But there are no "enemies" for they have been transformed. As our eyes are opened the divine image shines through all human wrappings.

HYPNOTISM AND ITS RELATION TO PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I.

DURING the past thirty years the gradual accumulation of incontrovertible evidence revealing hitherto undreamed-of possibilities of the human mind, has been such as to warrant us in believing we are on the threshold of a field of research which will mark a distinct epoch in human history, if indeed it be not prophetic of the next great step in man's evolutionary development. And in referring to the psychical phenomena already demonstrated, I include only such absolute facts as have been established by critical and competent scientific research.

With the vast mass of alleged phenomena which confronts the earnest inquirer on every hand it is not my present purpose to deal. I shall confine myself for the most part to the examination of phenomena which have been as authoritatively demonstrated by critical comparative methods as other universally accepted truths in physical science, as my chief purpose in this paper is to indicate the all-important fact that the old boundaries of mental limitation have been broken down; that what has hitherto been regarded as the impossible is now a demonstrated actuality, and, therefore, that it is unscientific and unworthy our age to close our eyes longer to this field of research which already promises to disclose truths of inestimable value. I am well aware that many who do not consider themselves conservative thinkers will regard this view of the possibilities of psychical research as unwarrantably optimistic. They will remind us of the fact that in all ages alleged phenomena have entered the woof and web of popular superstition and legendary lore, while nothing of scientific value has been demonstrated. They, however, do not take into account the important fact that though man's mental limitation in the past has led him to denominate as miracu-

lous or supernatural all phenomena beyond then known laws, it is no evidence that these phenomena have not occurred through the orderly operation of some great law, which, although existing from the beginning of creation, has awaited recognition, as the law of gravitation so long awaited the cognizance of man.

Objections to psychical research are so frequently urged that it seems necessary, on the very threshold of our examination of this subject, to briefly give a few reasons which, in my judgment, justify belief in the early demonstration of psychical facts as revolutionary, important, and even more beneficent than this century's crowning achievement in the province of physical science — the establishment of the theory of evolution.

In the first place, let us not lose sight of the fact that the ascendancy of a strictly critical or scientific method of investigation is of comparatively recent date, but it has now so completely mastered dominant thought that the people in general, as well as scientific bodies, are coming to apply it to all phenomena with which they come in contact. Mere hearsay no longer satisfies the spirit of the age; while *until the establishment of this method* it is evident that facts which may have actually occurred were, from a scientific point of view, practically worthless. Hence, whatever is demonstrated under what is known as the comparative method of scientific research possesses a positive value never before present. In the second place, the marvellous strides witnessed in the province of physical science, and the unparalleled triumph within a few decades of the evolutionary theory over universally accepted, age-long thought, indicate a readiness on the part of humanity to accept a new truth. This marks a distinct advance in civilization, and reveals how strong a hold reason has taken in a soil heretofore more or less overgrown with the weeds of superstition, prejudice, and intolerant bigotry. Indeed, I know of no victory in the history of man's intellectual development more significant than that which attended the general acceptation of the theory promulgated by Darwin, Spencer, and Wallace. True, the conflict was marked for a time by great bitterness and unreasonable hostility on the part of dominant theology and conservative thought, yet the new idea succeeded in a few years in revolutionizing the intellectual conception of civili-

zation, turning the thought of the world from channels through which it had flowed almost uninterruptedly for ages, into not only a radically different bed, but one which carried its current in a diametrically opposite direction. This triumph of physical science over inherited ideas and the superstitions and traditions of ages, has proved of inconceivable value to scientific investigation in the psychical realm, as it has broadened the vision of the intellectual world and destroyed the breastworks of religious prejudice, which would otherwise have rendered critical study of supernormal phenomena doubly difficult.

A third point which warrants our belief in the approach of an era of great advancement in this realm, is the very noticeable fact that many eminent scientific thinkers who have hitherto ignored or discouraged psychical research, are now coming forward and demanding not only a fair hearing for this exiled truth, but are insisting that their own great bodies investigate what a few years ago would have been scornfully dismissed as belonging only to the province of superstition, charlatanry, and jugglery. Perhaps the most notable instance of the gradual giving way of prejudice on the part of eminent scientists, is found in the annual address of Prof. Oliver J. Lodge, President of the Section of Mathematics and Physics of the British Association for Advancement of Science, delivered last August, in which this eminent and conservative thinker took strong ground in favor of his society systematically investigating psychical phenomena. In the course of his remarks he made the following significant observations : —

What we know is as nothing to that which remains to be known. This is sometimes said as a truism ; sometimes it is half-doubted. To me it seems the most literal truth, and that if we narrow our view to already half-conquered territory only, we shall be false to the men who won our freedom, and treasonable to the highest claims of science.

I care not what the end may be. I do care that the inquiry shall be conducted by us, and that we shall be free from the disgrace of jogging along accustomed roads, leaving to outsiders the work, the ridicule, and the gratification of unfolding a new region to unwilling eyes.

It is sometimes objected that, granting thought-transference or telepathy to be a fact, it belongs more especially to lower forms of life, and that as the cerebral hemispheres develop we become

independent of it ; that what we notice is the relic of a decaying faculty, not the germ of a new and fruitful sense ; and that progress is not to be made by studying or attending to it. It may be that it is an immature mode of communication, adapted to lower stages of consciousness than ours, but how much can we not learn by studying immature stages ? As well might the objection be urged against a study of embryology. *It may, on the other hand, be an indication of a higher mode of communication, which shall survive our temporary connection with ordinary matter.*

I have faith in the intelligibility of the universe. Intelligibility has been the great creed in the strength of which all intellectual advance has been attempted, and all scientific progress made. At first things always look mysterious. A comet, lightning, the aurora, the rainbow — all seem strange, anomalous, mysterious apparitions. But scrutinized in the dry light of science, their relationship with other better-known things becomes apparent.

Now I say that the doctrine of ultimate intelligibility should be pressed into other departments also. At present we hang back from whole regions of inquiry, and say they are not for us. A few we are beginning to grapple with. The nature of disease is yielding to scrutiny with fruitful result ; the mental aberrations and abnormalities of hypnotism, duplex personality, and allied phenomena, are now at last being taken under the wing of science after long ridicule and contempt. The phenomenon of crime, the scientific meaning and justification of altruism, and other matters relating to life and conduct, are beginning, or perhaps are barely yet beginning, to show a vulnerable front over which the forces of science may pour.

Such utterances from such a source are very significant, revealing the fact that psychical phenomena have taken such a hold on the public mind that they can no longer be ignored by leading scientific bodies, and also indicate that the hostility heretofore exhibited by orthodox thinkers in the domain of physical science is gradually but surely giving away.*

*The change of sentiment now daily becoming more and more manifest among thinking people and especially the more conservative element of scholars and scientific investigators, is largely due to the splendid work accomplished during the past few years by the English Society for Psychical Research, which has accumulated, verified, and classified so much supernormal phenomena which hitherto floated around as gossip, exerting no great influence on critical thinkers, owing to the apparent absence of evidential value. The researches of such eminent savants as Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace and Professor Crookes in England, Camille Flammarion in France, and Professor J. R. Buchanan and Professor William Denton in America, have also exerted an influence which is yearly becoming more and more manifest on conservative thought. The discoveries of Braid and the more recent demonstrations of leading physicians in hypnotism have also contributed materially to the slowly changing attitude of popular scientists.

A fourth fact worthy of mention is the surprising and definite results which have crowned the limited scientific research in psychical fields during recent years. They have already broken down beyond all controversy the old ideas of mental limitation. They have demonstrated that the conception so long held as final, is as erroneous as was the one-time universal belief in a flat world, or the theory of a practically instantaneous creation.

These observations seemed necessary on the very threshold of this subject, owing to the prejudice and hostility of dominant thought which, however, as noted above, is each year giving way, although still exerting sufficient influence to prevent a candid and unbiased investigation of facts on the part of thousands of scholarly minds.* In the present paper I shall touch chiefly on the revelations which have attended scientific experimentation in hypnotism, not because they are more remarkable than many other psychical phenomena which are now challenging the thoughtful consideration of many leading scientists, but because owing to the nature and extent of the investigations carried on by a number of the foremost scientific and medical men of the age, the array of indisputable yet astonishing facts is so complete and of such a character as to best carry conviction to prejudiced minds.

* I am by no means unmindful of the causes which have largely contributed to this general distrust, and which may be briefly mentioned as follows:

[1] The oft-demonstrated element of unquestioned credulity which characterizes ignorant people and causes them to swallow with avidity all phenomena which they fail to understand. [2] The general ignorance of the laws concerning these manifestations, which enables charlatans and impostors to establish conditions claimed to be essential, which render fraud possible and invite trickery. [3] The unscientific report of the learned Bailey Commission, appointed by the French Government in 1784 to investigate mesmerism, or what was then popularly termed animal magnetism, in which it was declared that all the power alleged to have been exhibited by Mesmer was a "fraud" and that, to use the words of Bailey, "*Magnetism is one fact more in the history of human error, and a great proof of the power of imagination.*" This reprehensible exhibition of dogmatic incredulity, unquestionably greatly retarded scientific progress along this line of research. [4] The great pioneers in physical science, who encountered such a torrent of scornful abuse from conservative thought when they brought forth the theory of evolution, with a few conspicuous exceptions, have displayed unwarrantable indifference and in some instances much the same spirit of hostility toward psychical investigation as that about which they so justly complained when their own theories were first presented. This attitude, so thoroughly discreditable and essentially unscientific, has prevented thousands of investigators, who take ideas second-hand, from pursuing research along psychical lines. Conservatism as usual frowned upon all pioneer thinkers, and theology, more apprehensive of the overthrow of some cherished idol than the triumph of truth, has until very recently assumed a hostile attitude. With this trinity of opposing forces added to the other causes enumerated above, it is not strange that progress has been somewhat slow. Now, however, the wall of prejudice has to some extent given way and with the constant establishment of new facts along the line of psychical research, the people are manifesting a constantly increasing spirit of hospitality most gratifying to those careful investigators who have for years employed a strictly scientific method, but who have been socially ostracized because they loved the truth more than the approbation of conventional thought.

II.

In 1841, the eminent English surgeon, James Braid, determined to expose mesmerism, which he in common with his scientific brethren believed to be an unmitigated fraud. Doctor Braid soon came to realize that instead of mesmerism being an unadulterated fraud, it possessed the grain of truth capable of revolutionizing established ideas. Accordingly he entered upon the laborious task of demonstrating and critically noting facts connected with these marvelous phenomena. In 1842, he published his notable work entitled "Neurypnology." Immediately he suffered from a storm of hostile criticism. Nevertheless his clear utterances and the methods employed gained for him the thoughtful consideration of several eminent continental thinkers, who were less fettered by conservatism than his English professional brethren. A score of years later hypnotism was attracting much attention among leading physicians and other scientific investigators in France and other continental nations. Since that day it has rapidly gained in the number of eminent scientists who have wrought what in an earlier age would have been regarded as miracles. Among the critical thinkers who have given special attention to the power of mind along this special line of inquiry since the publication of Doctor Braid's works are Liebault, Bernheim, and Beaunis of Nancy, and Charcot of Paris, while scarcely less valuable to science have been the labors as demonstrators, or critical observers, of Paul Richer, P. David, Professor Luys, Janet, Richet, Voisin, and Reginald of Paris.*

In 1878, Charcot began a series of strictly scientific investigations. He operated, however, only on hysterical subjects, believing that only a few people were susceptible, and they among the weak, sickly, and nervous. Indeed, until within the last decade this was the general impression. Recent experiments, however, as Björnström has observed, with elaborate statistics furnished by the Nancy physicians, prove that "almost any one can be hypnotized." Some persons, however, yield much more easily than others.

* Ochorowicz, a Polish scholar who resides in Paris, and Dr. Frederick Björnström, the head physician of the Stockholm hospital, have contributed works of great value to the literature of hypnotism. Their writings have been translated into English. To the latter author I am indebted for many interesting facts and striking illustrations given. I am also indebted to the work of Prof. William James, of Harvard, and Part XVIII. of Proceedings of the English Society for Psychical Research for valuable illustrations and well-authenticated cases.

The eminent author further observes that "Climate seems to have the effect of making hypnotization much easier in warm and southern countries than in cold and northern. Thus the French show a far greater susceptibility than the Scandinavians and Germans. In the tropics hypnosis is said to appear rapidly, and to become very deep."*

III.

This brings us to the examination of some typical cases exhibited by the hypnotic trance and the legitimate inferences which they suggest relating to the power not only of mind over mind, but what is still more at variance with popular conceptions, the power of *mind over matter*. In this paper, space prevents my introducing many illustrations from the vast accumulation of well-authenticative cases at hand. I shall confine myself to typical cases which open up many vistas for speculation and profound inquiry, while they materially aid in completely revolutionizing old ideas and popular conceptions as to the limitations of the human mind. The first illustration I wish to introduce reveals the power of the human mind under certain conditions to receive and hold mental pictures, which afterward may express themselves upon the body of the individual in such a manner as to produce well-defined diseases, which naturally resist the well-intentioned drugging of the physician who blindly attacks the symptoms in his ignorance of the cause of the misery. In Professor James' thoughtful paper on "The Hidden Self," he cites at length a most interesting and suggestive case, primarily recorded by M. Pierre Janet, Professor of Philosophy in the Lycee of Havre, in his volume entitled "De l' Automatisme Psychologique."†

In presenting this case I cannot do better than give verbatim Professor James' admirable summary, which is as follows:—

* From 1850 to 1860 hypnotism was used on a large scale by Dr. Esdaile, head surgeon at the hospital of Calcutta. In six years he performed six hundred operations on hypnotized Hindoos, and a committee of surgeons and physicians appointed by the Indian government testified to his great success, which was chiefly derived from the fact that the most difficult operations could usually be made without a sign of pain from the patient, and without memory when they awoke, of what had been done to them. The Hindoos, however, are said to be very susceptible to hypnotism.—[Dr. Frederick Björnström, in his work on Hypnotism.]

† This work comprises about five hundred pages. It served as the author's thesis for doctorate of Science in Paris and produced a great sensation when given to the scientific world.

The story is that of a young girl of nineteen named Marie, who came to the hospital in an almost desperate condition, with monthly convulsive crises, chill, fever, delirium, attacks of terror, etc., lasting for days, together with various shifting anaesthesias and contractures all the time, and a fixed blindness of the left eye. At first M. Janet, divining no particular psychological factor in the case, took little interest in the patient, who remained in the hospital for seven months, and had all the usual courses of treatment applied, including water-cure and ordinary hypnotic suggestions, without the slightest good effect.

She then fell into a sort of despair, of which the result was to make M. Janet try to throw her into a deeper trance, so as to get, if possible, some knowledge of her remoter psychologic antecedents, and of the original causes of the disease, of which, in the waking state and in ordinary hypnotism, she could give no definite account. He succeeded even beyond his expectations ; for both her early memories and the internal memory of her crisis returned in the deep somnambulism, and she explained three things : her periodical chill, fever, and delirium were due to a foolish immersion of herself in cold water at the age of thirteen. The chill, fever, etc., were consequences which then ensued ; and now, years later, the experience then stamped in upon the brain for the first time was repeating itself at regular intervals in the form of an hallucination undergone by the sub-conscious self, and of which the primary personality only experienced the outer results. The attacks of terror were accounted for by another shocking experience. At the age of sixteen she had seen an old woman killed by falling from a height ; and the sub-conscious self, for reasons best known to itself, saw fit to believe itself present at this experience also whenever the other crises came on. The hysterical blindness of her left eye had the same sort of origin, dating back to her sixth year, when she had been forced, in spite of her cries, to sleep in the same bed with another child, the left half of whose face bore a disgusting eruption. The result was an eruption on the same parts of her own face, which came back for several years before it disappeared entirely, and left behind it an anaesthesia of the skin and the blindness of the eye. So much for the origin of the poor girl's various afflictions. Now for the cure ! The thing needed was, of course, to get the sub-conscious personality to leave off having these senseless hallucinations. But they had become so stereotyped and habitual that this proved no easy task to achieve. Simple commands were fruitless ; but M. Janet at last hit upon an artifice, which shows how many resources the successful mind-doctor must possess. He carried the poor Marie back in imagination to the earlier dates. It proved as easy with her as with

many others when entranced, to produce the hallucination that she was again a child, all that was needed being an impressive affirmation to that effect. Accordingly M. Janet, replacing her in this wise at the age of six, made her go through the bed-scene again, but gave it a different dénouement. He made her believe that the horrible child had no eruption and was charming, so that she was finally convinced, and caressed without fear this new object of her imagination. He made her re-enact the scene of the cold immersion, but gave it also an entirely different result. He made her live again through the old woman's accident, but substituted a comical issue for the old tragical one which had made so deep an impression. The sub-conscious Marie, passive and docile as usual, adopted these new versions of the old tales; and was apparently either living in monotonous contemplation of them or had become extinct altogether when M. Janet wrote his book. For all morbid symptoms ceased as if by magic. "It is five months," our author says, "since these experiments were performed. Marie shows no longer the slightest mark of hysteria. She is well, and, in particular, has grown quite stout. Her physical aspect has absolutely changed."

A number of similar illustrations might be given, indicating the susceptibility of the mind in certain conditions to receive mental pictures, which later, sometimes many years elapsing, are developed in such a manner as to produce the most aggravated symptoms of disease in the physical body; disease which naturally baffles the ordinary drug treatment; indeed, within the past few months I have had my attention called to some most remarkable cases, in many respects similar to that of Marie, in so far as they relate to severe illness resulting as the expression or development of a fear arising from mental pictures of death photographed on the mind in former years, and which stubbornly resisted the usual medical treatment. When, however, the true cause was revealed, and the image or photograph erased or suggested away, rapid recovery followed. Do not understand me to affirm that all sickness is the result of mental pictures, but incontrovertible facts, observed by the most reliable and unquestionable authorities, do indicate that in some conditions the human mind receives upon its marvelously sensitive plate, impressions much as the phonograph receives and treasures up the most delicate notes of the human voice. The possibilities of this power as revealed in the above illustration, and others which might be cited from equally reli-

ble authorities, open a new vista for human thought, and aside from the hint of vast and far-reaching significance which they give to the medical world, they open a suggestive line of thought for scientists and philosophers. Are hysterical and extremely nervous cases like that of Marie the only brains susceptible to mental pictures, or is it more probable that they are no exceptions to the general rule in so far as the power of the human mind extends, but that the weakened condition of the nervous system in these cases calls out, develops, or intensifies pictures which suggest death? Is it not reasonable to suppose that the human mind may catch and hold all thoughts and impressions, all pictures and sounds which enter the brain? We cannot understand exactly how the fruit-bearing plant catches, appropriates, and holds in the laboratory of its being that wonderful fragrance, delicate flavor, and the rich, luscious pulp of the fruit which follows the beautiful and often many-tinted bloom. To me it seems more probable that the conditions exhibited in the special cases which are usually termed hysterical, are merely the coming to the surface of some of the hidden mysteries of mind, than that an instrument which by nature and construction was not intended to secure and hold enduring impressions should be, through nervous disorder, so radically, nay, almost functionally, changed as to receive impressions or pictures and retain them for years, later expressing them on the body, as in the case of "Marie." An illustration which is important in its bearing on this thought, is given by Prof. J. Luys, member of the Academy of Medicine of Paris. In speaking of the power of hypnotism to bring out the hidden, unsuspected treasures of the mind he says, in the course of an able paper in an English review:—

I once heard a young married lady who had listened to one of my lectures repeat the lecture several months afterwards in a state of somnambulism with the utmost accuracy, reproducing like a phonograph the very tones of my voice, using every gesture that I used, and adapting, too, in a remarkable way, her words to her subject. A year afterwards this lady had still the same capacity, and displayed it every time she was put into a state of somnambulism. And, extraordinary as it may seem, when once awakened she was utterly unable to repeat to me a single word of the lecture. She said she did not listen to it, she understood not a word of it, and could not say a single line.

I am aware that it will be urged that while in cases like Marie's the mind seems to largely dominate the body, indeed so much so as to render the patient a physical wreck until the hypnotizer eradicates the morbid pictures, nevertheless these are troubles more or less dependent upon the nervous organism which it is now being grudgingly granted is largely under the dominion of the mind.*

The narration of a series of experiments which I will now give, however, carries us a step further, demonstrating that through hypnotism sensation may be abolished, false sensation may be established, and that in some cases, at least, results do not necessarily end with the waking of the subject. Some of these instances have great scientific value, revealing, or at least hinting at, mental possibilities hitherto undreamed-of. They demonstrate the power of mind over matter (in cases where the subject readily yields to suggestions) which a few years ago would have been scornfully rejected by the scientific world as manifestly absurd and impossible.

The cases in which hypnotism has been substituted for ether, chloroform, and other anaesthetics, where limbs were to be amputated and other serious surgical operations performed, are now so common as to no longer occasion surprise, and for lack of space I will content myself with citing a few lines from Prof. Wm. James' *Psychology* :—

*In speaking of the power of suggestion on the nervous organism, Björnström says:—
The whole motor apparatus also may, by degrees or all at once, become the object of negative suggestion, and by this all kinds of lameness or paralysis can be caused.

Also, independently of hypnotism, lameness has been found as the result of purely psychical causes. In 1869, Russel Reynolds, the prominent English physician, published a case of lameness in consequence of spontaneous imagination of the sufferer ("dependent on idea"). A young girl lived alone with her father, who, after various sorrows and reverses, grew lame. In order to support the family the girl had to give lessons, and for this purpose had to walk long distances. With anxiety she soon began to think that she also might become lame, and that their condition would then become still worse. Under the influence of this idea, which never left her, she began to feel her legs grow weaker and weaker, until she could no longer walk. R., who soon understood the cause, adopted an exclusively mental treatment; he gradually convinced her that she was able to walk, and she soon became entirely well.

Charcot, Bernheim, and others have, however, produced the greatest number of proofs of how easily paralysis is caused by hypnotic suggestion. Here the lameness may be confined to one muscle, or to a whole limb, or to certain combined muscular movements concerned in a certain action—such as sewing, writing, smoking, singing, speaking, playing on the piano, standing, walking, etc., etc. By negative suggestion, such anesthesia can be produced just as well as systematized paralysis. It would take too much space further to discuss the many kinds of paralysis that can be caused, not only with reference to the external result, but with reference to the internal mechanism.

According to Voisin's experience, mental diseases of many years' standing have thus been cured in two or three séances. Hysterical persons have proved most susceptible to the method, but he has also succeeded with epileptics, dipsomaniacs, and others mentally diseased. Finally Voisin exclaims: "It would be fortunate for the mentally diseased, if they were all susceptible to hypnotism."

Legs and breasts may be amputated, children born, teeth extracted, in short the most painful experiences undergone, with no other anaesthetic than the hypnotizer's assurance that no pain shall be felt. Similarly morbid pains may be annihilated, neuralgias, toothaches, rheumatisms cured. The sensation of hunger has thus been abolished, so that a patient took no nourishment for fourteen days.

Phenomena, however wonderful they may be, which occur when patients are in the trance, are less important to us in our present pursuit than those which affect the patient in such a manner as to reveal the power of mind over body in a waking condition. Such, for instance, as when the hypnotizer suggests that he has dropped some boiling oil, water or wax on the patient, when in reality he only places a little cold water or touches the surface with his finger. After the subject awakens, however, inflammatory symptoms are soon visible, and a blister ensues, as aggravated in every respect as if the subject had actually suffered from boiling wax, oil, or water. Experiments of this character have repeatedly been made by Professor Charcot, of Paris, and numbers of other scientists. In the July issue of the Proceedings of the English Society for Psychical Research, Dr. Alfred Backman, of Kalmar, a well-known Swedish physician and writer, gives the following interesting account of an experiment of this character:—

The subject whom I consider my best clairvoyant is named Alma Radberg. She is a maid-servant, and is now aged about twenty-six. As a child and young girl she was sickly and delicate, but now, after a course of hypnotic treatment, she is healthy, strong, and vigorous. She is a very pious and good girl, of some intelligence, and by no means a hysterical person. She has kindly allowed me and some others to make innumerable experiments on her, and she is extremely susceptible to suggestion, both awake and hypnotized. All kinds of experiments, such as stigmatization, etc., have been made on her successfully, both in the waking and the hypnotic state. I may relate in passing one instance that seems to me remarkable. In the middle of an experiment, I put a drop of water on her arm, suggesting to her that it was a drop of burning sealing wax, and that it would produce a blister. During the progress of the experiment, I accidentally touched the water, making it spread on her skin, whereupon I hastened to wipe it away. The blister, which appeared the next day, extended as far as the water had run, just as if it had been a corroding acid.

I now give some still more interesting experiments of this character, related by Björnström in his work on hypnotism : —

We begin with Beaunis' experiment of changing the beatings of the heart by suggestion. Both Liébault and Beaunis had noticed that by suggestion they could relieve palpitation and regulate the action of the heart in somnambulists. This subject B. submitted to strictly scientific investigation with the aid of the usual instruments of physiologists for recording the movements of the heart; and he found clear proofs of the fact, that the heart could be made by suggestion to beat more slowly or more rapidly, probably by stimulating or paralyzing action on the inhibitory centres of the heart.

But this is not all; by suggestion a much more heightened effect can be produced in this direction. The congestion may be carried still further — to a raised swelling of the skin, to a blister (as from Spanish flies). Concerning this, Beaunis relates the following experiment, for the truth of which he vouches. A skilled physiologist and experienced experimentalist, he would not allow himself to be easily deceived.

The experiments were made on a young girl — Elise F., — first by Facachon, then also by Beaunis. One day, when Elise complained of a pain in the left groin, F. made her believe, after he had hypnotized her, that a blister would form on the aching spot, just as from a plaster of Spanish flies. The next morning, there appeared on the left groin a blister filled with serum, although nothing had been applied there.

On another occasion, he cured neuralgia in the region of the right clavicle by merely causing, by suggestion, a blister resembling in every respect an ordinary burn. Afterwards several such experiments were successfully made on Elise. We quote only one, which was made under the closest control, before the eyes of several scientists — Beaunis, Liébault, and others. On the twelfth of May, in 1885, Elise was hypnotized toward 11 A. M. On her back, at a point which the girl could not possibly reach with her hand, a strip of eight gummed stamps was fastened, after a strip of the same kind had for eighteen hours been applied to the arm of another person, without causing the slightest effect. Over the stamps an ordinary bandage was fixed, so as to simulate a plaster of Spanish flies, and she was three times given to understand that Spanish flies had been applied to her. She was closely watched during the day and was locked up alone in her chamber over night, after she had been put in hypnotic sleep with the assertion that she was not going to awake until seven o'clock on the following morning, — which took place punctually. An hour later, F. removed the bandage in the presence of Bernheim, Liégeois,

Liébault, Beaunis, etc. It was first ascertained that the stamps had not been disturbed. They were removed and the underlying surface of the skin now showed the following changes: on a space of four or five centimetres the epidermis was thicker, yellowish white, and inflamed, but as yet not raised into blisters; the surrounding skin showed intense redness and swelling to the extent of half a centimetre. The spot was covered with a dry compress, in order to be further investigated later on; three hours after, the spot had the same appearance. At 4 P. M. the spot was photographed, and it now showed four or five blisters, which also plainly appeared in the photograph. These blisters gradually increased and secreted a thick, milky serum. On the twenty-eighth of May—fourteen days later—the spot was still in full suppuration.

On the thirtieth of May, F. produced by suggestion another Spanish fly blister on her arm.

This case is not the only one. On another girl—Marie G.—who had for three months suffered greatly from neuralgia, F. produced by suggestion two such blisters in succession, each the size of a five-franc piece, one below the left ear, the other on the left temple. These required forty-eight hours to become fully developed. The neuralgia disappeared after twelve hypnotic séances. After these successes, F. tried on Elise an experiment in the opposite direction, that is, by negative suggestion to make a real Spanish fly plaster inactive. For this purpose a plaster was cut into three parts; the first was applied to Elise's left arm, the second to her right arm, the third on a sick person who needed such treatment. Elise was hypnotized and F. made her believe that the plaster on her left arm would not have any effect. This took place at 11 A. M. Elise was closely watched until 8 P. M., when the bandage was removed, after F. had satisfied himself that it had not been disturbed. On her left arm the skin was unchanged, on her right the skin was red and showed the beginning of a formation of a blister. The plaster was again applied; after three-quarters of a hour a normal blister was found on the right arm, but on the left—nothing.

The third piece, which was placed on the abdomen of the other patient, had raised a large blister after eight hours.

Several other physicians have related similar facts. As early as 1840, Louis Prejalmini, the Italian physician, mentions similar experiments, when with "magnetized paper" he caused the same effect as with Spanish flies. It is evident that the active cause was not the magnetized paper, but the suggestion.

Something perhaps no more remarkable, but interesting as giving further proof of the potential power of mind over

matter, is seen in the following experiment related by Prof. Wm. James in his Psychology:—

Changes in the nutrition of the tissues may be produced by suggestion. These effects lead into therapeutics—a subject which I do not propose to treat here. But I may say that there seems no reasonable ground for doubting that in certain chosen subjects the suggestion of a congestion, a burn, a blister, a raised papule, or bleeding from the nose or skin, may produce the effect. Messrs. Beaunis, Berjon, Bernheim, Bourru, Burot, Charcot, Delboeuf, Dumontpallier, Facachon, Forel, Jendrassik, Kraft-Ebing, Liébault, Liègeois, Lipp, Mabille, and others have recently vouched for one or other of these effects. Messrs. Delboeuf and Liègeois have annulled by suggestion, one the effects of a burn, the other of a blister. Delboeuf was led to his experiments after seeing a burn on the skin produced by suggestion, at the Salpêtrière, by reasoning that if the idea of a pain could produce inflammation it must be because pain was itself an inflammatory irritant, and that the abolition of it from a real burn ought, therefore, to entail the absence of inflammation. *He applied the actual cautery [as well as vesicants] to symmetrical places on the skin, affirming that no pain should be felt on one of the sides. The result was a dry scorch on that side, with [as he assures me] no after-mark, but on the other side a regular blister with suppuration and a subsequent scar. This explains the innocuity of certain assaults made on subjects during trance.* To test simulation, recourse is often had to sticking pins under their finger-nails or through their tongue, to inhalations of strong ammonia, and the like. These irritations, when not felt by the subject, seem to leave no after-consequences.

A great number of similar cases of the most authentic character might be cited. I, however, have found it necessary to confine myself to brief summaries of interesting experiments by eminent scientific specialists, which clearly hint at the power of the human mind. And what a world of thought these clearly demonstrated facts open up. How many legitimate inferences are in them embodied, as for example (1) the power of the mind to catch, hold, and perhaps in after years express the mental picture received in former years, as illustrated in the first class of cases cited. (2) The absolute domination of the human will by another mind, even to the degree of obliteration of consciousness and sensation, so that at the suggestion of the operator, a patient may imagine he is enjoying a delicious banquet, at the very

time when a limb is being amputated. (3) The absolute power of mind over matter, as emphasized in the cases cited by Doctors Björnström and Backman, and Professor Wm. James. Of course it must be understood that these results were obtained only in cases where the subjects were peculiarly sensitive to the suggestion of the hypnotizer, where the mind was plastic as clay in the hand of the sculptor. Yet it none the less proves the potential power of the human mind over even the flesh of the body. It serves to clearly reveal, as I have before observed, a potential supremacy of mind over matter undreamed of a generation ago. For, after granting that the subjects come under this power only by virtue of a negative condition of the mind or a weakened nervous condition, they indicate none the less significantly the power of the mind over the body. Indeed we could not expect a more general exhibition of receptivity of the power of the mind, when we consider the natural result of ages of education, when notwithstanding all talk to the contrary, the mind has in reality been subordinated to the appetites, the passions, and desires of the body; while philosophy, as well as physical science, have for generations schooled the human intellect to look with suspicion on everything save what appealed to the *physical senses*; hence all mental phenomena necessarily encounter among the educated, the repellent waves of incredulity, even when there is an absence of actual hostility. In this connection it is interesting to note the observations of Drs. Milne Bramwell and Lloyd Storr Best in an able paper on hypnotism in *The New Review*:—

On the other hand, the power of suggestion to produce sleep cannot be denied, nor can hysterical subjects be regarded as alone presenting the phenomena of hypnotism in their complete development.

The writers of the present paper, having carefully repeated the most important experiments of the Nancy school, are convinced of the truth of Liébault's statement, that persons in the enjoyment of perfect health are often extremely susceptible to hypnotic influence.

Profoundly interested in the science, and wishing to verify the extraordinary results obtained by the school of Nancy, we instituted some time back a series of experiments, taking as subjects any healthy male who would voluntarily submit to the trial. These experiments were eminently successful, for out of a total of

fifty cases not only was there no single instance of failure, but in the great majority complete somnambulism was produced.

Great misconception appears to exist in England concerning the number and nature of those who may be hypnotized; instance the following quotation from "Science Jottings" in the *Illustrated London News*, May 3, 1890:—"It is impossible to hypnotize everyone; and, as far as my experience of it goes, only in the case of the intellectually sensitive — shall I add weak?—can hypnotism hope to secure its most characteristic effects." The eminent physiologist Beaunis is, on the contrary, of the opinion that everyone is more or less susceptible to hypnotic influence, and our own experience goes far to confirm this, for out of several hundreds of patients treated hypnotically we have not yet met with one whom we might fairly class amongst the "non-influences."

As to the nature of those who are most easily influenced, we find the greatest difficulty presented in cases such as those above quoted, while educated non-neurotic subjects, who are capable of concentrating their attention on the mental picture of sleep presented to them, are nearly if not quite as easily hypnotized as the credulous peasant.

This goes far toward confirming our view, that it is more reasonable to regard the phenomenon of the mind controlling the body [to such an extent as that given above] as the revelation of power inherent in mind, but weakened and no longer assertive through centuries of false education, in which the body has received supreme attention along these special lines, than to suppose that this marvelous extension of the limitations of mind, this supremacy of mind over body, is due merely to a diseased or immature state of the mind, as is argued by the same conservative thinkers who first dogmatically denied the possibility of the hypnotic power, then grudgingly admitted to it in rare cases of hysterical females, and who now declare that it is merely the outcropping of a rapidly disappearing and immature state of man's mental and nervous organism. Another thought in this connection is valuable, and that is, the value of hypnotism as a moral agent.* A great number of drunkards have

*I am aware of the great cry which has gone forth as to the dangers of hypnotism, nor would I in any way minimize the danger. All great discoveries carry with them the possibilities of evil. Take for example, electricity or steam, which in the hands of the ignorant or evilly disposed may work great injury and be a terrible curse. Even the brilliant power of the orator if unaccompanied by moral rectitude, may prove a great curse, as has so often been exhibited. So hypnotism in the hands of the ignorant or the base may and often has proved a terrible curse. This, however, is no reason why it should be discarded, nor does it prove that it is in itself injurious. While on the other hand Drs. Bramwell and Best, quoted elsewhere, declare that where proper

been redeemed through this agency, while criminal propensities in children have been greatly modified, and in many instances entirely removed, by suggestions. Liébault claims to have employed hypnotism as a moral agent in several thousands of cases, always with beneficial results. While in reply to the cry so frequently raised by conservative physicians who know little about hypnotism, that it weakens the mind, Dr. Hamilton Osgood, one of the leading physicians of Boston, and a gentleman who has had probably greater experience in suggestion than any other New England doctor, declares that in his practice he has seen nothing but beneficial results and increasing vigor, mental as well as bodily, from its employment when indicated.

IV.

In this paper, my first purpose was to indicate the fact that even in the scientific world, the old ideas of mental limitation have radically changed. The closed door has been partially opened. We have caught a glimpse of the potentiality of the human mind. Moreover, evidence of the most unquestioned character is day by day being accumulated, which

precautions are taken, no injurious effects will follow hypnotism, when intelligent and conscientious persons exercise this power. On this point these physicians declare :

"At the commencement of our hypnotic practice we were much perplexed by the difficulty of finding some efficient means of preserving the personality and will of patients intact. We were fortunate enough, however, to discover what has, up to the present, proved a perfect safeguard, which consists in the constant inculcation during hypnosis of two *idées fixes* to the effect that no one should be able to hypnotize the patient without his express permission, and that no suggestion should be effectual which would be disapproved by him in his normal condition. This precaution has been found thus far eminently satisfactory."

"Once let the general public be made acquainted with the necessity of the above-mentioned precautions, and all danger of undue influence being exerted by the medical man will vanish. Any person presenting himself for hypnotic treatment would bring with him a trusted friend, who should see that these two ideas were suggested to him at each hypnosis, until profound hypnosis was produced."

Dr. Hamilton Osgood, in an able address before the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, observes: "In a letter I have just received from Liébault, he says, 'The accidents in hypnotism are due wholly to the ignorant or giddy tricks of the operator,' and, he continues: "In the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme* for December last, Bernheim gives utterance to his latest views after nine years of hypnotic practice, with reference to the dangers of hypnotism." In this extract from a lecture to his students, he says: "Does suggestion as we practise it, with a therapeutic object, present any danger whatever? . . . It is a singular thing that some years ago, I recall that when a practice more bloody than hypnotism — ovariotomy — made its entrance into modern surgery, eminent professors in the society of surgery were found, who said: 'This operation belongs to the office of the public executioner.' To-day, ovariotomy no longer has any enemies. One goes so far as to perform the operation upon the hysterical under pretext of curing them. No voice is raised against this procedure, but anathemas are poured upon the inoffensive suggestion which does cure hysteria. I appeal to the numerous students and colleagues, who for several years have followed my clinic: If you have seen a solitary fact which bears witness to a serious inconvenience in the suggestive method, when well applied, announce it."

"I have seen many neuroses cured; I have never seen one caused by suggestion. I have seen the intelligence restored; I have never seen a mind enfeebled by suggestion."

indicates the opening of vistas in psychical realms far more surprising and suggestive than those already exhibited in hypnotism which are accepted by science. Such discoveries as that referred to by Prof. Oliver Lodge in the following extract from his annual address, elsewhere mentioned:—

It is possible that an idea can be transferred from one person to another by a process such as we have not yet grown accustomed to, and know practically nothing about. In this case I have evidence. I assert that I have seen it done, and am perfectly convinced of the fact. Many others are satisfied of the truth of it too. Why must we speak of it with bated breath, as of a thing of which we are ashamed? What right have we to be ashamed of a truth?

This strange phenomenon is popularly termed telepathy. The evidences of clairvoyance or of soul projection, automatic writing, and other remarkable psychic phenomena are being rapidly accumulated since sincere and patient scientific thinkers have engaged in the work. It will take much time to overcome the prejudice which exists in the popular mind, and to accumulate such a mass of indisputable evidence as to compel the tardy acceptance of those eminent in other fields of thought, who without examination have scornfully dismissed the subject; yet enough has been given to the world to convince those who are searching for the truth that we are on the threshold of a new realm of discovery,—a realm which may some day mark another step in man's evolutionary progress. Let us not be dogmatic, ever remembering the thoughtful words of Braid, "Unlimited scepticism is equally the child of imbecility as implicit credulity."

INSPIRATION AND HERESY.

BY P. CAMERON, B. C. L.

THE belief in a divinity inspiring man is probably as old as the religious idea itself. Long before Rome was heard of, it prevailed in the pantheistic ideas of Egypt, and the Sibyls and *Vates inspirati* of a Roman creed were but the prolongation of an Eastern faith, springing up from the soil of religious birthplace — the East.

Surrounded by neighboring nations, whose gods were many, the monotheistic idea revealed to the Jews required careful culture at the hands of the Hebrew leaders, and many lapses from the worship of the One and True God were bewailed. The literature of the Hebrew nation is one entirely religious. We find in its language no treatise on Science, and in the word of God revealed to the Jews there can be no doubt of its heavenly origin, *qua them*, as is evidenced by such expressions as "Thus saith the Lord," "God spake all these words," etc. Amid all their sorrows of captivity and bondage and wars, the dominating idea of their sacred books being a direct revelation from Jehovah, compelled their preservation in pristine excellence, and they were handed down from generation to generation, and by each succeeding one received in the fulness of faith, as the direct utterances of the one God, given by divine inspiration to His chosen vessels.

They are a compound of history, prophecy, and Psalms, and when Christ himself appeared on our earth, he recognized their validity by frequent references to them.

The religion proposed by the followers of Christ commenced more than eighteen hundred years ago, in and about the chief city of the Jews, and it was maintained that all happening to him, from birth to death, was the fulfilment of the ancient Hebrew prophecy — a development and completion of the Jewish doctrine, the rites and ceremonies of which prefigured and prepared the way for the new revelation.

The divine founder of Christianity left no writings of his own, but his conduct, habits, journeys, conversations, compassionate deeds, sufferings, and death are recorded in the gospel histories.

The new religion, as was natural, met with the most determined opposition at the hands of the Jews, and then at the hands of the heathen.

Christ himself confined his operations to Judea and its neighborhood, being generally attended by a few believers to whom the name of "Disciple" was accorded, — going about doing good to all in his reach, and preaching a pure doctrine of Love. When his ministry on earth ended at a very early age of his life, he transmitted the preaching of the gospel to his followers, who carried the torch of the new truths among the Romans, Jews, Greeks, and any others who would listen.

The advent of Christianity was a godsend to the world at that time — Judaism was losing its influence, and the old Roman faith in the "Dii Majores" and "Minores," and in the Augur and Aruspex had dwindled away — its vitality had decayed, but it still held its own as the state religion.

The philosophies of Greece and Rome had ceased to satisfy man's longings, and the poetical myths of antiquity were fading from the horizon of human thought.

The whole power of Rome in her grandeur failed to crush out the new religion, and from small beginnings the Christian Church established herself as a mighty power in the then world.

It requires little thought to assume that after our Lord left this earth a season of myth arose in a very uncritical age, dealing largely in marvels; the youthful vitality of Christianity had and needed no books except the Hebraic "Law and Prophets."

In these early days, the parties were still alive who had seen the miracles Jesus did, and who with their own ears had heard the divine precepts which issued from his lips.

What we now call "The New Testament," came into use, as its separate portions appeared, and these parts depended as to their weight on the personal standing of the writers. Oral tradition was the chief fount of Christian knowledge, and it is generally conceded that it took one hundred and seventy years from our Lord's death for the collection of the new Christian records and epistles to assume a form carrying

the idea of holy and inspired writings; even the most distinguished of them, *vide* Paul's letters, were handed round from church to church to be interchangeably read; the Holy Spirit in those days was conceded to be a dweller in all Christians, and not confined to a few writers.

The Apostolic writings were (be it remembered) by human means raised higher and higher, till they eventually reached the plane of the Hebrew Bible; the Old Testament was not brought down to the new one, but the new one was raised to the old one, it being equally clear that the oldest fathers of the Church did not use the books of the new as sacred and clothed with divine authority, but followed out, to the middle of the second century, Apostolic tradition orally transmitted.

The early Church tried to consolidate the Jewish and Gentile Christians, and to transfer belief in the Bible to certain selected Christian writings, and Constantine in A. D. 332, directing Eusebius to make a list of sacred writings for the use of the Church Catholic,— the new Church was furnished with a code (except as to the Revelation of St. John) exactly resembling our own.

The Church having now got the nebulous particles of Christian faith into a solidified form,— creeds, dogmas, and confessions of faith naturally ensued, and for ages the Church arrogated to herself the supreme right of telling men what to believe and what to reject.

Along with this came the desire to punish heresy; the sword of the Church had supplanted the mild yoke of Christ, error in theology became a crime, and resistance to dogma could only be crushed by fire or sword. Councils sat and rose again, dealing with each article of faith till a solid basis was adopted, to which all the Catholic world had to bow; to doubt was an error, but to give expression to doubt called down the resources of a Church conceiving herself armed with divine commission to punish. The church alone could interpret the Scriptures,— to the laity they had become a sealed book.

The concentration of this mighty power brought about the decay of the Church, and what had originally been pure in concept became evil in practice; stagnation in thought wrought out putrescence in action, the thinking layman found himself at all events the equal if not the superior in morality

of his ghostly adviser, and the conscience of the rich wrong-doer could easily be pacified by the well-paid-for indulgences of the Church. The believer of the Middle Ages resigned all matters of a personal salvation to the care of the Church; so long as he performed the religious external duties and attended confession, extreme unction and the *viaticum* made sure work of his eternal happiness. He did his part, the Church did the rest.

But another era was dawning, heralded by the mighty Luther. The German Reformation fought out and established the three great principles of the right of private judgment, the right to read an open Bible, and the doctrine of a personal salvation, with no priest as an intermediary.

The Reformation did away with priestly intolerance in Germany; it remained for the French Revolution to destroy it in France. The Reformation brought into being numerous sects — natural products of the exercise of the new right of private judgment as to religious matters, and one age presents the curious aspect of each sect having run off with a particle of the ecumenical church-faith, and professedly believing itself to be the possessor of the whole truth, forgetting that dissection destroys the beauty of divine truth. Its glory is its homogeneity. "Expede Herculem" can't be applied to it.

Ecclesiasticism, uprooted in France by her Revolution, lingers yet among the Anglo-Saxon race, and as Professor Blackie sagely remarks, "Infallibility is secretly implied in all churches, and the new wings given to faith by the Reformation are still closely tied up with sacerdotal strings."

Even in this nineteenth century—critical, perhaps, beyond any that are gone — opinions and theories, products of careful thinking and conscientious doubtings, which do not exactly compare with the solidified dogmas of any church, are liable to bring on church discipline and church expulsion; where formerly a Luther had to deal with one pope, his successors have to deal with many.

We are familiar, too familiar, unfortunately, with nineteenth century prosecution or persecution for so-called heresy: the stake is still there, the fagots of old Rome are gathered, the martyr is there, but the power to light the fire is, thank God, gone forever.

"Sinful brother, go in peace," may be pronounced as

"doom," though the extremity of your fault is that you dared to exercise the right of private judgment, and had the manly courage to exercise that right in words.

Christianity must clear herself of the encrustations of human wrought dogmas and creeds which are not of the essence of salvation, but are the accretions of Rome, Alexandria, and Constantinople,—barbarism, monasticism, and others, the spurious growth of eighteen centuries, and the purified Church will be one which shall present to her adherents the one great central figure of Christ, and must demand of her members supreme unqualified faith in him as the only means of salvation, and for practice his beautiful system of ethics, in doing as we would be done by, and loving our neighbor as ourself. All beyond this has been reared by man.

There is absent frequently from synods, conferences, and episcopal tribunals, the true spirit of Christ. A brother cannot see how a Jewish Sabbath law holds good nowadays; another with a tender heart recoils in horror from the idea of a material and everlasting hell; another conceives lighted candles to be a proper adjunct to the eucharistic celebration. All these are cited to show cause, as the lawyers have it, why they should not be disciplined or expelled, and this in the light of the nineteenth century. Surely some one was not far wrong in exclaiming "How these Christians hate one another."

The church might more wisely observe the signs of the times, and prepare herself to meet the storms of agnosticism and cold-blooded infidelity which are gathering about her on all sides, than to be squabbling internally about dogmas, creeds, and non-essentials of salvation.

What a topic of fruitful strife is the inspiration of the Scriptures, particularly of the New Testament!

Revelation and inspiration, as terms, have advanced to a most prominent place in theological discussions.

Revelation, we think, ought to be considered as given at different times to all nations; no tribe being without traditions of supernatural events, no people were ever found of whom it could be said that they were infidels,—and it does not seem to derogate from one's conceptions of a mighty being, that he should have made an obscure pastoral wandering people, like the Jews, the sole repositories of his thoughts

and actions. Is not the distinction with the Jewish race because by them alone the facts are preserved in authentic records and media?

With regard to Scripture, it must be granted that the writers were men as we are, leaving as a result a human element in all that they wrote; and if the presence of a divine element is asserted, where does one end and the other begin? Our blessed Lord was perfect man and perfect God, but no mortal could or ever can discern the meeting point of humanity and divinity, or explain the mysterious combination; enough for our salvation — we accept the fact in its entirety, and so we propose to do with Scripture.

Granting a divine revelation to man, the writers must have had divine commissions, otherwise the Scriptures are a mere collection of histories, letters, moral precepts and songs of praise, well worthy of admiration, but containing no divine sanction.

All the histories, biographies, and poetry in them bear traces of the individualistic character of the writers; the style and the language are very varied.

The chief inquiry must be: How far does the element divine control the element human? Does the one ward off from the other, or does the human alloy the divine with imperfections?

From this we get the terms plenary inspiration — partial inspiration. The first (plenary), that all the Scriptures, the very "*ipsissima verba omnia*," are the product of divine inspiration; the other, that only certain portions are the products of a divine "afflatus." In the first, the spirit is supposed to play on men as men play on a flute.

Opinions on these heads have differed vastly, e. g., Luther, in his usual blunt way, had no hesitation in styling the epistle of James an "*Epistola Stramenea*," i. e., an epistle of straw. So of Jude and the Apocalypse; and Moses being dead and his rule expiring with the advent of Christ, he says: "Moses is of no use now." Even the milder Melancthon only claimed for the apostles freedom from error in doctrine, and none in applying it.

Neither of these mighty reformers believed in the verbal theory, i. e., that the Scriptures were dictated word by word as they now stand, nor did either of them believe in the passive theory. Nor can any one believe that inspiration was

necessary for the historical Scriptures as to which rigid truthfulness alone was the "*Sine qua non.*" But, in addition to the fact of them being written by human pens, we also know that the sacred records were preserved by human hands, and no miracles were wrought to keep them from the ordinary fate of manuscripts and books, and the copies were as likely to err here as in ordinary writings.

It cannot be too strongly urged that the Scriptures, as we remarked, will not hear dissection, still less amputation. A large artery of homogeneity runs through all the sacred body, and any cutting or mincing of that is fatal to the entirety.

Instead of trying to swaddle Christianity with the old clothes of dogmas, creeds, and confessions of faith, how much better to wrestle with the advancing foes of agnosticism and the so-called science of nature. Cast all dogmas away and still the divine figure of Christ will remain embedded forever in their leaves.

Above all let the Church drop the spirit and the practice of so-called trials for heresy, citations for opinions, errors in theories; in doing as she has done she is only feebly imitating Rome and making herself a subject of ridicule to the deniers of the faith. The "*Ita hex Scripta*" days are gone.

THE SUB-TREASURY PLAN.

BY C. C. POST.

IF it is conceded that money, or any substitute for money, as bank bills, checks, drafts, etc., is necessary to the making of exchanges of commodities, then we must either deny the right of those who produce wealth to make exchanges among themselves, or we must recognize their right to make and use such forms of, or substitutes for money, as is cheapest and most convenient to them.

To acknowledge their right to make exchanges but deny their right to make and use the instruments necessary to doing so, is clearly a contradiction. Conceding, then, the necessity of a medium of exchange, money or a substitute for money, we must concede the right of producers of wealth to supply themselves with this medium of exchange, and the question of doing so is reduced to the simple one of how they can most easily and cheaply do it.

It is conceded by all that the volume of gold and silver combined, falls far short of supplying the amount of money needed; and that even when these are coined to the limit of their production, there still remains a need for a further medium of exchange, which must be supplied by paper money in some form and in some way.

Accepting, then, the use of gold and silver, so far as they will go in making our exchanges, we come to the consideration of how the people can best supply themselves with the *paper* money which, in addition to the gold and silver, is necessary to the carrying on of trade and production. I say *paper* money, but if the reader is unable to disabuse his mind of the idea that only gold and silver can be made money, then let him think of the paper issue simply as a substitute for money, rendered necessary by the fact that the supply of gold and silver is insufficient to the needs for a medium of exchange.

Notes issued by State banks have been tried and found to be both inconvenient and expensive.

The declared object of their issue was to supplement the

gold and silver, and increase the volume of currency. But to do this the volume of bank notes issued must exceed the amount of gold and silver kept in reserve to redeem the notes with, otherwise the volume of the currency would not be increased; the rule being to issue notes to three times the amount of the gold and silver dollars which the bank was required by law to keep on hand to redeem with. The theory by which the supporters of these State banks of issue defended the scheme was, that not more than one third of those who held the notes of the banks would ever demand payment at one time. But this not only enabled the banks to draw interest upon their own indebtedness to the holders of their notes, but disaster frequently followed from the inability of the banks to redeem their notes on demand. The very fact being known that the banks could not redeem their promise to pay if called upon to do so by more than one third of their creditors, made all creditors suspicious, and upon the first evidence of any weakness on the part of the bank everybody who held any of its notes rushed in to secure payment upon them, knowing that only those who came first could by any possibility be paid.

Thus not only were the people compelled to pay exorbitantly for what were at the best but very unsatisfactory mediums of exchange, but the whole country was periodically plunged into bankruptcy through the failure of the banks, resulting in panics and depressions of trade and production.

The notes of the national banks are more perfect mediums of exchange than were those of the State banks, but only so because the government has endorsed them, thus making them, in a measure, a legal tender. They are, however, unnecessarily expensive to the exchangers, and the monopoly of their issue has given to the monied interests of the country a power already so great as to endanger the *very life of the republic*.

The bill authorizing the establishment of national banks was passed in February, 1863, but at that time the people were being supplied with their medium of exchange direct from the government, in the shape of greenbacks issued and put in circulation in payment of supplies for the army, and all other expenses of the government. Their total cost as mediums of exchange was the expense of printing and the paper upon which they were printed, yet they performed all

the service of the old State bank notes common before the war, or of the national bank notes now in use; and as there were enough of them to answer the demands of business, the banks could not have loaned their bills had such been issued at that time, and but few were issued until at the close of hostilities, when, in order to enable the banks to loan their notes, the government burned the greenbacks, and the people being deprived of them, were compelled to borrow the notes of the banks. The government printed these bank notes just as it did the greenbacks, and furnished them to the banks at cost, or one per cent. per year.

The manner of doing this was as follows: Those desiring to start a bank obtained possession of, say one hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks. These they took to Washington and loaned to the government at six per cent. per annum. That is, they bought a government bond, bearing six per cent. interest. They did not, however, take the bond home with them. They simply had a record of the fact made, that they had loaned the government one hundred thousand dollars at six per cent. interest, which interest the government paid them a year in advance. Then the government burned the one hundred thousand dollars of greenbacks, and printed other notes which looked so nearly like the greenbacks that no one would be likely to think much about the difference, and loaned ninety thousand dollars of them to the bank at one per cent. per annum, retaining the bond purchased by the bank as security, but still paying interest upon it at six per cent. The profit to the bank and consequent loss to the people in thus exchanging greenbacks for bank notes is, up to this point, the difference between one per cent. on ninety thousand dollars for a year, paid by the bank to the government, and six per cent. upon one hundred thousand dollars for the same length of time, paid by the government to the bank, which difference is fifty-one hundred dollars. This difference is, however, slightly increased by the fact, that while the government paid the six per cent. to the bank in advance, the bank paid the one per cent. to the government in two instalments, one half of one per cent. at the end of the first six months, and the other half of one per cent. at the end of the year.

The bank now had the ninety thousand of newly printed notes, and the six thousand dollars of interest money, and

as the government had burned the one hundred thousand of greenbacks, and as the people must have money or a substitute for money, to make their exchanges with, they were compelled to go to the bank and borrow these notes, and to pay eight or ten per cent. per year for their use. Thus was the national banking system established, the only change of any importance made since then, being in a reduction of the interest paid by the government upon the bonds deposited by the banks as security for their notes, that having been reduced from six to four per cent. per annum. The bonds are and always have been relieved from taxation, as are also the notes loaned the banks, and the government insures the safe keeping of the bond, and if burned or lost, replaces it with another one without cost to the bank, while there is no evidence to show that the banks are not the gainers by every dollar of their bills lost or destroyed in any way.

In order to ascertain, then, what is the cost to the exchangers of the national bank note as a substitute for money, we must add to our first count the profit to the bank of whatever the bank receives over and above the cost of making the note, for this is profit to the bank, and loss to the exchangers; the cost to the bank cannot be figured at more than the one per cent. per annum paid to the government, and this might justly be reduced by the item of profit from loss of notes which it may never be called upon to return.

The bank then gets from the government, the use of a dollar bill one year for one cent, and for one hundred dollars for a year it pays one dollar; this being the supposed cost to the government of printing the bill, and keeping a certain supervision over the bank. Now the bank loans a one dollar bill a year for from eight to twenty-four cents and even upwards.

If, then, the bank loans for eight cents the note which the government furnished it at one cent, the bank makes a profit of seven cents on an investment of one cent, or seven hundred *per cent.* on its investment. If it gets twelve per cent. on the dollar then it makes eleven cents clear on one, or eleven hundred *per cent.* on its investment of one cent, and proportionately on all loans at higher rates.*

* The interest paid by the government to the banks upon the bonds which are deposited as security for the notes loaned them is greater than the average annual increase of wealth in this country. It is greater than the farmer receives for the money which he has invested in land and the implements of tillage. Greater than

A neighbor of mine wished to borrow fifty dollars to pay his cotton pickers, and went to the bank, offered cotton as security, and was given the loan at one per cent. per month, equal to twelve per cent. per year. The note which he received from the bank was a fifty-dollar note which the bank had just received, fresh and crisp from the government printing presses at Washington, for the use of which for one year, the bank was to pay, but had not yet paid, the government fifty cents. Yet for the use of that same bill, for the same length of time, the bank collected from my neighbor six dollars and took it in advance: a clear gain to the bank of five dollars and fifty cents, on an investment of fifty cents.

While in Dakota recently, a farmer informed me that he had just borrowed sixty dollars for thirty days at a rate slightly above four per cent. per month, being compelled to borrow to save being sold out by the sheriff. If allowed to keep this sixty dollars at the same rate for one year without compounding he will have paid \$33.60 for what the government furnished the banker for sixty cents, a profit to the bank of \$33 on a sixty-cent investment. To pay this the farmer must sell wheat at eighty cents per bushel or less. In other words, this producer of wealth, in order to exchange wheat for other commodities must give forty-two bushels of wheat for the use of sixty dollars of the medium of exchange, which the government furnished the bank for sixty cents.

It is evident, then, that the people cannot get medium money, or a substitute for money, cheaply, through bank of issue, either State or national. So long as the banks have a monopoly of issuing money notes no statute law forbidding the taking of more than a certain rate of interest will be of much effect, since by refusing to loan at that rate they can compel the giving of higher rates, and silence all outcry at their violation of law by threats of refusing to loan at any

the merchant obtains upon the capital invested in trade, or the manufacturer (not a member of any trust or combine) obtains upon his investment after the payment of running expenses and a fair compensation for his labor and superintendence. The fact that millions of dollars of bonds are held simply as an investment, and that they are at a premium proves that the interest paid, coupled with their exemption from taxation, makes the bonds a good investment aside and apart from the ability of the bank to obtain a loan upon them, at one per cent. The one cent which the banks pay for the use of each dollar furnished them by the government is, therefore, all they can be said to pay for the loan made them, and if they loan for eight cents that which costs them but one cent, it is seven hundred per cent. profit upon their investment. At eight per cent., then, for notes borrowed of the National Banks, the people pay **seven times** as much as they should for their tools of exchange, and proportionately more if higher rates of interest are paid.

price to those who make the outcry. How, then, can the people cheaply obtain the money, or money notes necessary in addition to the volume of gold and silver with which to do the business of the country?

There are but two ways in which it can be done. Either the government must permit the individual citizen to issue scrip, based in some manner upon his own labor products, or it must itself supply him with money notes at cost, as it now furnishes them to the banks.

It is not necessary to enter into an argument to show that for each individual to print and use as money, scrip, or notes based upon his private property would be an unsatisfactory solution of the question. Such scrip could not circulate beyond the very limited circle in which the individual issuing it was known, and though it has occurred, as in the first years of the war, that such scrip has served for a time a very useful purpose, it is not well to depend upon it for a permanent currency.

The one remaining means, then, by which the people can obtain their money notes cheaply, is for the general government to furnish them direct to those who wish to use them in making their exchanges, and to do so at cost of making and supervising.

There is nothing smacking of paternalism in this proposition. On the contrary, it is in fullest harmony with the Democratic idea of government, i. e., that what the individual can do for himself he shall be permitted to do without government interference; but that which he cannot do as an individual, or by association with any number of his fellows less than the whole, yet which is necessary to the prosperity of all, the government shall do for all. The necessity for a paper medium of exchange in shape of money notes is undisputed, the inability of the individual citizen to supply himself with them is conceded. It remains, then, the plain duty of government to furnish the supply needed, and to furnish it at cost, and directly to those who wish to put it to the use for which alone it is created.

To do this without injury to any citizen the individual who receives it may be made to pay the entire cost of its creation; the advantage of receiving first use of it being regarded as an equivalent for thus placing the entire burden of its cost upon him.

He must also give ample security, and must repay the amount received, together with all cost attending the loan, within a reasonable length of time, say six months or a year. When returned to the government the notes may be burned, and the whole transaction so brought to a close. This would answer any objections that might be raised of its being "irredeemable," "flooding the country with paper money," etc., etc.

Having decided upon a direct issue of notes to the producers and exchangers of wealth, the government must decide upon how much shall be the limit of loans, both to the individual borrower, and as a sum total of the notes to be thus put into circulation, and also as to the security which it will require upon loans so made. The sum total of all loans should be that amount, at present an unknown quantity, which will fill the channels of trade and commerce, and make money "easy," to the poor as well as the rich, to those who labor by the day as well as to those who carry on large manufacturing and other enterprises. When money is so plenty that the farmer or planter who has need of fifty or one hundred dollars can obtain it for thirty or sixty days of a neighbor, as easily as he can borrow that neighbor's wagon to haul a load of grain to town, then there will be plenty of money in the country and not before; for the sole legitimate use of money is to enable the people to produce and exchange wealth to the best advantage; and to compel a farmer or other producer to pay a greater price for the medium of exchange than its natural cost, is unjust to the individual citizen, and bad public policy.

When the channels of trade are full of money or money notes, there will always be in every community some persons who, while waiting to decide just how they wish to spend the proceeds of their season's crop, or last sales of manufactured goods, will have on hand some portion of money which they can and will loan to their neighbor, for a few days or a few weeks, as a neighborly accommodation; doing it without loss to themselves, and to the advantage of the borrower.

That the exact sum which will be required to fill the channels of trade is unknown and unknowable at present, I readily concede; and wisdom would dictate that the sum first provided for and issued should be limited in amount and be loaned to the citizens of the States in proportion either to the per-

capita population or the amount and value of their productions. The proposition of the alliance is that the first issue be to the amount of fifty dollars per capita; that being slightly less than the per capita amount in circulation at the close of the war. If this was found to be too little it could easily be added to by further issues at a later period. The danger of an over issue is, I think, less than would at first appear; as when the channels of trade are full, there will, as I previously remarked, be those who, having sold, will not wish immediately to buy again, and they will be prompted to make accommodation loans at not to exceed the rate at which it is supplied by the government, and at less cost in trouble to the borrower of giving security; but as it is desirable to guard all points carefully, a per capita limit would be a wise provision and should be made.

Equally careful consideration should be given to the question of security. The loans must be upon such security as the people have to give. The proposition contained in the sub-treasury plan is for loans upon non-perishable farm products. This might properly be extended to manufactured articles if some way of determining with certainty their market value could be arrived at. The proposition for loans direct to the people by government, came first from the farmers, and naturally their attention turned to their own productions as a basis of credit.

The bank of France regularly loans upon non-perishable farm products, and has done so for half a century.

The entire business of the Southern States is done upon credit, and the basis of all credit is the cotton crop. Cotton stored in any suitable place, and insured in any responsible company is regarded as the very best security possible.

Wheat and corn, like cotton, form a perfectly safe basis for loans, by the government, when properly stored and fully insured; the loan not to exceed a fixed per cent. of the market value of the security loaned upon at the time the loan is made, say eighty per cent., the government reserving the right to sell that upon which security is given if at any time the market price drops to within an unsafe margin of the amount loaned, first giving an opportunity to the borrower to add to the security or return a portion of the loan.

Real estate at eighty per cent. of value, exclusive of buildings, would also be perfectly safe security for government

loans. Many States have loaned school moneys upon real estate security and have found it a safe investment for a fund, the interest upon which it was alone thought desirable to expend annually. Loans, however, should not be made in large sums upon large estate, the object being to furnish a medium whereby the people may make their exchanges rather than to enable these already rich to increase their possessions.

The expense of such a system of government loans need not be greater than that of the present banking system. The one per cent. paid by the banks upon the loans received by them not only covers the cost of printing the notes loaned them, but includes the cost of examining and supervising the banks. There is no reason why the loan and supervision should cost more if made to the people instead of to the banks, and upon real estate, non-perishable products, or manufactured articles than upon government bonds.

If it should be deemed necessary that the government erect warehouses for the storage of those non-perishable products upon which it made loans, then an appropriation of public moneys would be necessary, the same as is now done for other public improvements, for post-offices, custom houses, and bonded warehouses.

It is by no means certain, however, that the government would need to build warehouses for the storage of those products upon which it is desirable that loans should be made. Private warehouses with capacity sufficient for many millions of bushels of grain already exist, and others would be built by private enterprise sufficient to meet all demands for storage under the plan of loans proposed if it should be thought unwise for government to build them. As in either case the party receiving the loan would be compelled to pay storage and insurance charges, it would make little difference to the borrower whether the government or private individuals furnished the storage facilities.

I deem it unnecessary in the face of the fact that the government has, for twenty-five years, made loans to one class of our citizens — the banker — to make an argument to prove the constitutionality of the proposition that it shall now loan to others. If it is denied that loans are made by the government to the banks, I reply, call it what you will, what we demand is, that the government do for the producers of

wealth and those engaged in legitimate trade, what is now done for the banks, namely: furnish them with notes which shall act as a substitute for money, and furnish it at cost of printing and supervision. In strict truth it is not a loan to the banks, and would not be to the people. The government is nothing out. It simply certifies that the party to whom the notes are issued is good for that amount, and that the government, having itself been made secure, has endorsed the notes, and thus made them good with all who believe the government to be solvent. To put it out of the power of the allied corporations to discriminate against such notes, and to make certain their always remaining at par with gold, they should be made a legal tender. To make them above par with gold it would only be necessary to provide that all indebtedness to government growing out of such issue and loans should be paid only in such notes.

A cry has been raised in certain quarters that there would be class legislation; let us examine this point. To give one citizen, or one class of citizens, advantages denied to others, is class legislation. The laws under which a few persons are permitted to borrow of the government at one per cent. while all others are compelled to borrow at an advance of those to whom the government loans, *are class laws*, and are in violation of the spirit of our Republican government, *and destructive to the equality of opportunities upon which alone rests our Democratic institutions.*

Quite different is the proposition contained in what is known as the sub-treasury plan.

Based upon the natural right of the producers to exchange wealth, and upon the inability of the individual to make the instruments necessary to the making of those exchanges, it is a demand that the government do for all its citizens that which is equally necessary to the prosperity of each.

It is not necessary, however, that each individual borrow of the government in order that all be equally benefited by government loans, at cost, to the producers of wealth. It is only necessary that government stand ready to loan at cost, upon proper security, whatever amount of the tools of exchange are needed for the transaction of the business of the country.

Thus A, whom we will suppose to be a farmer, borrows one thousand dollars of the government upon his wheat.

The market being supplied for the time, A cannot sell at what his product is actually worth, or at what the consumer will be compelled to pay when he purchases at a later date. It is only a question of whether the producer shall hold the product and get the price which the consumer will pay, or whether some speculator shall step in between the two, and get the difference between what the producer gets and the consumer pays.

If the cost of issuing and supervising a loan be one per cent., then A gives his note with security for one thousand and ten dollars, and gets one thousand dollars in government notes. He is then enabled to go on with any improvements which he wishes to make upon his farm, to purchase his family supplies, or do whatsoever he wishes to do, with that amount of money, except to loan it at an interest greater than he paid. This he cannot do because the government stands prepared to loan others, equally with himself, and at the same cost. A then uses the notes issued to him by the government upon his wheat in making improvements upon his farm, in the purchase of supplies, etc. Those to whom he pays it pay it to others for various articles, the laborer to the merchant, the merchant to the wholesaler, the wholesaler to the jobber, he to the manufacturer, he to his employees, and they expend it in the purchase of food supplies,—possibly the very wheat upon which the loan was made.

At the farthest, within one year, probably within six months, the consumer will be ready for the wheat upon which the loan was made (and the loan upon commodities must not be made for a longer time than one year). The wheat is sold, and the notes received for it (which if not those loaned upon this particular wheat will be similar ones loaned to others) are turned back into the national treasury in payment of the loan, together with ten dollars additional to reimburse the government for its expense and trouble, and the whole transaction is complete. If enough money is thought to be already in circulation, the notes can be burned. If not, they can be re-loaned to others who desire to borrow. All who have used these notes while they were in circulation have been benefited by their use, yet only A was taxed for their issuance. And now one word on *trade with foreign nations.*

Balances of trade, so called, are never paid in money. That which is money in one country, is not money in another. They do not even count money in England in dollars, dimes, and cents; but in pounds, shillings, and pence. England buys wheat, wool, cotton, and other agricultural products. We buy of her manufactured articles, as cutlery, silks, etc., etc. The wheat which goes to England from this country is purchased in America with American money, gold, silver, greenbacks, or bank notes. It is taken to England and sold for English money, specie, or Bank of England notes, and a return cargo is purchased with the English money for which the wheat was sold, and, arrived in this country, the articles purchased in England are sold for American money, greenbacks, bank notes, etc. If at any time a balance is due the banks in one country by the banks in another, it is settled by a transfer of gold or silver, but whether coin or bullion the value is ascertained by weighing it. The stamp upon a coin counts for nothing in the settlement of the so-called balances of trade. The way to bring gold and silver into any country is to produce wealth. And the way to produce wealth is to set all the people at work. And the way to set all at work is to supply them with a medium of exchange at the smallest possible cost, and to put it ready at hand so that no one who has labor or labor products to exchange need be idle. And the only way to do this is through the government upon some plan similar to that known as the sub-treasury plan, which I have outlined above.

THE ATONEMENT.

BY REV. BURT ESTES HOWARD.

THE discussions of the earlier centuries of the Christian Church had to do, for the most part, with the person of Christ, rather than with the work of Christ. Council after council devoted itself to the formulation of doctrines concerning the nature of Christ, his essential divinity and humanity, his eternal sonship, his place in the trinity. But the mind of Christian thinkers turns nowadays to the work of Christ and its meaning. We want to discover the relation of Jesus to the world, to unfold the truths rolled up in the phrase "Son of man," to make the life of Jesus articulate with our aspirations, and his death with the yearning of our soul after righteousness and communion with the Father. The atonement must ever be the absorbing doctrine of Christianity. In all the dogmatic system of the Church no teaching must be handled so delicately and so reverently. New views are listened to with less toleration here than in any other department of belief. Yet I venture to differ a little from some widely prevalent notions in regard to the atoning work of Jesus, moving slightly out of old and worn lines, not for the sake of departure merely, but in order to draw nearer to what seems to be the teaching of the word, and to discover a truth that satisfies, as the old view does not, the deepest craving of my heart, and the highest exercise of my reason. It is significant, in a study of the atonement, to note how exceedingly little and how far from definite is the teaching of Jesus himself on this subject. At least, it is very far from affording a foundation for the popular view of his atoning work. That he suffered the penalty for our sins is nowhere taught by him. The doctrine of propitiation, so far as it is made to mean the placating of a wrathful God, is not found in his words. Even the notion of sacrifice, as ordinarily held in the so-called "substitution theory," has not the sanction of any save a prejudiced interpretation of his language. There are but two sayings of his that in any

degree seem to favor the common theory. The one is the use of the word "ransom" in connection with his own work; the other is the explanation of the significance of the cup at the last supper. Neither of these is sufficient to sustain the weight of a doctrine. In the first instance the context explains the use of the word. There had been a dispute among the disciples as to rank. James and John boldly requested the chief seats in the kingdom. In mild rebuke Jesus replies: "We know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you: but whosoever would be great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant; even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many." The prevailing idea plainly is one of *service*, a losing of one's self in the ministry of others. It has no connection with an offering for sin in a substitutionary sense. It does not mean dying for many, but an actual giving up of his life to the purely unselfish work of serving others. Further, the death of Jesus was the proof of his avowed temper. The cross was the natural and unavoidable issue of his work as a teacher of new, and, in a measure, antagonistic doctrine. Aside from any view of atonement it was inevitable from the very conditions in which he was placed that he should be put to death. Such teaching as his could but provoke the violent hostility of the Jews in authority. Death, and as ignominious a death as possible, is just what we would expect from the circumstances. Jesus knew what the end would be. He even knew from the beginning who should betray him. His whole course lay under the shadow of the cross. But he had a mission from God. The Christ could not be a self-pleaser. He had learned that in those terrible days in the wilderness. He came to do not his own will, but the will of the Father who sent him. His mission was to establish the kingdom of heaven among men; to give unto men the words of life; to leave truth in the world that would guide men in ways of true righteousness, to reveal the Father, and show men how to draw near to him "by a new and living way." He was to save his people from their sins. Knowing the issue from the very first, Jesus nevertheless accepted the mission and "became obedient unto death." He "came not to

be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many." He did give his life a ransom for many. He sacrificed all his own natural interests, he counted not his life as dear unto himself; he died in order that the saving truth committed to him might be published among men. His prayer is significant in this part of it: "I manifested thy name unto the men whom thou gavest me out of the world, . . . and they have kept thy word; now they know that all things whatsoever thou hast given me are from thee; for the words that thou gavest me I have given them; and they received them, and knew of a truth that I came forth from thee, and they believed that thou didst send me." In a very literal sense Jesus, then, died for the sake of the world, and his death was as well the highest possible point he could reach in demonstration of the absolute altruism of his kingdom, and of the utter submission to the will of his Father, that those who would come after him should emulate. So much for the word "ransom." As to the other saying, "This cup is the new covenant in my blood, even that which is poured out for you," the root idea is communion, and entering into his spirit. The meaning will suggest itself as we proceed.

There is a conflict of theories in the discussion of the atonement, growing out of the views held concerning God and His attitude toward men. The whole question turns on whether the *governmental* or *parental* relation shall be made prominent. If we push to the fore the doctrine of God as moral governor, then the most conspicuous attribute will be His justice, and the atonement is mixed up with terms of the court-room, and men speak of penalties, and substitutions, and sacrifices in the narrow and bloody sense. But it is a matter of much doubt whether the sovereignty of God as barely stated is the most prominent teaching in the New Testament. That God is sovereign is in no sense a matter of debate. It is willingly conceded. But is not sheer and stark sovereignty invested with a sweeter and higher quality which, while it does not weaken authority, nevertheless alters the nature of it? If this view of God, as moral governor, were the one emphasized by Jesus, we would find no fault with the deductions and expressions that savor of legal process. But the teachings of Jesus are pervaded by a tenderer and more sacred revelation. The word used more than

any other to declare God is "Father." It is the blossoming of divine revelation. The revelation of God to men has been progressive, keeping pace with the slow development of religious perception. In the early history of the chosen people we find him, in the title of El Shaddai, making himself known to the patriarchs as meeting their need of one who was rich in blessing, strong in judgment, and powerful to help. Then a new name is given Israel whereby to know God, the name Jehovah, the Eternal, a revelation broader than the old, not setting the old aside but investing it with a new attribute, in order to stimulate faith in a people whose destiny called them to pass through perplexing changes and shifting conditions. When Israel would become a nation, organize a national life and assume a place among the governments of the earth, to meet this new adjustment God gave a fresh revelation and appeared now as the Lord of Hosts, or the One who rules the destiny of nations. But revelation did not cease with this display of the governmental relation. There grew up in the human heart a hungering for a closer communion with God, a communion that would enable man to lose his sin, and enter into near personal relations with the divine. In answer to this longing the Christ appeared with a message of revelation whose sweetness thrills to-day our very souls : "I am come in my Father's name." Father! The word lifts us up in God's arms and makes us His children. It changes all expression of our relation to Him. The old terms of the court-room, the judicial phraseology whereby we set forth our relation to the moral governor, as that of criminal to judge, are no longer adequate to define the larger truth involved in God's Fatherhood and our sonship. God is none the less sovereign, none the less governor or judge, but there is added to these attributes of power, and majesty, and justice, a Father's love. It is no subtraction. It is addition. It is like lighting a lamp in an alabaster globe. There streams forth the splendor of the inner glory, softened by the veining of the alabaster, yet making each line of the delicate tracery more distinct and more beautiful. So through the revelation of Jesus, the cold, external views of God which had given us majesty, might, and justice, are illumined by a kindling of the inner glory, a shining forth of the very essence of God, and we learn that God is LOVE. We catch the radiant glow of Fatherhood, modified by His

other attributes, and yet, instead of destroying them, throwing them out into a new beauty. We cannot, in the presence of this larger revelation, bound our doctrine of the atonement by the incomplete and partial revelation of mere justice. We must explain the atonement, in the light of God's Fatherhood, at the same time remembering that He is no less "just" because He is "our Father." Atonement in Jesus' revelation is not *satisfaction* of God's justice. He never taught that he suffered our punishment, and thereby let us off, but it is a *reconciliation* of sinning man to a Father who is willing to go to all possible lengths to meet him. To eliminate God's Fatherhood, to remove it from the most important place in the atonement is to make of the atonement, on Jesus' side, a pitiful spectacle of undeserved punishment, and, on God's side, a repulsive spectacle of an unforgiving thirst for bloody satisfaction. It is nothing but the heart sympathy flowing forth at the uncomplaining surrender of Jesus, that invests the ordinary view of the atonement with any tender sentiment. But the same teaching that makes Jesus the object of our compassionate love, makes of God something very different from a Father. It gives us automatic justice, a machine-like rigidity and fixity of action, a demanding of the pound of flesh, a Being destitute of the power to forgive, or whose desire for retribution is stronger than His love. "It gives us a God of mad heat. We have that in God which would be wrong in His creatures. We have one person of the Trinity placating another. We have a wicked, vindictive vengefulness, and instead of remembering that God did the propitiating, we get up the figment of a thirsty wrath rather than of sweetest traits, themselves furnishing their own justification." How we have wronged the Father by our horrible representations of Him! Now I maintain that the death of Jesus was not a propitiation in the ordinary sense of a pacifying of divine rage. Our Father does not need to be baited with blood before He will exhibit His most personal quality of love. Nor was it a penal suffering for our sins. Jesus did not suffer the punishment commonly taught as due us. The court-room view of the atonement is an attempt to bolster up God's justice. It is stimulated by a fear lest the stern judicial function of God be made to dissolve in mercy, and He should appear inconsistent. Too much of our theology has

no more solid foundation than a desire to champion God, as though His acts did not justify themselves, or as though His sovereignty were dependent on the reed-like defence of our puny logic! The result has been a God of human invention largely, a God of metaphysical terms, and definitions, and logical sequences. But the God that is reached at the end of a syllogism is not God — it is only an idea. The frantic fear lest the emphasis of God's Fatherhood should seem to detract somewhat from His judicial dignity has led to queer attempts at fine discrimination between sovereign justice and paternal mercy. But are these two mutually exclusive? Is justice destroyed by mercy? May not justice demand a recognition of God's Fatherhood, of God's essential love, as well as a recognition of the sinner's deserts? Justice is dignified by mercy. The very act of forgiveness emphasizes the justice of God, and establishes it. It is not at all true that punishment is a higher recognition of judicial authority than is pardon. Surely God's sovereign power is displayed far more in exercising His parental function of forgiveness than in exercising His judicial function of punishment. But aside from all questions concerning the integrity of God's sovereignty and justice, there is a feature of the atonement but little emphasized, yet exceedingly important. There has been no end of inadequate doctrine concerning the object of the atonement. The whole teaching of Jesus was against the "satisfaction theory." In the light of what he taught we cannot properly hold that God's purpose was pre-eminently to restore and intensify right judicial relations between Himself and man, but right personal relations between man and Himself. As Paul expressed it, God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. The atonement was not above all else to appease God's injured sense of justice, but to satisfy His yearning heart-hungering for His creatures' love. His purpose was not accomplished when some legal process re-established the proper relation between governor and governed, but God's spirit strove with men, and in Jesus, God presented Himself to men in persuasive terms in order that as many as received Him might become the children of God. This personal relation is not secured by any change of position before a court, but by a change of disposition on the part of the rebellious child. The doctrine that Jesus paid the penalty for our sins, or died in our stead,

fails here. Such a transaction might change our attitude toward a broken law, but need involve no change in our personal relation to God's life. Sin is not wiped out either as a character or consequence by the sacrifice of another, even though that other be sinless. Character is no more affected positively and of necessity by such a sacrifice than the payment of a fine by an innocent person makes a saint of the convicted criminal. Now Jesus never said that he came to save people from hell or from the issue of sin in punishment, but to save them from their sins, from evil character. This means more than a new legal attitude. It means a new life principle. But if Jesus died as our substitute, then are we released, regardless of character. To claim, in answer to this conclusion, that the death of Jesus is effectual for those only who change their character, is nothing more than a forced dodge of reasoning in order to escape the logical issue of weak premises. It is true that the atonement involves a change of character, but, in the ordinary view, this change is made subordinate to a doctrine of external substitution. In fact, *this change of character is the atonement*, as we shall presently see. If now, the penalty for sin is paid, there is no room for forgiveness, but only a demanding of a receipt in full. Whatever view of the atonement we would set forth, it is plain that it must incorporate in itself the two ideas, viz., God's Fatherhood, and an actual change in man's character, a change not resulting from the atonement, but furnishing the essential condition of atonement. Such a view let me briefly present. It is not denied that the terms, "propitiation," "substitution," and "sacrifice," have Scriptural warrant in relation to the work of Jesus. But a doctrine must not be built on metaphors. Furthermore, the idea gained from such terms by a mind saturated with a knowledge of the sense in which they were used by the speaker or writer may, and inevitably will, differ considerably from the interpretation that reads old statements with a modern accent. If I am allowed to make my own definitions, I willingly concede the work of Jesus, so far as it relates to atonement, to be a propitiation because it does render us acceptable to God; a substitution, because in a very vital sense he is substituted for us, as we shall demonstrate; a sacrifice, because in very truth he laid down his life for the world. But I cannot hold any one of these

views in the usual significance given them by the school men, and the majority of preachers. The fundamental idea of atonement is, of course, as the etymology of the word suggests, *reconciliation*. It is only when an attempt is made to explain how this reconciliation takes place that doctrines at variance with each other spring forth. The plain teaching of Scripture is that God was and is all the time willing to receive repentant souls, but the chief obstacle to reconciliation lay in the unwillingness of men to be reconciled. It was not enough for the school men and their disciples to accept this condition of affairs. They must justify God in His merciful attitude! So there grew up doctrines of "commercial theory," "substitution theory," "propitiation" in the sense of pacifying wrath, and "sacrifice" in the hard sense of suffering undeserved punishment. It was not enough to preach *that* God forgave men, but proper *explanation* must be made of the metaphysical and judicial grounds and conditions, *on God's side*, which permitted mercy without inconsistency! If it is true that the main idea of atonement or reconciliation is set forth in the statement that God would have all men come to a saving knowledge of the truth, that He is not willing that any should perish, that He gave the Son to the world as an expression of love, and as a means of reconciliation, if it is true, as Paul taught, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself — not getting reconciled to the world — then the main question to be considered is not that side of the process that touches God but the side that touches men. Jesus said, "No man cometh to the Father but by me," and again, "I am the way." Reconciliation, on the human side, is in some way through him. The important matter is to find out the relation of Jesus and his work to us. The solution that is most satisfactory and Scriptural comes, I believe, through the Hebrew sin-offering. I say the sin-offering, rather than the offering on the day of atonement, for several reasons; one is that reconciliation, or atonement, is a personal matter, the establishment of a personal relation between the individual and God, while the rite on the day of atonement possessed a corporate or national character. However, this is immaterial since the underlying principle is the same in all sacrifices for sin. No one denies that the sacrifices of the old dispensation were typical of the work of Jesus in atonement. It is

a fact of singular interest, in this connection, that there is no offering provided for a sin punishable by death. The soul that so sinneth, it *must* die. If the Hebrew rite was typical of the atonement of Jesus, we cannot fairly insert in the latter doctrines which have no suggestion or germ in the former. To make the death of Jesus the actual substitute for our death is not warranted by the ancient sacrifice. The main features of the ritual of the sin-offering are exceedingly significant as explanatory of the true doctrine of atonement. First, as to the animal offered it was to be perfect—not alone to foreshadow the perfect man; but as determining the *quality* of the rite. Secondly, as to the process, the hand of the offerer was placed on the head of the offering, and a prayer of confession and of consecration was made, thus denoting a complete devotion or dedication of the animal to God as representing the offerer, but not as a substitute dying in his stead. Thirdly, and most important of all, followed the slaughter of the devoted animal, and the use of the blood thus obtained. With us the taking of life is the most solemn thing in all the realm of experience. It is not strange, therefore, that attention should have been drawn almost exclusively to this feature of the rite. It must be borne in mind at this point, that the slaying of the animal was not an end, but a means to an end. In Leviticus vii. 11, God explains to Israel the root idea of the shedding of blood in these words, "For the life of the flesh is in the blood; and I have given it to you upon the altar to make atonement for your souls; for it is the blood that maketh atonement by reason of the life." The blood was regarded by the ancient Hebrews as containing the soul. It was the seat of the intellect, feelings, and will. The obtaining of the blood was the sole object of the slaughter of the animal. In connection with sacrifice the word meaning "to kill" was never used. The blood was not shed in order to kill the animal, but the death was the inevitable, though unsought, consequence of the shedding of the blood. This has great weight in the consideration of this whole matter. "In the Mosaic ritual, the slaughtering of the offering has apparently no independent significance; it only serves as a means of obtaining the blood. It is at least not indicated in the law of offering that what the offerer deserved as a sinner is executed on the animal slaughtered, and that thus the death of

the sacrifice satisfies the divine punitive justice. Though much that is beautiful can be said on the connection of the idea of a *pæna vicaria* with the offering — the later Jewish theology lays great emphasis on this idea, — nothing can be adduced to favor it from the sacrificial laws. Certainly the act of slaughter, if it was to represent the punishment of death deserved by the offerer — if the shedding of the blood under the sacrificial knife was an act of real expiation — must have been more *prominently set forth*, and the act of slaughter must have been unquestionably assigned not to the offerer of the sacrifice, but to the priest, as representative of the punishing God. Or shall God appear as a judge who commands the transgressor to execute himself with the sword? Besides, if the slaughter was really an act of atonement, it would probably have taken place on the altar itself, and not by the side of it. The act of atonement at the offering, with which the specific priestly functions begin, commences not with the shedding of blood, but with the use of the shed blood."* Now, as already noted, the blood was regarded as the life, or the seat of the personal man. In the placing of the blood therefore on the altar the offerer signified the complete devotion of his own soul to God. The blood of the animal stood for the personality of the man. It was dedicated to God. In a sense here is a real substitution. It is not a substitution of the death of one for the other, but of the life and personality, so to speak, of the one for that of the other. It implied, on the part of the offerer, a recognition of his own sinful condition, a desire for pardon, and a consecration of himself to God. In short, it was a bringing of the man to a disposition when God's forgiveness could touch him. Translate this into the new dispensation, and we have the true doctrine of atonement. Jesus maintained that he came not to destroy but to fulfil the old. How fulfil it? By making real the things of which the Hebrew rite was but the shadow. The old substitution was to be made more positive, not a substitution of death for death, but of life for life. The sinner draws near to God by a "new and living way." Living way? Yes, not by offering up a dead sacrifice, as representing him, but by presenting himself, quickened by the spirit of Jesus, as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is his reasonable service. It is not

* Oehler, Old Testament Theology. Funk & Wagnalls' ed., p. 275.

a substitution of Jesus on the cross, dying in our stead — Jesus taught no such doctrine — but a substitution of Jesus *in us, living in our stead*. We come to the Father, who draws near to meet us, in deep repentance, all melted by the expression of unutterable love as we see it in the crucified Christ; we come to offer our confession, and to consecrate our loves to him. But we do not come bearing in our hands the blood of any animal as representing our life. We come to the Father, and show Him that we have given up self, that we are henceforth dead to sin; that we have absorbed the life of His Son Jesus, and have taken it for our life; that our cry is Paul's cry, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." And He who said of the Christ, "This is my beloved Son," recognizes the spirit of that son in us, and calls us His beloved children. The true atonement takes place not on Calvary but in our own heart. The sacrifice of olden times is spiritualized and made actual in our own experience. It is a substitution of the life of Jesus for our life by our really making such a substitution and accepting his way of doing and thinking. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." It is more than substitution, *it is identification*. This is the true atonement, the true reconciliation. We are one with the Father because truly, sweetly, vitally one with him who said, "I and the Father are one." It is expressed in one phrase, "Christ *in us*, the hope of glory."

It may be objected that this view eliminates the cross altogether. Not so, it eliminates the popular notion regarding it. The cross of Jesus is the most sacred and holy thing in all history. But it does not stand as the expression of vindictive or mechanical justice that has no place for the sweeter, diviner trait of forgiveness. The bleeding Jesus is not the victim of unrelenting rage. The cross is rather the symbol of God's desire for reconciliation with His creatures, and in the suffering son of man, who truly bore on his yearning heart the sins of the world as a weary load he would take away from us. I see the visible expression of a divine love, too deep, too intense, too agonizing in sympathy, too tender, and outreaching, and self-forgetful for the stammering speech of even inspired prophecy to crystallize into words. It is the most winsome thing in all the world, not as the death of a man for many, their number is legion who have died so, but as a revelation of how God loved the world,

and how He wanted the world to know it. It was to constrain men to love Him. Even as Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." It is a sign from heaven to teach men the fullest obedience to God's service, and to tell men that God was willing, in His desire for a world's redemption, to yield His Son to suffer for a season, and be put to death at the hands of enemies, in order that the truth of salvation might be given as "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people."

THE LAST AMERICAN MONARCH.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

THE first time I saw the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro II., was on May 24, 1878, in the city of Rio de Janeiro. Early in the morning cannonading in the harbor had aroused me from sleep at the Hotel Estrangeiros. Hastily dressing, I was soon on the Passeo Publico, the fashionable promenade overlooking the bay. I quickly learned the cause of the excitement; it was Queen Victoria's birthday, and the Egmont, an old English line-of-battle-ship of Nelson's time, anchored at Rio as a store-ship for the British fleet, had decorated itself with innumerable flags and streamers in honor of the day, but, having no battery, could do nothing in the way of saluting. At this moment an American man-of-war — either the Lancaster or Monongahela — came forging into the inner harbor, and, quickly divining the difficulty of the Egmont, hoisted the Union Jack and immediately fired the royal salute: a thunderous piece of politeness that made me proud of my country. This was replied to by the guns of the Brazilian forts and the warships of other nations, and for some minutes the echoes reverberated along the granite mountains that gird the glorious bay of Rio like a cordon of colossal sentinels. A more beautiful bay cannot be found the world over. That of Naples seems really tame beside the grander panorama of Rio as one lingers along the wall of the Passeo Publico and gazes seaward. One naturally loves to linger along this promenade, for here are to be seen all the beauty and fashion of a great metropolis. It was too early for that now. I was almost alone on the Passeo, but the soft beauty of the early morning atoned for the absence of humanity. In the distance the Organ Mountains loomed bluer than the skies and, for a vivid contrast, near by, the Corcovada and Gavia, back of the city, thrust far up towards the sky a glowing green. So closely do the mountains envelop Rio that the

bay — many miles as it is in circumference, and containing seventy islands,— seems a mere bowl in the hands of a giant. Some of the mountains are very odd in shape, one especially, the “*Paõ de Assucar*,” or sugar loaf, rises at the harbor entrance, a solid mass of granite, abrupt, almost perpendicular, and reminding one at night, when the moon hangs above, of De Musset’s celebrated comparison of the full moon over a church steeple to the dot over an i. Only to complete the application of the Frenchman’s quaintness, *Paõ de Assucar* at the gate of Rio’s harbor, seems the impersonation of a tremendous I, a stupendous, Titanic Ego, spurning earth and assaulting heaven.

A hand on my shoulder broke the spell. Turning I found an English friend named Alexander. He, like me, had been attracted to the harbor view by the guns. But now he had gazed his fill, and his casual mention of breakfast struck a sympathetic chord. We started to find a café, talking, as young men do, of anything and everything, but I remember I especially denounced queens, emperors, and crowned heads of every description: “There never was good in any of them, and as for celebrating the queen’s birthday, the idea of the Fourth of July, a nation’s birthday, was ever so much better.” My companion not only defended his queen stoutly, but maintained that Dom Pedro was a ruler whom our presidents might profitably take as a model.

On reaching our café on the Rua do Ouvidor we took a table near the sidewalk to watch the passing throng. Breakfast done, we sat smoking and continuing our talk about royalties.

“Now,” I said, “who is this Dom Pedro whom you vaunt so highly as an ideal ruler?”

“Know, then,” he said, between cigarette whiffs, “that in 1808, Bonaparte was overrunning Spain and Portugal. One of his marshals, Junot, I think, approached Lisbon, and gave the royal family the choice of siding with Napoleon or of stepping out. The English fleet in the harbor gave them the choice of coming on board and being conveyed to Brazil —then a Portuguese dependency — or of having Lisbon bombarded, if they sided with the French. You see it was Hobson’s choice with that royal family. They sailed for Rio. The first emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro I., freed his country from Portugal in 1827, but a few years afterwards

the country freed itself of him, forcing an abdication in favor of his son, the present emperor, Dom Pedro II."

"Will the Brazilians ever force the son to a similar act?" I asked.

"Never!" was Alexander's emphatic reply. "He has done too much for the advancement of the country; but when he dies, then the trouble will come, and your example as a republic will be followed, most probably."

"Well, now," I said, "what great things has he done?"

"Stopping the slave-trade was his first great step, and getting a bill passed for the gradual abolition of slavery was the next. You see, soon after your Civil War the Brazilians realized that Pedro was right; that slavery was doomed; but they also realized that, as they do not have the immigration you have, a sudden abolition would make labor an uncertain quantity with them, and their only safety lay in the emperor's gradual scheme. Do you ask what else he has effected? He has built schools and colleges, and done all he could to develop the interior with railroads. This has been no easy task. You see these people are climatically slow, and the emperor has been always ahead of them. You look incredulous, but it's true. He really appears more liberal than the Republicans."

"He must be popular," I said.

"Yes and no!" replied my friend. "Among the progressive and commercial classes he is liked, but hardly popular in the sense of a Napoleon, a Chatham, or a Lincoln. And the extreme Republicans don't like him at all; they say his professed liberalism is all a sham; that as a reformer he is simply a *poseur*; and as a politician, shifty and adroit. Then, too, the clericals distrust him in spite of his outward Catholicism; in fact, their pet name for him (*sub rosa*) is 'the old fox at Rio.'"

"Well, and what's your opinion? Give it to me straight, undiluted with diplomacy."

Alexander laughed, but answered with emphatic seriousness: "Dom Pedro is really one of the best rulers that has appeared for centuries, and probably the best educated man who ever sat on a throne — indeed, an ideal monarch!"

Hardly had the words left his lips when two officers rode down the street before a richly caparisoned coach. Every one turned to look, and many raised their hats.

"Now you will see the emperor," said my friend.

In a moment he had passed, courteously returning our salutation. I became silent. My friend said: "Well, what are you thinking about?"

"I must admit," I replied, "that he is courteous."

Alexander laughed: "I thought you would soon change your point of view. Now see here! This afternoon I shall carry to the palace some memoranda from the legation; you come along. I will present you as an enterprising American interested in the development of the country. Possibly, after meeting him personally, you may alter your opinion of crowned heads."

As we rolled along the dusty road that afternoon in a mule-drawn drosky for the palace of Saõ Christorval, a few miles outside of Rio, the most impressive sight was the scavenger brigade of Rio—innumerable vultures sailing above the slaughter-houses just outside the city. These disgusting birds, like the dogs in Constantinople, perform inestimable service in keeping the streets clean. On arriving and sending in our cards we luckily found but a small number assembled to see the emperor. Presently we were ushered into the reception-room and Alexander presented me. The emperor spoke pleasantly but with dignity, and in a manner not unlike some of our presidents. He was a very tall and rather large, well-formed man, with regular features, bluish-gray eyes, and white hair. He looked straight at one while talking, as if continually sizing up the man before him.

Taking me at once for an engineer, which profession I was then following, he politely kept the conversation in channels which he thought would interest me, and seemed to have a marvellous knowledge of the details of the Suez Canal, the Mississippi bridge at St. Louis, and Captain Eads' plan of deepening the delta of the Mississippi River by means of artificial jetties. Eads he spoke of as the greatest engineer living. He asked me if I had seen the Dom Pedro II. Railroad—the one running over the Organ Mountains. On my replying no! but that I hoped to have the pleasure soon, he said: "Do so by all means. I am very proud of that road, and you Americans ought to feel highly interested in it, for some of your engineers did great work there, especially Colonel Milnor Roberts."

At this moment a court functionary claimed his attention, and the interview ended. Alexander and I returned to our carriage.

My next chat with the emperor took place at Petropolis, the summer residence of the wealthy Brazilians, for, during the unhealthy season, when yellow fever is raging along the seacoast and the low lands, people who can afford the change go to this lovely village in the Organ Mountains. A few hours' sail across the beautiful bay brought us to the foot of the mountains, where we took the train. Two hours on the rail, and then the stage on account of the steep incline. Here on the best road yet built in the empire we bowled along through scenery which reminds one of the White Mountains. Nightfall found us in the little mountain-guarded village which, on account of the many Swiss chalets round about, looks wonderfully like one of the little hamlets that nestle in the Chamounix Valley. At the Hotel Braganza we tumbled into bed pretty tired, but next morning at five we got up to walk before breakfast. Passing the cluster of pretty cottages we followed the course of a running brook, and suddenly met the emperor with only one attendant. He recognized Alexander immediately, and soon remembering my face greeted me warmly, saying with a quizzical smile: "I did not think you Americans were as fond of walking as your English cousins."

My answer led to a friendly discussion of things English and American, and we soon got round to railways which seemed to interest the emperor more than anything else. He spoke of the difficulties of railroad engineering in Brazil owing to the mountainous nature of the more thickly settled parts of the country, and the enormous expense; and then asked me what I thought of narrow-gauge railways. I said for hilly countries with settlements far apart I considered them best, and he replied that it depended a great deal on the rapid increase of population.

"With you," he said, "where after a few years a new State, through which a railway runs, rapidly develops into a prosperous and highly civilized community, a narrow-gauge would never do; but with us," he said with a sigh, "the conditions are different. Immigration will never come to us while slavery lasts; and to end slavery will take time."

I answered that we in the United States made short work of slavery when we started.

"Quite right," he replied, "but Lincoln's proclamation was a war measure. You forget that the slaveholder also has some rights that should be respected. With us there will be no war and for that reason all parties should be considered and the change brought about so as not to disturb the coffee and cotton planters. We could not survive such a civil war as yours, and even a smaller one would leave irreconcilable hatreds. You see, Church and State bring in a question of religion that you are happily spared. Should a civil war come, it would be—" the emperor suddenly stopped and looked at me sharply, I might say furtively, so that I felt all at once the force of Alexander's remark about the clerical opinion concerning him: I sensed at that moment the element of foxiness. So I waited patiently for him to continue, and with much curiosity, too, but he walked some distance in a moody silence, only pausing now and then to pick some flower, which he would hastily examine, and, after muttering its botanical name, toss aside. I couldn't help thinking of that other diplomatic monarch who walked in a garden twenty-four hundred odd years ago, and carelessly cut off the heads of the tallest poppies with his sword, as a hint to his attendant friend.

Pedro spoke again, quite abruptly: "Do you believe in reading the Bible in public and secular schools?" and without waiting for my reply, he said: "I do not; and I told a countryman of yours, a Mr. Morton, of Campinas, who is head of a Presbyterian Mission School there, the same thing lately. He has a good school, too, and I wish some of his ideas were adopted by our professors — but this question of the Bible belongs to learned men; in that respect, the Church of Rome is right. Left to every ignorant person to construe, numberless errors of religion and conduct are certain to be developed."

Realizing some difference between arguing with and listening to royalty, I maintained a discreet silence. When he spoke again he referred to railroads and said that several narrow-gauge roads were already completed in the country, and one especially, from São Paulo Cachoeira, had interested him. An American engineer, named Charles Dulley, had surveyed, built, and equipped the road. "A wonderful fel-

low — that man Dulley," the emperor said, with a sigh that sounded deeply regretful, "full of your American push! Had he lived, he would have done great things."

The sun was beginning to glare over the tops of the mountains surrounding Petropolis, and the air was becoming heavy and hot. We had almost circled the town in our ramble and were now at the entrance to the palace grounds. The emperor ended our walk and talk with a stately yet cordial bow.

I have tried by these brief notes of casual talks to indicate what manner of man Dom Pedro was outwardly rather than to give my ultimate judgment of what he was inwardly, but the more I knew him the more I inclined to the clerical opinion of his consummate craftiness. I became satisfied that his attitude towards all religions, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or what not, was epitomized in that truly imperial phrase "the calm suspiciousness of science." But I cannot coincide with Castelar in thinking him a hypocrite in his political liberalism. The great Spaniard unquestionably had grounds to dislike and perhaps distrust Dom Pedro. For when Castelar was at the head of the republic of Spain all the Spanish American governments, except Brazil, recognized the Spanish republic, and Castelar has complained bitterly that, while all European diplomats maintained official relations with his government, Brazil (that is, Dom Pedro), more royalist than the old monarchies, held aloof. The charge is true, but Castelar forgets the conditions of which Pedro was not the emperor, but the subject. A recognition of the unstable republic of Spain would have proved a Cerberus of evils for the Brazilian emperor. The Spanish republic was essentially anti-Catholic; to accord it countenance would have ripened into certainty and hostility the suspicions of Rome; would have shut off the sympathy of his brother monarchs in Europe; would have likewise encouraged those Brazilian Republicans who wanted a revolution just for revolution's sake, and the fact that outside the great cities of his empire so dense an ignorance prevailed may have made Pedro honestly believe that Brazil was not ready for any great political metamorphosis. Dom Pedro loved his country; unlike most modern monarchs, it represented to him more than a mere personal revenue. He was all his life what Gladstone has grown to be, a liberal

with conservative tendencies. He believed that the ballot without a high average of education among the population was as dangerous as dynamite. His was an eminently practical, scientific mind. To improve first the material and then the intellectual condition of his people was the task he set himself, and to comprehend the extent of his success one must consider the state of the country when he began his long, strong reign. First, the mere opening of roads for communication between the provinces was a task for Hercules on account of the physical formation of the country, for, except near the Amazon and immediately south of it, the mountains rise abruptly from the sea and make intercourse with the interior immensely difficult. And the rivers, except the Amazonian, though large, are full of rapids. He was, therefore, forced to build railroads and this at the start provoked hostility among his people, for as he had to employ foreign talent in all the responsible places, the less enlightened accused him of squandering public money on Americans and English. Add to this the fact that he had to reconcile in his dominions two entirely different civilizations, for the interior people were archaically agricultural, even more so than our Southern planters before the war. They owned vast spaces where with slave labor they raised coffee, cotton, and tobacco, and they believed in nothing else. Then there was a legion of poor whites, restless and leading a gypsy life in the *Matto*, or wilderness; hunting and fishing for mere existence, with no desire beyond the wants of idleness and almost incapable of being roused to any conception of improvement for themselves or their children. In contrast and clash with these classes was the population of the seacoast towns—ambitious of the graces and dignities of life, and anxious chiefly for a government that should not be troublesome to support. The hardier natives of the southern provinces increased the difficulties of the emperor by openly avowing their intention of having a republic, even at the cost of secession, though they were willing to wait till his death before beginning the struggle for a practical independence.

But harder than building railroads, harder than holding in check a rash republicanism that would likely have lapsed into desperate dictatorships, or a series of bloody revolutions with some rude soldier always on top, harder than the task

of supplanting slavery with the milder phase of it which most modern governments have adopted, harder than all these put together was the problem what to do with the Catholic Church. Perhaps this is too strong a statement, or one capable of misinterpretation by Protestants. Perhaps I should have said, not the Catholic Church proper, but the Catholic hierarchy in Brazil whose conduct does not appear to have always had the approval of the Pope. For instance the emperor had serious trouble with the Bishop of Olinda, a haughty young prelate who had been quarrelling with some of the people in his bishopric. The emperor ordered the bishop to resume pastoral relations with his flock but was met with a blunt refusal, and feeling ran so high that a religious war seemed imminent. Pedro instantly arrested the churchman and imprisoned him in one of the forts of the Bay of Rio. An appeal, of course, was made to Rome, but the Pope's interference was so long delayed that when it came its edge was off and the bishop, on his release, appeared to have pressing business which took him out of the country.

It will be seen from these brief statements that the throne of the last American monarch was hardly a bed of roses, was rather a bed of roses of the Guatamozin kind. That he should have been deposed is no wonder; that he should have reigned so long and done so much is the miracle.

But what were the direct causes of the peaceful revolution that banished politely the best of modern rulers, a monarch who displayed in his behavior towards his people the dignity of Washington and the geniality of Lincoln—a man who often shocked the nobles of his own creation by an absolute chumminess with the common people—a man who ministered to the national pride by the fact that their emperor was not merely the equal of a Guelph or a Hohenzollern, but the boon companion of an Agassiz and a Hugo! European conservatives make answer that the Brazilian Empire fell on account of its liberalism, which is only a roundabout, diplomatic way of saying that Dom Pedro was a first-class fool, who played with dynamite and got hoisted for his pains. This view arises from a mistaken way of looking at the development of history. Castelar, it seems to me, though a bitter enemy of Pedro, came nearer the true reason when he intimated that an empire surrounded by republics and unable to keep its great army continually amused by conquest and

military glory had in it the element of death — the seed of a better life. "When the hour came," says Castelar, "by the accomplishment of logical law a worn-out *regime* was supplanted by the fitting organism of contemporary democracy."

But what to my mind precipitated the event was the failure of Pedro's health several years ago, and the appointment of his daughter as regent. The Donna Isabella, with Hapsburg, Bourbon, and Braganza blood running riot in her veins, and a dissipated husband to dement her further, could have wrecked a political entity as stable as England, if she had had a few years' power, and in Brazil, instead of attempting to allay the popular prejudice against her at the start, she tried the old Bourbon method of stamping on everybody's corns so as to teach them to dance merrily. She freed the slaves before the appointed time of her father's gradual plan, with a suddenness that endangered the coffee interests, and the same act angered the Republicans who regarded it as an impudent attempt to steal their moral thunder. Then she interfered with the elections in the hope of reducing the Republican representation. A suspicion spread that the powerful mind of Pedro was tottering; the suspicion became certainty, and the proof of it was in the result. He who for more than half a century had held together an incoherent population under a decaying form of government, who had brought into submission the unruly province of São Paulo, who had waged a long and popular war against Lopez of Paraguay, who had shown himself ready even to defy Rome, if necessary, in the exercise of his rights, would never have been caught like a rat in a trap and sent packing like a convict from the land he loved like a bride — unless, indeed, as the Republicans suspected, like another kindly king, disempired by his daughter, Dom Pedro de Alcantara was not "in his perfect mind." In comparing him to Lear, we Republicans indulge in no simpering sentimentality, for however gladly for the sake of human progress we may welcome the fact that on this hemisphere a decaying, political form has been adjudged dead and put in a peaceful grave, we cannot deny the personal pathos of Dom Pedro's exit, and some of us who knew the man feel like saying — strange reversal of the ancient situation! — *Te, Imperator, moriturum salutamus.*

A SPOIL OF OFFICE.

A STORY OF THE MODERN WEST.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

PART II. AT SCHOOL.

THE morning on which Bradley was to begin his term at the seminary was a clear, crisp November day in later November. He had rented a room in the basement of a queer old building, known as the Park Hotel, a crazy mansard-roofed structure which held at regular intervals some rash man attempting to run it as a hotel.

Bradley had rented this cellar because it was the cheapest place he could find. He agreed to pay two dollars a month for it, and the use of the two chairs, and cooking stove, which made up its furnishing. He had purchased a skillet and two or three dishes, Mrs. Councill had lent him a bed, and he seemed reasonably secure against hunger and cold.

He looked forward to his entrance into the school with dread. All that Monday morning he stood about watching the merry students in procession pass his door, waiting for Milton to come along. When he joined Milton and Shepard, and went up the walk under the bare-limbed maple trees, he envied the rest their apparent unconcern. They all seemed perfectly at home, with the exception of himself.

Milton knowing what to expect smuggled him into the chapel in the midst of a crowd of five or six others, and thus he escaped the derisive applause with which the pupils were accustomed to greet each new-comer at the opening of a term. He gave one quick glance at the rows of faces, and shambled awkwardly along to his seat beside Milton, his eyes downcast. He found courage to look around and study his fellow-students after a little and discovered that several of them were quite as awkward, quite as ill at ease as himself.

Milton, old pupil as he was, that is to say this was his second term, sat beside him and indicated the seniors as they came in, and among the rest pointed out Radbourne.

"He's the high mucky-muck o' this shebang," Shep whispered.

"Why so?" asked Bradley, looking carefully at the big, smooth-faced, rather gloomy-looking young fellow.

Shep hit his own head with his fist in a comically significant gesture. "Brains! What d' ye call 'em, Milt? Correscations of the serry beltum."

Shepard was a short youth with thick yellow hair, and a comically serious quality in the twist of his long upper lip.

Milton grinned. "Convolutions of the cerebrum, I s'pose you're driving at. Shep comes to school to have fun," Milton explained to Bradley.

"Chuss," said Shep, by which he meant yes; "an' I have it, too, betyerneck."

There came a burst of applause as a tall and very attractive girl came in with her arms laden down with books. Her intellectual face lit up with a smile at the applause, and a pink flush came into her pale cheek. "That's Miss Graham," whispered Shepard; "she's all bent up on Radbourn."

The teachers came in, the choir rose to sing, and the exercises of the morning began. Bradley thought Miss Graham, with her heavy-lidded, velvety-brown eyes, looked like Miss Wilbur. Her eyes were darker he decided, and she was taller and paler; in fact the resemblance was in her manner which had the same dignity and repose.

At Milton's suggestion he remained in his seat after the rest of the pupils had marched out to the sound of the organ. Then Milton introduced him to the principal who took him by the hand so cordially that his embarrassment was gone in a moment. After a short talk with him in his room a couple of hours later, his work was assigned.

"You'll be in the preparatory department, but if you care to do extra work we may get you into the junior class. Jennings, look after him a little, won't you?"

The principal was a kind man, but he had two hundred of these rude, awkward farmer-boys, and he couldn't be expected to study each one so closely as to discover their latent powers. Bradley went away down town to buy his books with a feeling that the smile of the principal was not genuine, and he felt also that Milton was a little ashamed of him here in the town. But his hardest trial came when he entered the class-room at one o'clock.

He knew no one, of course, and the long, narrow room was filled with riotous boys and girls all very much younger than himself. All the desks seemed to be occupied and he was obliged to run the gauntlet of the entire class in his search for a seat. As he walked down the room so close to the wall that he brushed the chalk of the blackboard off upon his shoulder, he made a

really ludicrous figure. All of his fine, free, unconscious grace was gone and his strength of limb only added to his awkwardness.

The girls were of that age where they find the keenest delight in annoying a bashful fellow such as they perceived this new-comer to be. His hair had been badly barbered by Councill and his suit of cotton diagonal, originally too small and never a fit, was now yellow on the shoulders where the sun had faded the analine dye, and his trousers were so tight that they clung to the tops of his great boots, exposing his huge feet in all their enormity of shapeless housing. His large hands protruded from his sleeves and were made still more noticeable by his evident loss of their control.

"Picked too soon," said Nettie Russell, with a vacant stare into space, whereat the rest shrieked with laughter. A great hot wave of blood rushed up over Bradley making him dizzy. He knew that joke all too well. He looked around blindly for a seat. As he stood there helpless, Nettie hit him with a piece of chalk and someone threw the eraser at his boots.

"Number twelves," said young Brown.

"When did it get loose?"

"Does your mother know you're out?"

"Put your hat over it," came from all sides.

He saw an empty chair and started to sit down, but Nettie slipped into it before him. He started for her seat and her brother Claude got there apparently by mere accident just before him. Bradley stood again indecisively, not daring to look up, burning with rage and shame. Again someone hit him with a piece of chalk, making a resounding whack, and the entire class roared again in concert.

"Why, its head is *wood*," said Claude, in apparent astonishment at his own discovery.

Bradley raised his head for the first time. There came into his eyes a look that made Claude Russell tremble. He again approached an empty chair and was again forestalled by young Brown. With a bitter curse he swung his great open palm around and laid his tormenter flat on the floor, stunned and breathless. A silence fell on the group. It was as if a lion had awakened with a roar of wrath.

"Come on, all o' ye;" he snarled through his set teeth facing them all. As he stood thus the absurdity of his own attitude came upon him. They were only children, after all. He reached the chair, reeking with the sweat of shame and anger which burst from his burning skin.

Nettie, like the little dare-devil that she was, pulled the chair from under him and he saved himself from falling only by

clutching the desk before him. As it was he fell almost into her lap and everybody shrieked with uncontrollable laughter. In the midst of it, Miss Clayson, the teacher, came hurrying in to silence the tumult, and Bradley rushed from the room like a bull from the arena, maddened with the spears of the toreador. He snatched his hat and coat from the rack and hardly looked up till he reached the haven of his little cellar.

He threw his cap on the floor and for a half hour he raged up and down the floor, his mortification, and shame, and rage finding vent in a fit of cursing such as he had never had in his life before. All awkwardness was gone now. His great limbs, supple and swift, clenched, doubled, and thrust out against the air in unconscious lightning-swift gestures that showed how terrible he could be when roused.

At last he grew calm enough to sit down, and then his mood changed to the deepest dejection. He sank into a measureless despair.

They were right, he was a great hulking fool. He never could be anything but a clod-hopper, anyway. He looked down at his great hand, at his short trousers, and the indecent ugliness of his horrible boots, and studied himself without mercy to himself. He acknowledged that they were hideous, but he couldn't help it.

Then his mind took another turn and he went over the history of that suit. He didn't want it when he bought it, but he found himself like wax, moulded by the soft, white, confidential hand of the salesman, who offered it to him as a special favor below cost. In common with other young men of his sort he always felt under obligation to buy if he went into a store even if there was nothing there that suited him. He knew when he bought the suit and paid eleven dollars for it that he would always be sorry, and its cheapness now appalled him.

He always swore at himself for this weakness before the salesmen, and yet, year by year he had been cheated in the same way. For the first time, however, he saw his clothing in all its hideousness. Those cruel girls and grinning boys had shown him that clothes made the man, even in a western school. The worst part of it was that he had been humiliated by a girl and there was no redress.

He sat there till darkness came into his room. He did not replenish the coal in the stove that leered at him from the two broken doors in front, and seemed to face him with a crazy, drunken reel on its mis-matched legs. He was hungry, but he sat there enjoying in a morbid way the pangs of hunger. They helped him somehow to bear the sting of his defeat.

It was the darkest hour of his life. He swore never to go

back again to that room. He couldn't face that crowd of grinning faces. He turned hot and cold by turns as he thought of his folly. He was a cursed fool for ever thinking of trying to ever do anything but just dig away on a farm. He might have known how it would be ; he'd got behind and had to be classed in with the children ; there was no help for it ; he'd never go back.

The thought of Her came in again and again, but the thought couldn't help him. Her face drove the last of his curses from his lips, but it threw him into a fathomless despair, where he no longer defined his thoughts into words. Her face shone like a star but it stood over a bottomless rift in the earth and showed how impassable its yawning barrier was.

There came a whoop outside and a scramble at the door and somebody tumbled into the room.

"Anybody here?"

"Hello, where are you, Brad?"

He recognized Milton's voice. "Yes, I'm here, but wait a minute."

"Caesar, I guess we'll wait! Break our necks if we don't," said the other shadow whom he now recognized as Shep Watson. "Always live in the dark?"

They waited while he lighted the dim little kerosene lamp on the table.

"Been 'sleep?" asked Milton.

"No. Se' down, anywhere," he added on second thought, as he realized that chairs were limited.

"Say, Brad, come on; let's go over t' the society."

"I guess not," said Brad sullenly.

"Why not?" asked Milton, recognizing something bitter in his voice.

"Because, I aint got any right to go. I aint goin' t' school ag'in. I'm goin' west."

"Why, what's up?"

"I aint a-goin', that's all. I can't never ketch up with the rest of you fellers." His voice broke a little, "an' it aint much fun havin' to go in with a whole raft o' little boys and girls."

"Oh, say now, Brad, I wouldn't mind 'em if I was you," said Milton, after a pause. He had the delicacy not to say he had heard the details of Bradley's experience. "We all have to go through 'bout the same row o' stumps, don't we, Shep? The way to do with 'em is to jest pay no 'tention to 'em."

But the good-will and sympathy of the boys could not prevail upon Bradley to go with them. He persisted in his determination to leave school. And the boys finally went out leaving him alone. Their influence had been good, however; he was distinctly less bitter after they left him and his thoughts went back to Miss

Wilbur. What would she think of him if he gave up all his plans the first day, simply because some little mischievous girls and boys had made him absurd? When he thought of her he felt strong enough to go back, but when he thought of his tormentors and what he would be obliged to endure from them, he shivered and shrank back into his despondency.

He was still fighting his battle, when a slow step came down the stairs ending in a sharp rap upon the door. He said, "Come in," and Radbourn, the most powerful and most popular senior, entered the room. He was a good deal of an autocrat in the town and in the school, and took pleasure in exercising his power on behalf of some poor devil like Bradley Talcott.

"Jennings tells me you're going to give it up," he said, without preliminary conversation.

Bradley nodded sullenly. "What's the use, anyhow? I might as well. I'm too old, anyhow."

Radbourn looked at him a moment in silence. "Put on your hat and let's go outside," he said at length, and there was something in his voice that Bradley obeyed.

Once on the outside Radbourn took his arm and they walked on up the street in silence for some distance. It was still, and clear, and frosty, and the stars burned overhead with many-colored brilliancy.

"Now I know all about it, Talcott, and I know just about how you feel. But all the same you must go back there to-morrow morning."

"It aint no use talkin', I can't do it."

"Yes, you can. You think you can't, but you can. A man can do anything if he only thinks he can and tries hard. You can't afford to let a little thing like that upset your plans. I understand your position exactly. You're at a disadvantage," he changed his pace suddenly, stopping Bradley. "Now, Talcott, you're at a disadvantage with that suit. It makes you look like a gawk, when you're not. You're a stalwart fellow, and if you'll invest in a new suit of clothes as Jennings did, it'll make all the difference in the world."

"I can't afford it."

"No, that's a mistake, you can't afford not to have it. A good suit of clothes will do more to put you on an equality than anything else you can do for yourself. Now let's drop in here to see my friend, and to-morrow I'll call for you and take you into the class and introduce you to Miss Clayson, and you'll be all right."

When he walked in with Radbourn the next morning and was introduced to the teacher, Nettie Russell stared in breathless astonishment.

"Well said! Aint we a big sunflower! My sakes! aint we a-comin' out!"

Somewhat Bradley felt the difference in the atmosphere and he walked to his seat with a self-possession that astonished himself. And from that time he was master of the situation. The girls pelted him with chalk and marked figures on his back, but he kept at his work. He had a firm grip on the plow-handles now, and he didn't look back. They grew to respect him, at length, and some of the girls distinctly showed their admiration. Brown came over to get help on a sum and so did Nettie, and when he sat down beside her she winked in triumph at the other girls while Bradley patiently tried to explain the problem in algebra which was his own terror.

He certainly was a handsome fellow in a rough-angled way, and when the boys found he could jump eleven feet and eight inches at a standing jump, they no longer drew any distinctions between his attainments in algebra and their own. He sawed wood in every spare hour with desperate energy to make up for the sinful extravagance of his new fifteen dollar suit of clothes.

He was sawing wood in an alley one Saturday morning where he could hear a girl singing in a bird-like way that was very charming. He was tremendously hungry, for he had been at work since the first faint gray light, and the smell of breakfast that came to his senses was tantalizing.

He heard the girl's rapid feet moving about in the kitchen and her voice rising and falling, pausing and beginning again as if she were working rapidly. Then she fell silent and he knew she was at breakfast.

At last she opened the door and came out along the walk with a tablecloth. She shook her cloth and then her singing ceased and Bradley went on with his work.

"Hello, Brad!"

He looked up and saw Nettie Russell's roguish face peering over the board fence.

"Hello," he replied, and stood an instant in wordless surprise. "I didn't know you lived there."

"Well, I do. Aint tickled to death to find it out, I s'pose? Say, you aint so very mad at me, are yeh?" she added insinuatingly.

He didn't know what to say, so he kept silent.

She took a new turn.

"Say, aint you hungry?"

Bradley admitted that he had eaten an early breakfast. He didn't say it was composed of fried pork and potatoes and baker's bread, without tea, coffee, or milk.

The girl seemed delighted to think he was hungry.

" You wait a minute," she commanded, and her smiling face disappeared from the top of the fence. Brad went to work to keep from catching cold. She reappeared soon with a fat home-made sausage and a couple of warm biscuits which she insisted upon his taking.

" They're all buttered and — they've got sugar on 'em," she whispered significantly.

" Say, you eat now, while I saw," she commanded, coming around through the gate.

She had put her hood on, but her hands and wrists were bare. She struggled away on a log, putting her knee on it in a comically resolute style.

" The saw always goes crooked," she said in despair. Bradley laughed at her heartily.

" Say, do you do this for fun?" she asked, stopping to puff, her cheeks a beautiful pink.

" No, I don't. I do it because I'm obliged to."

She threw down the saw. " Well, that beats me; I can't saw, but I can cook. I made those biscuits." She challenged his opinion, as he well knew.

" They're first rate," he admitted, and they were friends.

" Say, I can't stay here, I'll freeze. Are yeh goin' to be here till noon?"

" Yes."

" Well, when I whistle you come in and get some grub."

Bradley smiled back at her laughing face.

" This aint your folks' woodpile."

" What's the difference?" she replied. " You jest come in, will yeh?"

" Yes, I'll come."

" Like fun you will! Honest?" she persisted.

" Hope to die," he said, solemnly.

" That's the checker," she said, and disappeared with a click of the tongue.

Bradley worked away in a glow of cheerfulness. It was astonishing how much this little victory over a roguish girl meant to him. He had changed one person's ridicule to friendship and it seemed to be prophetic of other victories.

The time seemed very short that forenoon. Once or twice Nettie came out to bring some news about the cooking.

" Say, I'm making an apple pie. I'm a dandy on pies and cakes."

" I guess they would be ' pizen ' cakes."

She threw an imaginary club at him.

" Well, if that aint the sickest old joke! You'll go without any pie if you get off such a thing again."

But as dinner-time drew on he felt more and more unwilling to go into the kitchen. He heard her whistle, but he remained at the saw-horse. It would do in the country, but not here. He had no right to go in there and eat.

There was a note of impatience in her voice when she looked over the fence and said, "Why don't you come?"

"I dassant!"

"Oh, bother! What y' afraid of?"

"What business have I got to eat your dinner? this aint your wood pile."

"Say, if you don't come in I'll — I dunno-what!"

"Bring it out here, it's warm."

"I won't do it; you've got to come in; the old man's gone up town and mother won't throw you out. There isn't anybody in the kitchen. Come on now," she pleaded.

Bradley followed into the house, feeling a good deal like a very large dog, very hungry, who had followed a child's invitation into the parlor, and felt out of place.

He sat down by the fire, and silently ate what she placed before him, while she chatted away in high glee. When Mrs. Russell came in Nettie did not take the trouble to introduce him to her mother who moved about the room in a wordless way, smiling a little about the eyes. She was entirely subject to her daughter. She heard them discussing lessons and concluded they were classmates.

Bradley went back to his wood-sawing and soon finished the job. As he shouldered his saw and saw-buck, Nettie came out and peered over the fence again.

"Say, goin' to attend the social Monday?"

"Guess not. I aint much on such things."

"It's lots o' fun; we spin the platter and all kinds o' things. I'm goin'," she looked archly inviting.

Bradley colored. He was not astute, but things like this were not far from kicks. He looked down at his saw as he said, "I guess I won't go, I've got to study."

"Well, good-by," she said without mortification. She was so much of a child yet that she could be jilted without keen pain. "See y' Monday."

Someway Bradley's life was lightened by that day's experience. He went home to his bleak little room in a resolute mood. He sat down at his table upon which lay his algebra, determined to prepare Monday's lessons, but the pencil fell from his hand, his head sank down and lay upon the open page before him. Woodsawing had worn him down and algebra had made him sleep.

II.

He was now facing another terror, the Friday afternoon recitals, in which alternate sections of the pupils were obliged to appear before the public in the chapel to recite or read an essay. It was an ordeal that tried the souls of the bravest of them all.

Unquestionably it kept many pupils away. Nothing could be more terrible to a shrinking, awkward boy or girl from a farm than this requirement, to stand upon a raised platform with nothing to break the effect of sheer crucifixion. It was appalling. It was a pillory, a stake, a burning, and yet there was a fearful fascination about it, and it was doubtful if a majority of the students would have voted for its abolition. The preps and juniors saw the seniors winning electrical applause from the audience and fancied the same prize was within their reach. There was no surer or more instant success to be won than that which followed a splendid oratorical effort on the platform. It was worth the cost.

Each new-comer dreaded it for weeks, and talked about it constantly. Bradley, like all the rest before him, could not eat a thing on the morning preceding his trial, and in fact had suffered a distinct loss of appetite from the middle of the week.

Mary Barber, a tall, awkward, badly-dressed girl, met him as he was going up the steps after the first bell.

"Say! how you feelin'! I've shook all the mornin'. I don't know what I'm goin' t' do. I'm just sick."

"Why don't you say so an' get off?" Bradley suggested.

"Because, that's what I did last time, and it won't work any more." The poor girl's teeth were chattering with her fright. She laughed at herself in a hysterical way, and wrung her hands, as if with cold, and dropped back into the broadest kind of dialect.

Nettie Russell regarded it all as merely another disagreeable duty to be shirked. Nothing troubled her very much. "You just wait and see how I get out of it," she said, as she passed by. At two o'clock the principal came in, and removed even the small pulpit, so that nothing should stand between the shrinking young orators and the keen derisive eyes below.

The chapel was a very imposing structure to Bradley. It was square and papered in gray-white with fluted columns of the Corinthian order of architecture, and that touch of history and romance did not fail of its effect on the country boys fresh from the barn-yard and the corn-rows. It added to their fear and self-abasement, as they rolled their slow eyes around and upward. The audience consisted mainly of the pupils arranged according to classes, the girls on the left and the boys on the right. In

addition, some of the towns-people, who loved oratory, or were specially interested in the speakers of the day, were often present to add to the terror of the occasion.

Radbourn came in with Lily Graham, talking earnestly. He was in the same section with Bradley, a fact which did not cheer Bradley at all. Jack Carver came in with a jaunty air. His cuffs and collar were linen, and his trousers were tailor made, which was distinction enough for him. He had no scruples, therefore, in shirking the speaking with the same indifference Nettie Russell showed.

Milton, who came in the first section, was joking the rest upon their nervousness.

"Say, when did you eat y'r last meal?" he whispered to Bradley.

"Yesterday morning," Bradley replied, unable to smile.

All the week the members of the last section had been prancing up and down the various rooms of boarding-houses, to the deep disgust of their fellow-students, who mixed harsh comments throughout their practice, as they shouted in thunder tones:—

"I come not here to talk. ('then why don't you shut up?') You know too well the story of our thralldom. ('You bet we do, we've heard it all the week.') The beams of the setting sun fall upon a slave. ('Would a beam of some sort would fall on you.') O Rome! Rome—"("Oh, go roam the wild wood.")

All the week the boarding-house mistresses had pounded on the stove-pipe to bring the appeal of "Spartacus to the Romans" down to a key that would not also include all the people in the block. All to no purpose. Spartacus was aroused, and nothing but a glaive or a battle-axe could bring him to silence and submission. The first section now sat smiling grimly. Their revenge was coming.

After the choir had sung, the principal of oratory, note-book in hand, came down among the pupils, and began the fateful roll-call.

The first name called was Alice Masters, an ambitious, but terribly plain and awkward girl. She had not eaten anything since the middle of the week, and was weak and nervous with fright. She sprang out of her seat, white as a dead person, and rushed up the aisle. As she stepped upon the platform she struck her toe and nearly fell. The rest laughed, some hysterically, the most of them in thoughtless derision. The blood rushed into her face and when she turned, she seemed to be masked in scarlet. She began, stammeringly, her fingers playing nervously with the seams of her dress.

"Beside his block the sculptor—

"Beside his block—

"Beside, the sculptor stood beside —"

She could not think of another word, not one, and she fell into a horrible silence, wringing her hands piteously. It was impossible for her to go on, and impossible for her to leave the floor till the word of release came.

"That will do," said the principal in calm unconcern, and she rushed from the room, and the next name was called.

Nettie Russell faced the audience, a saucy smile on her lips, and a defiant tilt to her nose. She spoke a verse of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" to the vast delight of the rest, who had dared her to do it. The principal scowled darkly, and put a very emphatic black mark opposite her name.

As name after name was called, Bradley's chill deepened, and the cold sweat broke out upon his body. There was a terrible weakness and nausea at his stomach, and he drew long shivering inspirations like a man facing an icy river, into which he must plunge.

He was saved from utter flight by Radbourn, who came before him. Whatever nervousness the big senior had ever felt, he was well over now, for he walked calmly up the aisle, and took his place with easy dignity. He scorned to address the Romans, or the men of England. He was always contemporaneous. He usually gave orations on political topics, or astounded his teachers by giving a revolutionary opinion of some classic. No matter what subject he dealt with, he interested and held his audience. His earnest face and deep-set eyes had something compelling in them, and his dignity and self-possession in themselves fascinated the poor fellows, who sat there in deathly sickness, shaking with terror.

Bradley felt again the fascination of an orator, and again his heart glowed with the secret feeling that he could be an orator like that. He felt strong, and cool, and hopeful while Radbourn was speaking, but afterward that horrible, weakening fear came back upon him.

He couldn't look at poor Harry Stillman, who came on a few names further. Harry had pounded away all the week on Webster's Reply to Hayne, and he now stood forth in piteous contrast to his ponderous theme. His thin, shaking legs toed-in like an Indian's, and his trousers were tight, and short, and checked, which seemed to increase the tightness and shortness. He had narrow shoulders and thin long arms which he used like a jumping jack, each gesture being curiously unrelated to his facial expression, which was mainly appealing and apprehensive. As Shep Watson said, "he looked as if he expected a barn to fall on him."

At last Bradley's name was spoken, and he rose in a mist. The windows had disappeared. They were mere blurs of light. As

he walked up the aisle the floor fell away from the soles of his feet. He no longer walked. He was a brain floating in space. He made his way to the stage without accident, for he had rehearsed it all so many times in his mind that unconscious cerebration attended to the necessary motions. When he faced the assembly, he seemed facing a boundless sea of faces. They in their turn were awed by something they saw in his eyes. His face was white and his eyes burned with a singular light. A mysterious power emanated from him as from the born orator.

Like all the rest he had taken a theme that was far beyond his apparent powers, and the apparent comprehension of his audience; but they had been fed so long upon William Tell, Rienzi, Marc Antony and Spartacus that every line was familiar. Nothing was too ponderous, too lofty, too peak-addressing for them.

He mispronounced the words, his gestures were awkward and spasmotic, but lofty emotion exalted him and vibrated in his voice. He thrilled every heart. He had opened somewhere, somehow, a vast reservoir of power. A great calm fell upon him. A wild joy of new-found strength that awed and thrilled his own heart. It seems as if a new spirit had taken his flesh. As he went on he grew more dignified and graceful. His great arms seemed to be gigantic, as he thundered against the Carthaginians. Everybody forgot his dress, his freckled face, and when he closed the applause was instant and generous.

As he walked back to his seat, the exultant light went out of his eyes, his limbs relaxed, the windows and the sunlight cleared to vulgar day, and his face flushed with timidity. He sat down with a feeling of melancholy in his heart, as if something divine had faded out of his life.

But Radbourn reached out his hand in the face of the whole school and said, "First rate!" The pupils had the western love for oratory, and several of them crowded about to congratulate him on his speech.

Bradley did not feel at all sure of his success. He had been something alien to himself in that speech, and he could not remember what he had said or done. He was not at all sure that he had done the right thing or the best thing. He was suspicious of his power because he no longer felt it. He was like a man who had dreamed of flying and woke to find himself paralyzed. After his triumph he was the same great, awkward, country hired-man.

"Say, look here, Talcott," said Radbourn, as they met at the door of the chapel going out, "I'm going to propose you as a member of the Delta; come up Monday, and I'll put you through."

"Oh, they don't want me."

"Don't be so modest. They're in need of just such men. You'll be in demand now, no fear about that."

There was a struggle now to get him into the societies, which were, as usual, bitter rivals. He was secretly anxious to be one of the debaters. In fact he had counted more on that than upon all the rest of the advantages of the school. He thought it would please Her better.

He joined the Delta, over which Radbourn presided, and wore the pin with genuine pride. He sat for several meetings silently in his seat, awed by the excessive formality of proceedings, and the strictness of the parliamentary rules. It was a curious thing to see the meeting come to order out of a chaos of wrestling, shouting, singing members whose excess of life filled the room like a crowd of prize-fighters.

Rap! Rap!

They took their seats while the stern president remained standing. One final rap, and the room was perfectly quiet, and every member an inexorable parliamentarian, ready to question decisions, or rise to points of order at the slightest infraction of Cushing's manual. Radbourn ruled with a gavel of iron, but they all enjoyed it the more. Half the fun and probably half its benefit would have been lost with the loss of order.

This strenuous dignity awed Bradley for a time. His fellows seemed transformed into something quite other than their usual selves, into grave law-makers. This strangeness wore away after a time and he grew more at ease. He began to study Cushing along with the rest. It laid the foundation for a thorough knowledge of the methods of conducting a meeting, which was afterward of so much value to him.

His first attempt at debating was upon the question, "Should farmers be free traders?" a question which was introduced by Milton, who was always attempting to introduce questions which would strike fire. Nothing pleased his fun-loving nature more.

As real free traders were scarce, Mason, a brilliant young Democrat, requested Radbourn to take the side of free trade, and he consented. Milton formed the third part of the free trade cohort. He liked the fun of trying to debate on the opposite side, a thing which would have been impossible to Bradley's more intense and simple-hearted nature. What he believed he fought for.

Mason led off with a discussion of the theory of free exchange and made a passionate plea, florid and declamatory, which gave Fergusson, a cool, pointed, scholarly Norwegian, an excellent chance to raise a laugh. He called the attention of the house to the "copperhead Democracy," which the gentleman of the oppo-

sition was preaching. He asked what the practical application would mean. Plainly it meant cheap goods.

"That's what we want," interrupted Mason, and was silenced savagely by the chairman.

"England would flood us with cheap goods."

"Let 'em flood," said somebody unknown, and the chairman was helpless.

Fergusson worked away steadily and was called down at last. He was distinguished as one of the few men who always talked out his ten minutes.

Radbourn astonished them all by saying with absolute sincerity: "Free trade as a theory is right. Considered as a question of ethics, as a question of the trend of things, it's right. The right to trade is as much my right, as my right to produce. The one question is whether it ought to be put into operation at once. There is no reason why the farmer should uphold protection."

From this on his remarks had a mysterious quality. "I'm a free trader, but I'm not a Democrat. Tariff tinkering is not free trade, and I don't believe the Democrats could do any more than the Republicans, but that aint the question. The question is whether the farmers could be free traders."

After the discussion along familiar lines had taken place, Radbourn resumed the chair and called on any one in the room to volunteer a word on either side. "We would like to hear from Talcott," he said.

"Talcott, Talcott," called the rest.

Bradley rose, as if impelled by some irresistible power within himself. He began stammeringly. He had but one line of thought at his command and that was the line of thought indicated by Miss Wilbur in her speech at the picnic, the Home Market idea, upon which he had spent a great deal of thought. "Mr. Chairman, I don't believe in free trade. I believe if we had free trade it would make us all farmers for England. It aint what we ought t' do. We've got gold in our hills, an' coal an' timber to manufacture. What we want t' do is to build up our industries; make a home market."

As he went on with these stock phrases, he seemed to get hold of things which before had seemed out of his reach, scraps of speeches, newspaper comments, an astonishing flood of arguments, or at least what he took for arguments, came rushing into his mind. He reached out his hands and grasped and used phrases not his own as if they were bludgeons. He assaulted the opposition blindly, but with immense power.

He sat down amid loud applause, and young Mason arose to close the affirmative. He was sarcastic to the point of offence.

"He has said 'em all," he began, alluding to Bradley, "all the regulation arguments of Republican newspapers. And as for the leader of the opposition, he has got off the usual sneer at copper-head Democracy. This debate wouldn't have been complete without that remark from my esteemed leader of the opposition. Where argument fails, misrepresentations and sneers may do service with the injudicious. I trust the judges will remember that the argument has been on our side, and the innuendoes on the side of the opposition."

The verdict of the judges was in favor of the free traders, but the decision of the judges had less effect on Bradley than the surprising revelation of Radbourn's thought. There were phrases whose reach and significance he did not realize to the full, but their effect was not lost.

He was thinking how diametrically opposite Miss Wilbur's ideas were. When Radbourn came up, he said with a significant smile :—

"Well, Talcott, you *did* get hold of all the regulation stock material. The Home Market idea is a great field for you. You think a city is of itself a good thing? You think a city means civilization. Well, I want to tell you, and may be you won't believe me, cities mean vice, and crime, and poverty, and vast wealth for the few, and as for the Home Market idea, how would it do to let the farmer buy in the same market in which he sells? He sells in the world's market, but you'd force him to buy in a protected market."

Radbourn went off with a peculiar smile, which left Bradley uncertain whether he was laughing at him or not. He began from that moment to overhaul his stock of phrases, to see if they were really shopworn and worthless. He was growing marvellously, his whole nature was now awake. He thought, as he sawed wood in the back alleys of the town, and at night he toiled at his books.

Radbourn spoke to several of the politicians of the town about Bradley.

"There is a good deal in that man Talcott. Of course he's just beginning, but you'll hear from him on the stump. He has the advantage of most of us; he's in dead earnest when he's advocating Republicanism."

Radbourn had times of saying things like this, when his hearers didn't know what to make of him.

"It's just his way," someone usually said, and the rest sat in silence. They didn't enjoy it, but as Radbourn was not running for any office and was known to be a powerful thinker, they thought it best not to antagonize him.

"I wonder if he intends the law?" asked Judge Brown.

"I see what the judge is driving at," Radbourn said quickly, "he thinks he can make a Democrat of him."

The group laughed. Democrats were in a hopeless minority, but the judge and Colonel Peavey never lost their proselytizing zeal.

"The judge is always on hand like a sore thumb," said Amos.

"The judge'll be on the right side of the tariff one of these fine days, and have the laugh on the lot of yeh."

"What y' idee about that, Rad?"

"Good heavens! You don't expect to have protection always, do yeh?" was his only reply.

A day or two later he said to Bradley: —

"Talcott, Brown wants to see you. He wants to make you a 'lawyer's hack'! Now I'd say to most men, don't do it, but if he offers to give you a place take it. It won't be worse than sawing wood thirty hours a week."

Following Radbourn's direction he passed up a narrow, incredibly grimy stairway, and knocked at a door at the end of a hall, whose only light came through the letter-slit in the door.

"Come in!" yelled a snarling voice.

Bradley entered timidly, for the voice was not at all cordial. The judge, in his own den, was a different man from the judge at Robbie's grocery, and this day he was in bad humor. He sat with his heels on a revolving book-case, a law-book spread out on his legs, long pipe in his hand.

If he uttered any words of greeting they were lost in the crescendo growl of a fat bull-dog, that lay in supple shining length at his feet.

"Down with yeh!" he snarled at the dog, who ceased his growling, but ran lightly and with ferocious suggestiveness toward Bradley and clung sniffing about his heels.

"Si' down!" the judge said, indicating a chair with his pipe, which he held by the bowl. He didn't otherwise make a motion.

Bradley sat down. This greeting drove him back into his usual stubborn silence. He waited for developments, his eyes on the dog.

"Well, young man, what can I do for you?" asked the lawyer after a long silence, during which he laid down one book, and read a page in another.

"Nothin', I guess."

"Well, what the devil did yeh come in here for?" he inquired, with a glare of astonishment. "Want 'o buy a dog?"

Bradley was mad. "I came because Radbourn sent me. I c'n git out agin, mighty quick."

The judge took down his heels. "Oh, you're that young orator. Why didn't yer say so, you damned young Indian?" He

now rose and walked over to the spittoon before going on. Bradley knew that this rough tone was entirely different from the first. It was a sort of affectionate blackguardism. "I heard you speak last Friday. All you need, young man, is a chance to swing y'r elbows. You want room according to y'r strength, but you never'd find it in the Republican party. It's struck with the palsy."

The judge had been talking this for two presidential campaigns and didn't take himself at all seriously.

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, yet."

"Do you want 'o study law?"

"I don't know, sir. Do you think I c'n be a lawyer?"

"If you're not too damned honest. If you want 'o try it, I'll make an arrangement with you, that will be better than sawing wood anyhow, this winter, and you can keep right on with your studies. We'll see what can be done next year."

The old man had taken a liking to Bradley on account of his oratory, and the possibilities of making him a Democratic leader had really taken possession of him. He had no son of his own and he took a deep interest in young men of the stamp of Milton and Bradley.

After he reached home that night, Bradley extended his ambitions. He dared to hope that he might be a lawyer, and an orator, which meant also a successful politician to him. Politics to him as to most western men was the greatest concern of life, and the city of Washington the Mecca whose shining dome lured from afar. To go to Washington was equivalent to being born again. "A man can do anything if he thinks so and tries hard," he thought, following Radbourn's words.

He bustled about cheerily, cooking his fried potatoes and scraps of meat, and boiling his tea. The dim light made his large face softer and more thoughtful than it had appeared before and his cheerfulness over his lonely meal typed forth the sublime audacity, profound ignorance, and pathetic faith with which such a man faces the world's millions and dares to hope for success.

PART III. POLITICS.

ON a dreamful September day of the following year, Bradley was helping Milton Jennings to dig potatoes. It was nearly time for his return to school and to Judge Brown's office, and the two young men were full of plans. Milton was intending to go back for another year, and Bradley intended to keep up with his studies if possible, and retain his place with Brown also.

"Say," broke out Milton suddenly, "we ought to attend this convention."

"What convention?"

"Why, the nominating convention at Rock. Father's going this afternoon. I never've been. Let's go with him."

"That won't dig taters," smiled Bradley in his slow way.

"Darn the taters. If we're goin' into politics we want 'o know all about things."

"That's so. I would like to go if your father'll let us off on the taters."

Mr. Jennings made no objection. "It'll be a farce, though, the whole thing."

"Why so?"

"I'll tell yeh on the way down. Git the team ready and we'll take neighbor Councill in."

Bradley listened to Mr. Jennings' explanation with an interest born of his expanding ambition. His marvellously retentive mind absorbed every detail and the situation cleared in his mind.

For sixteen years the affairs of the county had been managed by a group of persuasive, well-dressed citizens of Rock River, who played into each other's hands and juggled with the county's money with such adroitness and address that their reign seemed hopelessly permanent to the discontented and suspicious farmers of the county. Year after year they saw these gentlemen building new houses, opening banks, and buying in farm-mortgages "all out of the county," many grangers asserted.

Year after year the convention assembled, and year after year the delegates from the rural townships came down to find their duties purely perfunctory, simply to fill up the seats. They always found the slate made up and fine speakers ready to put it through with a rush of ready applause, before which the slower-spoken, disorganized farmers were well-nigh helpless. It was a case of perfect organization against disorganization and mutual distrust. Banded officialism fighting to keep its place against the demands of a disorganized righteous mob of citizens. Office is always a trained command. The intrenched minority is capable of a sort of rock-like resistance.

Rock River and its neighboring village of Cedarville, by pooling together could tie the convention, and in addition to these towns they always controlled several of the outlying townships by judicious flattery of their self-constituted managers, who were given small favors, put on the central committee, and otherwise made to feel that they were leading men in the township; and it was beginning to be stated that the county treasurer had regularly bribed other influential whippers-in, by an amiable remission of taxes.

"Why don't you fight 'em?" asked Milton after Mr. Jennings had covered the whole ground thoroughly.

Councill laughed. "We've been a-fightin' of um; suppose *you* try."

"Give us a chance, and we'll do our part. Won't we, Brad?"

Bradley nodded, and so committed himself to the fight. He was fated to begin his political career as an Independent Republican.

On the street they met other leading grangers of the county, and it became evident that there was a deep feeling of resentment present. They gathered in knots on the sidewalks that led up under the splendid maples that lined the sidewalks leading toward the court-house.

The court-house was of the usual pseudo-classic style of architecture, that is to say, it was a brick building with an ambitious façade of four wooden, fluted columns. Its halls echoed to the voices and footsteps of the crowd that passed up its broad, worn, and grimy steps into the court-room itself, which was grimier and more hopelessly filthy than the staircase with its stratified accumulations of cigar stubs and foul sawdust. Its seats were benches hacked and carved like the desks of a country schoolhouse. Nothing could be more barren, more desolate. It had nothing to relieve it save the beautiful stains of color that seemed thrown upon the windows by the crimson and orange maples which stood in the yard.

They found the room full of delegates, among whom there was going on a great deal of excited conversation. From a side room near the Judge's bench there issued, from time to time, messengers who came out among the general mob, and invited certain flattered and useful delegates to come in and meet with the central committee. There was plainly a division in the house.

"The rusty cusses are on their ears to-day," said Milton, "and there's going to be fun." His blue eyes were beaming with laughter, and his quick wit kept those who were within hearing on the broad grin.

"Goin' to down 'em t' day?" he asked of Councill.

"We're goin' t' try."

In one dishonest way or another the ring had kept its hold upon the county, notwithstanding all criticism, and now came to the struggle with smiling confidence. They secured the chairman by the ready-made quick vote, by acclamation for re-election. The president then appointed the committee upon credentials and upon nominations, and the work of the convention was opened.

The committee on nominations, in due course, presented its

slate as usual, but here the real battle began. Bradley suddenly found himself tense with interest. His ancestry must have been a race of orators and politicians, for the atmosphere of the convention roused him till it transformed him.

Here was the real thing. No mere debate, but a fight. There was battle in the air, now blue with smoke and rank with the reek of tobacco. There was fight in the poise of the grizzled heads and rusty, yellow shoulders of the farmers who had now fallen into perfect silence. In looking over it one might have been reminded of a field of yellow-gray boulders.

Colonel Russell moved the election of the entire slate, as presented by the nominating committee, in whom, he said, the convention had the utmost confidence. Four or five of the farmers sprang to their feet instantly and Osmond Deering got the floor. When he began speaking the loafers in the gallery stopped their chewing in excess of interest. He was one of the most influential men in the county.

"Mr. President," he began in his mild way, "I don't want to seem captious about this matter, but I want to remind this convention that this is the eighth year that almost the same identical slate has been presented to the farmers of Rock County and passed against our wishes. It isn't right that it should pass again. It sha'n't pass without my protest." Applause. "This convention has been robbed of its right to nominate every year, and every year we've gone home feeling we've been made cat's paws of, for the benefit of a few citizens of Rock River. I protest against the slate. I claim the right to nominate my man. I don't intend to have a committee empowered to take away my rights to —"

The opposition raised a clamor, "Question! Question!" attempting to force a vote, but the old man, carried out of himself by his excitement, shook his broad flat hand in the air, and cried: "I have the floor, gentlemen, and I propose to keep it." The farmers applauded. "I say to this convention, vote down this motion and set down on the old-fashioned slate-making committee business. It aint just, it aint right, and I protest against it."

He sat down to wild excitement, his supporters trying to speak, the opposition crying "Question, Question." Several fiery speeches were made by leading grangers, but they were met by a cool, smooth, persuasive speech from the chairman of the nominating committee, who argued that it was not to be supposed that this committee chosen by this convention would bring in a slate which would not be a credit and honor to the country. True, they were mainly from Rock River and Cedarville; but it must be remembered that the population of the county was mainly in these towns, and that no ticket could succeed which did not give a proper proportion of representation to these towns. These men

could not be surpassed in business ability. They were old in their office, it was true, but the affairs of the county were passing through a critical period in their history, and it was an old and well-tried saying : "Never swap horses in the midst of a stream," anyhow, he was content to leave the matter to the vote of this convention.

The vote carried the slate through by a small majority, leaving the farmers again stunned and helpless, and the further business of the convention was to restore peace and good-will, as far as possible, among the members. It was amazing to Bradley to find how easily he could be swayed by the plausible speeches of the gentlemanly chairman of the nominating committee. It was a great lesson to him in the power of oratory. The slate was put through simply by the address of the chairman of the committee.

On the way out they met Councill and Jennings walking out with Chairman Russell, who had his hand on a shoulder of each, and was saying, with beautiful candor and joviality: "Well, we beat you again. It's all fair in politics, you know."

"Yes, but it's the last time," said Jennings, who refused to smile. "We can't give this the go-by."

"Oh, well, now, neighbor Jennings, you mustn't take it too hard; you know these men are good capable men."

"They are capable enough," put in Deering, "but we want a change."

"Then make it," laughed Russell, good-naturedly defiant.

"We will make it, bet y'r boots," said Amos Ridings.

"Let's see yeh," was Russell's parting word, delivered with a jaunty wave of his hand.

The farmers rode home full of smouldering wrath. They were in fighting humor, and only needed an organizer to become a dangerous force.

II.

The following Saturday Bradley, who was still at work with Milton, saw Amos Ridings gallop up and dismount at the gate, and call Jennings out, and during the next two hours, every time he looked up he saw them in deep discussion out by the pig pen. Part of the time Jennings faced Amos, who leaned against the fence and whittled a stick, and part of the time he talked to Jennings who leaned back against the fence on his elbows, and studied Amos whittling the rail. Mrs. Jennings at last called them all to dinner, and still the question remained apparently unsolved, though they changed the conversation to crops and the price of wheat.

"Brad, set down here and make a lot o' copies of this call. Milt, you help him."

The call read:—

"A NEW DEAL. REFORM IN COUNTY POLITICS."

"A mass convention of the citizens of Rock County will be held at Rock Creek Grove on September the 28th, for the purpose of nominating a people's ticket. All who favor reform in politics and rebel against the ring rule of our county officers are invited to be present.
Per order,

AMOS RIDINGS,
JOHN JENNINGS,
WILLIAM COUNCILL,
People's Committee.

"What's all this?" asked Milton of his father.

"We're going to have a convention of our own."

"We're on the war path," said Amos grimly. "We'll make them fellers think hell's t' pay and no pitch hot."

After dinner Amos took a roll of the copies of the call and rode away to the north, and Jennings hitched up his team and drove away to the south. Milton and Bradley went back to their corn-husking, feeling that they were "small petaters."

"They don't intend to let us into it, that's dead sure," said Milton. "All the samee, I know the scheme. They're going to bolt the convention, and there'll be fun in the air."

The county woke up the next morning to find its schoolhouse doors proclaiming a revolt of the farmers, and the new deal was the talk of the county. It was the grange that had made this revolt possible. This general intelligence and self-cognizance was the direct result of the work of the grange. It had brought the farmers together and had made them acquainted with their own men, their own leaders, and when they came together a few days later, under the open sky, like the Saxon thanes of old, there was a spirit of rebellion in the air that made every man look his neighbor in the face with exultation.

It was a perfectly Democratic meeting. They came together that beautiful, September day under the great oaks, a witenage-mote of serious, liberty-loving men, ready to follow wherever their leaders pointed.

Amos Ridings was the chairman, tall, grim-lipped and earnest-eyed. His curt speech carried the convention with him. His platform was a wagon box, and he stood there with his hat off, the sun falling upon his shock of close-clipped stiff hair, making a powerful and resolute figure with a touch of poetry in his face.

"Fellow-citizens, we've come together here to-day to organize to oust the ring that has held our county affairs in their hands so long. We can oust them if we'll stand together. If we don't, we can't. I believe we will stand together. The grange has learned us something. It's made us better acquainted with each other.

An' the time has come f'r a fight. The first thing is a permanent chairman. Who'll y' have for chairman?"

"I nominate Amos Ridings."

"Second the motion," cried two voices in quick succession.

The chairman's grim visage did not relax. He had no time for false delicacy. "Are y' ready f'r the question?"

"Yes, yes," shouted the crowd.

"All in favor, say 'Aye'."

There was a vast shout of approval.

"Contrary minds 'No'! It's a vote."

The other officers were elected in the same way. They were there for business. They passed immediately to the nominations, and there was the same unanimity all down the ticket until the nominations for the county auditor began.

A small man lifted his hand and cried, "I nominate James McGann of Rock for auditor."

There was a little silence followed by murmurs of disapproval. The first false note had been struck. Someone seconded the motion. The chairman's gavel fell.

"I want to ask the secretary to take the chair for a few minutes," he said, and there was something in his voice that meant business. Something ominous. The delegates pressed closer. The secretary took the chair. "I've got something to say right here," Ridings began.

"Fellow-citizens, we're here in a big fight. We can't afford t' make any mistake. We can't afford to be tolled off the track by a bag of anise seed. Who is the man makin' this motion? Does anybody know him? I do. He's a spy. He's sent here f'r a purpose. Suppose he'd nominated a better man? His motion would have been out of place. His nomination of Jim McGann was a trick. Jim McGann can't git a pound o' sugar on credit in his own town. He never had any credit n'r influence. Why was he nominated? Simply to make us ridiculous,—a laughin' stock. I want to put you on your guard. If we win it's got t' be in a straight fight. That's all I've got t' say. Recognize no nomination that don't come from a man y' know."

The convention clamored its approval, and the small spy and trickster slunk away and disappeared. There was a certain majesty in the action of this group of roused farmers. Nominations were seconded and ratified with shouts, even down through the most important officers in the county and town. It was magnificent to see how deep was the harmony of action.

Deering was forced to accept the nomination for treasurer by this feeling of the unanimity and genuineness which pervaded each succeeding action, and when the vote was called, and the men thrust their hands in the air and shouted, they had some-

thing of the same feeling that lay at the heart of the men of Uri, and Unterwalden, and Schwytz when they shouted their votes together in the valley within the mighty cordon of guarding mountains around them.

The grange had made this convention and its magnificent action possible. Each leading member of the grange, through its festivals, and picnics, and institutes, had become known to the rest, and they were able to choose their leaders instantly. The ticket as it stood was very strong. Deering as treasurer and Councill as sheriff, insured success so far as these offices were concerned.

On the way home Councill shouted back at the young men riding with Jennings: "Now's a good time for you young chaps t' take the field and lectioneer while we nominees wear biled collars, and set in the parlor winder."

"What you want to do is stay at home and dig taters," shouted Milton. "A biled collar would defeat any one of yeh, dead sure."

This was, in fact, the plan of the campaign.

Amos Ridings assumed practical direction of it.

"Now we don't want a candidate to go out — not once. Every man stay home and not open his head. We'll do the work. You tend your knittin', and we'll elect yeh."

The boys went out on Friday nights, to electioneer for the Granger ticket, as it was called.

"It's boss fun," Milton said to his father. "It's ahead o' husking corn. It does tickle me to see the future sheriff of the county diggin' pertaters while I'm ridin' around in my best clo'es makin' speeches."

"We'll have the whip-row on you when we get into office," replied Mr. Jennings.

"Don't crow till y'r out o' the woods," laughed Milton.

The boys really aroused considerable enthusiasm, and each had stanch admirers though they were entirely opposed in style. Milton told a great many funny stories, and went off on what he considered to be the most approved oratorical flights. He called on the farmers to stand together. He asked them whether it was fair that the town should have all the offices. In short, he made very taking political harangues.

Bradley always arose in the same slow way. He was a little heavy in getting started. His deep voice was thick and husky at beginning, but cleared as he went on. His words came slowly, as if each were an iron weight. He dealt in facts — or what he believed to be facts. He had carefully collated certain charges which had been made against the officials of the county, and in his perfectly fearless way of stating them, there was immense power.



Respectfully yours
J.B. Weaver

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BATTLE HYMN OF LABOR.

BY NELLY BOOTH SIMMONS.

SINCE the slowly moving cycles of the nations first began
Has the world been curs'd and sadden'd by the selfishness of
man;
And the student of the people can but count this saying true,
That the many toil and struggle for the pleasure of the few.

Yet, O Freedom! — labor's birthright! — not for aye shalt thou be
sold
For the scanty mess of pottage, granted by the power of gold.
Lo, a brighter day is dawning; on tow'rd vast reforms we range;
In the world's deep heart is throbbing presage of a wondrous
change.

And the timepiece of the ages soon shall strike the fateful hour
When the tyrant's arm shall tremble, and the people learn their
pow'r.

Surely they have been full patient! — they by whom the world is
sav'd.
By the wealth which they created, have they borne to be
enslav'd.

They whose fingers, gnarl'd and stunt'd, humble in their task
sublime,
Bear the sacred ark of progress down the thorny path of time.

Work alone has sent the steam car plunging thro' the prairie vast,

And the mighty ocean vessel speeding on before the blast.

Labor wrested priceless treasures from the grim, unyielding hills,
Crown'd the slope with steepled cities, gemm'd the stream with
fruitful mills ;

Work has made the laughing harvest dimple ev'ry barren plain ; —
Yet the workman toils unquestion'd, and the spoiler reaps the
gain.

O the shame ! the deep injustice ! they to whom all wealth is due !
Forc'd to drain that bitter cup which only poverty doth brew !
Yet the light is surely breaking ! now at last the time is ripe ;
Even now a nobler rule is heralded by voice and type.

Ay ! no longer, as of yore, do toilers walk in mute despair,
Yielding in pathetic silence to the cruel yoke they wear.
They have spoken ! they have spoken ! — they who toil and suf-
fer so,
And the world is forc'd to listen to their liturgy of woe.

O the voice of Right, once hearken'd, never can be still'd to rest ;
Evil recognized is truly evil more than half redress'd.
Life is hard, the toilers tell us ; O how sore the daily need !
O how paltry is the pittance granted us by ruthless greed !

Oftentimes we see the shadow of starvation drawing near,
Till the cradles turn to coffins, and the bed becomes a bier.
We behold our wives and mothers struggling for the means of
life,
Till they grow unsex'd, unwoman'd, in the fierce and sordid
strife.

And we see the haughty spoiler, dwelling in voluptuous ease,
While our babes, within his coal mine, drag the burden on their
knees.

O, the blank, unvaried serfdom ! O, the needs unsatisfied !
O, the dreary, dreary homes where want doth evermore abide !

Not for us is Nature's beauty ; not for us the joy it yields,
When the first sweet lark of Maytime carols in the sunlight
fields.

O the blessed light of day is dimm'd by spectres grim and
gaunt ;
Grisly shapes of cold and hunger, phantoms of impending want.

And we toil in mines and fact'ries, till we scarce can hold it true,
That in distant lanes the lilies blossom under skies of blue.

O the spoiler owns vast acres ! We are granted, by his grace,
At the end of life's long torture, just a narrow burial-place.

It is truth the toiler speaks ! nay, more, the sting of all his
pain

Is, that they for whom he labors, view him with profound disdain.
"Toil is noble," sings the poet, and the world takes up the cry ;
But the conduct of the social gives the apothegm the lie.

O the world's accepted code — deny it, dreamer, tho' ye may ! —
Long ago declar'd the toiler fashion'd of a coarser clay.

By the priest within his pulpit, by the proud and silken dame,
By the lily-finger'd idler, labor is accounted shame.

Rank is worshipp'd, wealth respected, ay ! the swindler, if his plan
Fills with yellow gold his coffer, suffers not the social ban.

But the toiler, plain, unletter'd — *he* from scorn is not exempt.

Merchant, banker, nabob, lawyer, treat him with a bland con-
tempt.

Ay ! "he lacks the finer graces, it is meet he bears the yoke ;
Fit to delve and spin, but never fit to mix with cultur'd folk."

O the false, unequal standards ! O the crooked ways of life !

O the base, ignoble dealings, of this petty human strife !

Shame to hold that work is shameful ! When the toiler gains his
due,

Men shall deem the gilded idler hardly fit to latch his shoe.

And the time is coming, coming ! soon the Right shall reign su-
preme.

Even now Reform draws near the vast fulfilment of our dream.

From the serried ranks of labor springs a leader, here and there.
Now at last they rouse to action; they have waken'd from
despair.

Far along life's endless turmoil, thro' the voices of the world,
Lo, the challenge of the toilers like a thunderbolt is hurled.

O their sight, no longer darkened by the mist of hopeless tears,
Dwells upon the star of hope, that shines above the unborn years.
"By what right," they ask, "O spoiler! hast thou dared to claim
as thine

Earth's divinest myrrh and manna, life's most precious oil and
wine?

"False thou art to freedom, justice! traitor to thy fellow-man!—
Infidel to right and truth! destroyer of fair Nature's plan!
O thy foot is on the toiler! yet be not too sure, too sure
That we live, O haughty master, but to suffer and endure!

Thou hast coin'd thy golden eagles, O thou alchemist accurs'd,
From the tears of helpless babes, of mothers hunger'd and athirst.
Yet bethink thee now, O spoiler! dealing in thine hellish arts.
Thou dost play with men,—not puppets,—men, with human
heads and hearts.

O like Damocles of old thou sittest at the festal-board,
While with naked blade above thee, hangs the hair-suspended
sword!

In the glad, benignant future, as the files of time unroll,
Thou shalt find the workman's triumph blazon'd on the mighty
scroll.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.—SOME INTERESTING CASES.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

I AM to tell some stories; others are to explain them—if they can. Not that I mean to shirk any responsibility. I am ready with my opinions as to what seems to me reasonable in the way of theory, and what unreasonable, only I do not propose to dogmatize; and I am ready to listen to the suggested explanations of anybody else.

The one thing I *know* about these stories is that *they are true*. I say this advisedly and weighing my words. If in the case of any one of them, I only *think* or *believe* it is true, I shall say so; but nearly all of them I know to be true—know it in the same sense in which I use the word of that which is scientifically demonstrated.

These stories will lead us into the realm of the supernormal. I do not say supernatural, because I do not believe in any supernatural. In my way of looking at the universe, I regard all that is as natural. If, for example, there are invisible beings who can take part in the events of our lives, their being invisible does not make them either unnatural or supernatural. A blind man would have no right to regard other people as supernatural merely because he could not see them. Science makes it purely rational for us to believe in the possibility of the existence and activity of persons we cannot see. Our senses are limited; so it is only a question of fact and evidence. But certain things may transcend the range of our ordinary or normal experience. For clearness of thought, then, let us call these supernormal.

If the claim is made that some supernormal thing has occurred, it is only reasonable that people should demand adequate proof. The chances are against it, by as much as the normal is more common than the supernormal. If some one tells us that he has just seen on the street a dark-haired man dressed in gray, we do not ask for evidence of such a

fact; but if he tells us that, while he was looking at him, he faded out of sight and disappeared, we naturally and rightly doubt the reality of his experience. We know that people can be mistaken; we know that they sometimes lie; we know that, in certain conditions of the brain, men think they see when no objective reality corresponds with their vision. The probabilities, then, are in favor of some one of these explanations.

But that a real, conscious, intelligent being may exist and not be visible to normal eyes; that such a being may be seen at one time by a particular person and not at another; that he may be seen by one person and not by others,—there is nothing in all this that contravenes scientific possibility. It is not as if a man should tell us that he knew of a country where water did not freeze at 32° Fahrenheit. The scientifically impossible is one thing; while the improbable, the uncommon, or the supernormal, is quite another thing. The supernormal may be true. While, then, the probabilities are against it, the proof may be such as to render it credible. Indeed, it is conceivable that the proof may become so strong as to make incredulity absurd and unscientific. The attitude of caution is rational; but the attitude of those who "know" a thing cannot be true, merely because it is unusual, or because it does not fit into the theory of things which they happen to hold—this is irrational.

What looks like proof of certain supernormal happenings has been accumulating so rapidly during the last few years, that public attention has been turned in this direction as never before. Psychic investigation is becoming "respectable." It will be fortunate for it if it does not become a fashionable fad for those who want a new sensation. It is curious, and would be ludicrous were it not sad, to watch the progress of these things. "You ought to be thankful to me," said John Weiss one morning, as I met him on Washington Street, "for I have been killed to make room for you." Yes, brave men were professionally and socially killed, to make our religious liberty possible. And now even the "Orthodox" get great credit for being "liberal," and the blood-bought liberty is the hobby of snobs. Always some Winkelreid makes way for liberty at the price of fatal thrusts of spears.

A world-famous man, Church of England clergyman and scientist in one, said to me one day, "I do not talk about my psychic experiences and knowledge with everybody. I used to think all who had anything to do with these things were fools; *and I do not enjoy being called a fool.*" But now the danger is that the society fools will go to dabbling in the matter. Said another man to me, a scholar known on two continents, "Suppose you and I should come to believe, it would only be *a couple more cranks!*" But it begins to look as though the "cranks" might get to be in the majority, when a famous German philosopher can say that "The man who any longer denies clairvoyance does not show that he is prejudiced; he only shows that he is *ignorant.*"

So much by way of preface to my stories. It seems to me that all these points, at least, ought to be kept in mind by one who reads them and seriously tries to think out what they may mean. Now to the stories themselves.

I. Let me begin by telling about some rappings. Do these ever occur except in cases where they are purposely produced? Are they always a trick? A vast amount of ingenuity has been expended by those who have thought they could explain these things as the work of toe joints or other anatomical peculiarities. It will be something to find out that genuine raps do occur, whatever theory may be adopted in explanation of them.

I know a regular physician living not a thousand miles from Boston. His wife, I should call a psychic, though she does not call herself so. Neither she nor her husband has ever had anything to do with spiritualism, nor are they believers. Where they formerly lived they were continually troubled by strange and unaccountable happenings; but though they moved to their present residence, the happenings—with one important exception—have not ceased. No attempt has been made to reduce these happenings to order, or to find out whether there is any discoverable intelligence connected with them. The doctor vaguely holds the opinion that they indicate some abnormal nervous condition on the part of his wife. So far the whole matter has been treated from that point of view. But what is it that happens? Sometimes, for two hours on a stretch, the doctor and his wife are kept wide awake at night by loud rappings on the headboard of their bed. In accordance with his nervous

theory, the doctor will hold his wife with one arm, while the hand of the other arm is pressed against the headboard, in the attempt thus to put an end to the disturbance. Said the doctor to me one day, "If anybody thinks these rappings are not genuine, I should like to have him go through some of my experiences."

He and his wife will be sitting by the drawing-room table of an evening. They will be conscious of a stream of cold air passing by them,—an accompaniment of psychic facts well known to investigators,—and then the "trouble" will begin. Sometimes it is only raps. At other times they will hear a noise on the floor of the room above, and will think their boy has fallen out of bed; but on going up to see, they find him quietly asleep. Sometimes there will be a loud crash in the corner of the room over the furnace register, as though a basket of crockery had been thrown down and broken. They occupy the house alone, and have no other way of explaining these unpleasant facts than the one alluded to above.

I give this case because of the undoubted occurrence of these things in the house of one who is not a believer nor even an investigator. There is no expectancy or invitation of them, or any superstitious attitude of mind towards them. They are, in this case, plain, bold, apparent facts, as real as is breakfast or supper, or the existence of a brick in the sidewalk.

The "one important exception" referred to above is this: In the house they formerly occupied, the doctor's wife sometimes saw the figure of a woman. Others were said to have seen it also. It was never visible to the doctor. There is the story of a tragic death which connects this woman with this particular house. Those who believe in haunted houses would thus be able to explain why this figure is never seen in the house at present occupied by the doctor's family.

Here there are raps not to be explained as the conscious, purposed work of any visible person; nor can they be explained as the result of the shrinking of boards, as the work of rats or mice, or in any ordinary way. Starting with facts like these, many persons have supposed themselves to get into communication with invisible intelligences who had taken these ways of attracting attention. Nothing of this sort has been even attempted here. I simply set forth the facts and the reality of the raps.

II. I will now tell a brief story of one of my own experiences in this line.

Until within the past year or two there lived in New York City a lady who, when a girl, had been somewhat known as a "medium." But for twenty or thirty years she led a quiet home life with her husband, a well-known business-man. But intimates in the house told stories of remarkable occurrences. For example, a friend of this family has told me how, when at breakfast, after having spent the night there, raps would come on the table; and by means of them, how long and pleasant conversations would be held with those who once had walked the earth, but now were in the unseen. This is his belief.

Having occasion to pass through New York, this friend, above referred to, gave me a letter of introduction, saying he knew I would be welcomed if I called at the house of this lady. I had never seen her, nor she me, but one morning I presented myself with my letter. I was shown into the back parlor. Carpenters were at work on a conservatory opening out of this room where the lady had received me. They made more or less noise, but not enough to interfere with our conversation. Soon I began to hear raps, apparently on the floor, and then in different parts of the room. On this, the lady remarked, simply, "Evidently there is some one here who wishes to communicate with you. Let us go into the front parlor, where it will be quieter." This we did, the raps following us, or rather beginning again as soon as we were seated. At her suggestion I then took pencil and paper (which I happened to have in my bag), and sat at one side of a marble-top table, while she sat at the other side in a rocker and some distance away. Then she said, "As one way of getting at the matter, suppose you do this: You know what friends you have in the spirit world. Write now a list of names—any names you please, real or fictitious, only among them somewhere include the names of some friends in the spirit world who, you think, might like to communicate with you, if such a thing were possible." I then began. I held a paper so that she could not possibly have seen what I wrote, even though she had not been so far away. I took special pains that no movement or facial expression should betray me. Meantime she sat quietly rocking and talking. As I wrote, perhaps at the eighth or

tenth name, I began to write the name of a lady friend who had not been long dead. I had hardly written the first letter before there came three loud, distinct raps. Then my hostess said, "This friend of yours, of course, knows where she died. Write now a list of places, including in it the place of her death, and see if she will recognize it." This I did, beginning with Vienna, and so on with any that occurred to me. Again, I had hardly begun to write the real name, when once more came the three raps. And so on, concerning other matters. I speak of these only as specimens.

Now, I cannot say that in this particular case the raps were not caused by the toe joints of the lady. The thing that puzzles me, in this theory, is as to how the toe joints happened to know the name of my friend, where she died, etc., which facts the lady herself did not know, and never had known.

Certain theories, as explanations of certain facts, are already regarded as demonstrated by those familiar with the results of psychic investigation. Among these are hypnotism, clairvoyance, telepathy, and the agency of the sub-conscious self as active about matters with which the conscious self is not familiar. Can the simplest, genuine rap be explained as coming under either of these? No one has the slightest idea how, and as yet there is nothing in this direction that, even by courtesy, can be called a theory; but it *may* be possible that these raps are produced by psychic power. If so, as in Case I., the psychic herself does not know even *that* she does it, much less *how*. Are they the work of the sub-conscious self? No sub-conscious self has ever claimed to do it. And if so, from what source does this sub-conscious self, as in Case II., obtain a knowledge of facts the psychic never knew? To explain these cases in accordance with any yet accepted theories, mind-reading must also be introduced. This New York lady must have been able, not only to produce the raps, consciously or unconsciously, but also to read my mind and tell me things she never knew before. But these things, if they do no more, reveal such an extension of mental power as to lead us into a world vastly unlike that which is recognized by ordinary scientific theories; and it may be well for us to be on our guard lest we invent theories more decidedly supernormal than the facts we seek to explain.

III. I will now tell a story that will be explained as a case of telepathy. The date of the occurrence is April last, and the place Boston. For eight years Dr. B. and his mother had lived together in Odessa, a city in the southern part of Russia. Their relation was one of peculiar dependence and tenderness, as they had no other relatives living. The doctor left Odessa a year ago last fall. A close correspondence was kept up, it being their plan that the mother was to join him here as soon as he determined on a place of residence and matters were properly arranged. On Monday, April 27, the doctor received a letter telling him she was in the best of health, and full of anticipated joy over their speedy reunion. The doctor himself was growing happy and excited over the prospect. There was nothing, therefore, in the situation even to hint anything but happiness. But on April 28 at 2.30 A. M., the doctor awoke, trembling from head to foot and in the greatest excitement. He awoke out of a most vivid dream. He was in Odessa, and his mother was taking leave of him, and saying, "God bless you, my boy! I shall never see you again here." The next day, or the same day, i. e., the 28th, he told this dream to some friends. (I have this from the friends as well as from himself, so there is no doubt as to the order of the events.) During the morning of Wednesday, April 29, the doctor received a telegram from a friend in New York, saying, "Arrive 8 P. M., Boston. Expect you depot or Hotel Vendome." This troubled him a little, taken in connection with his dream; for there was no ordinary known reason for a visit from this friend at this particular time.

And this fact needs to be inserted right here. On Wednesday morning early, a friend called at the doctor's room, and found that he had been so excited and had suffered so the night before, that he had come in and thrown himself on his lounge in his clothes, and without removing even his overcoat, and so had passed the night, so absorbed in his forebodings that he was hardly conscious of what he was doing.

On Wednesday evening, then, the 29th, he met his friend from New York. After two hours of preliminary talk, in which he tried to prepare him for bad news, he handed him a cablegram in German. This cablegram asked him to indulgently prepare the doctor for the news, and then tell

him of the death of his mother. The hour of her death coincided precisely with the time of the doctor's dream. Not only this, she died holding the hand of the friend who had sent the cablegram; and in her wanderings, she imagined she was talking to the doctor, and taking leave of him in the precise words that he had heard in his dream.

What, then, are these souls or spirits or minds of ours that can communicate from Russia to Boston by some psychic line whose wonder turns telegraph and telephone to commonplace? One case like this *might* be explained as merely a coincidence. But so many have been carefully traced and verified that the theory of coincidence becomes too irrational even to consider.

IV. My fourth story goes far beyond any of these, and — well, I will ask the reader to decide as to whether there is any help in hypnotism or clairvoyance or mind-reading, or any of the selves of the psychic, conscious, or sub-conscious.

Early on Friday morning, Jan. 18, 1884, the steamer "City of Columbus," *en route* from Boston to Savannah, was wrecked on the rocks off Gay Head, the southwestern point of Martha's Vineyard. Among the passengers was an elderly widow, the sister-in-law of one of my friends, and the mother of another.

This lady, Mrs. K., and her sister, Mrs. B., had both been interested in psychic investigation, and had held sittings with a psychic whom I will call Mrs. E. Mrs. B. was in poor health, and was visited regularly for treatment on every Monday by the psychic, Mrs. E. On occasion of these professional visits, Mrs. B. and her sister, Mrs. K., would frequently have a sitting. This Mrs. E., the psychic, had been known to all the parties concerned for many years, and was held in the highest respect. She lived in a town fifteen or twenty miles from Boston. This, then, was the situation of affairs when the wreck of the steamer took place.

The papers of Friday evening, January 18, of course contained accounts of the disaster. On Saturday, January 19, Dr. K., my friend, the son of Mrs. K., hastened down to the beach in search of the body of his mother. No trace whatever was discovered. He became satisfied that she was among the lost, but was not able to find the body. Saturday night he returned to the city. Sunday passed by. On Monday morning, the 21st, Mrs. E. came from her coun-

try home to give the customary treatment to her patient, Mrs. B. Dr. K. called on his aunt while Mrs. E. was there, and they decided to have a sitting, to see if there would come to them anything that even purported to be news from the missing mother and sister. Immediately Mrs. K. claimed to be present; and along with many other matters, she told them three separate and distinct things which, if true, it was utterly impossible for either of them to have known.

1. She told them that, after the steamer had sailed, she had been able to exchange her inside stateroom for an outside one. All that any of them knew, was that she had been obliged to take an inside room, and that she did not want it.

2. She told them that she played whist with some friends in the steamer saloon during the evening; and she further told them the names of the ones who had made up the table.

3. Then came the startling and utterly unexpected statement,—“I do not want you to think of me as having been drowned. I was not drowned. When the alarm came, I was in my berth. Being frightened, I jumped up, and rushed out of the stateroom. In the passage-way, I was suddenly struck a blow on my head, and instantly it was over. So do not think of me as having gone through the process of drowning.” Then she went on to speak of the friends she had found, and who were with her. This latter, of course, could not be verified. But the other things could be. It was learned, through survivors, that the matter of the stateroom and the whist, even to the partners, was precisely as had been stated. But how to verify the other statement, particularly as the body had not been discovered?

All this was on Monday, the 21st. On Tuesday, the 22d, the doctor and a friend went again to the beach. After a prolonged search among the bodies that had been recovered, they were able to identify that of the mother. And they found the right side of the head *all crushed in by a blow*.

The impression made on the doctor, at the sitting on Monday, was that he had been talking with his mother. The psychic, Mrs. E., is not a clairvoyant, and there were many things connected with the sitting that made the strong impression of the mother's present personality. In order to have obtained all these facts, related under numbers 1, 2, and 3,

the psychic would have had to be, not only clairvoyant, but to have gotten into mental relations with several different people *at the same time*. The reading of several different minds at once, and also clairvoyant seeing, not only of the bruised body, but of facts that took place on the Friday previous (this being Monday),—all these multiplex and diverse operations, going on simultaneously, make up a problem that the most ardent advocate of telepathy, as a solvent of psychic facts, would hardly regard as reasonably coming within its scope.

Let us look at it clearly. Telepathy deals only with occurrences taking place at the time. I do not know of a case where clairvoyance is even claimed to see what were once facts, but which no longer exist. Then there must have been simultaneous communication with several minds. This, I think, is not even claimed as possible by anybody. Then let it be remembered that Mrs. E. is not conscious of possessing either telepathic or clairvoyant power. Such is the problem.

I express no opinion of my own. I only say that the doctor, my friend, is an educated, level-headed, noble man. He felt sure that he detected undoubted tokens of his mother's presence. If such a thing is ever possible, surely this is the explanation most simple and natural.

V. The only other case I shall be able to find room for in this article is a genuine ghost story, all the better for my purpose because it is simple and clear cut in every particular. It is perfectly authentic, and true beyond any sort of question.

The lady who furnishes me the facts is a parishioner, and a distant connection. In the year 1859, Mrs. S. and Mrs. C. were living in two different towns in the State of Maine. Both were Methodists, and the husband of Mrs. C. was a clergyman of that denomination. My brother, at one time, was well acquainted with him, and the family was related to my brother's wife. At this time, in 1859, Mrs. C. was ill with dropsy, and her sister, Mrs. S., was visiting her. They both well knew that Mrs. C. could not live for long, and that this was to be their last meeting in the body. One day they were speaking of the then new and strange belief of spiritualism, when Mrs. C. said, "Mary, if it is true, and it is a possible thing, I will come to you after my death."

The day following, Mrs. S. returned to her home, in another part of the State. Some weeks passed by; it was now October 4. Mr. S. was away from home, and Mrs. S. was alone with her two daughters. No one was on the premises except a farm-hand, who slept in another part of the house. As is the common custom in these country towns in Maine, the daughters had gone to bed early, and were asleep. They were both awakened out of their sleep by their mother, who came and told them that their Aunt Melinda was dead, for she had just seen her standing in the doorway, in her night-dress. They noted the time, and it was 9.50 P.M.

In those days there were no telegraphs. The mails, even, were very irregular, and the post office was four miles away. They had heard nothing to make them think that their aunt was any nearer death than she had been for a long time. Three days after, i.e., on October 7, news came that Mrs. C. had passed away on the evening of October 4, after being dressed for bed. At 9.30 they had left her, for a few moments, sitting comfortably in her chair. At 10 they returned and found her dead, and they said she looked as though she had been dead for some minutes. Of course when they sent this news, they knew nothing of the fact that, by some subtle express, they had been anticipated by at least three days.

I am well aware of the policy of the Psychical Society, and that the attempt is made to explain such appearances by supposing that the dying friend is able telepathically to impress, not ideas only, but images on the minds of distant friends, so producing the effect of an objective vision. Indeed, I am in sympathy with this attitude on the part of the society. Let telepathy and all other well-established theories be strained to the utmost. We will go further for explanations only when we have to. But there are some who think that these theories are already being overweighted. No matter. Let them be. For if they break down at last, and compel us to go further, some other theory will come as a necessity; and the proof at last will seem all the more forcible because the conclusion was not jumped at, but came when all other explanations had proven futile.

Here, then, I stop for the present. Not a third of my authentic cases have been even alluded to. Many of the most striking still remain; for I wished to begin as near

the commonplace as possible, and so advance from the less to the more complex and difficult. If it shall seem best, some more of my stories may be told later on.

NOTE.—I have not thought best to give names, but I am in possession of names, dates, facts of every kind, sufficient to make these what would be called legal evidence in a court of justice.

FULL-ORBED EDUCATION.

BY PROF. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

WHAT is the true and supreme purpose of education? Is it not self-evident that its true purpose is to prepare for a successful, happy, and honorable career in life? Is not that what all parents desire for their children, and would they not most eagerly send them to any institution which promised such an education?

The old idea of education was comparatively puny and trivial. It was merely to acquire familiarity with language and the contents of books, without any attempt to develop intellectual vigor, honorable principles, practical capacity, useful knowledge, and constitutional vigor. Everything important was thus neglected, and the product of such education was often totally unfit for an honorable and useful life — feeble in health, ignorant of the whole business of life, weak in principle, and weaker still in the capacity for independent thought. Some of the worst features of this failure were due to the damaging effects of an education which gave a liberal supply of useless knowledge, irrational prejudice, hereditary superstition, and profound ignorance of the laws of life and of social welfare.

In the language of Milton: "The youth were driven into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all the while with ragged notions of babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge."

As recently expressed by Lowe: "It is perfectly wonderful that it should have been found possible to waste three years of the most active part of life in learning the difference between what knowledge they brought, and what they take away."

The dominant idea to-day is that education should confer literary with *a little* scientific knowledge, and such mental discipline as is obtained in acquiring these accomplishments.

A celebrated college president recently gave his idea of a

university as a place where any man could learn anything. That seemed to be his highest ideal near the end of the nineteenth century!

This is a small fragment of the rational conception, and compares with a full-orbed education as the little finger compares with the whole hand, for such culture is the smallest of the five elements of a true education, and thousands attain eminence without it. Our greatest military and political heroes, Washington and Jackson, who towered above their contemporaries, were quite deficient in their literary culture, as I know by specimens of their manuscript in my possession. They were greatly surpassed in this respect by thousands if not millions of the educated who have passed through insignificant lives, and been forgotten as ephemeral insects, or perhaps have sunk in dishonor. Education in the past never qualified men for a noble career, and often *disqualified* them by the large amount of artificial ignorance and false views of life, and by the impairment of their vital stamina, when they gave themselves up too completely to an antiquated education by books that ought to have been obsolete, instead of preserving their manhood by manly sports and social pleasures.

To-day there is a reaction against this which gives scope and encouragement to physical culture, but a very large portion, fully one third, of the collegiate youth of too scholastic Germany are still greatly injured in their education, being made myopic, and this impairment of the eyes cannot be produced in training without inflicting similar injuries upon the whole constitution and the powers of the mind, for the very same methods that impair the eyes and contract the vision, make also a mental myopia in restraining the bold, out-reaching energies of the mind and body which colleges never supposed it their duty to develop.

Excessive devotion to books is, and ever has been, the curse of all educational systems. As a specimen of humanity, the unschooled hunter or Indian warrior, with all his senses, faculties, muscles, and social energies highly developed, is a nobler example than the over-trained and often effeminate scholar, who has lost his manhood in trying, by a vicious method, to cultivate one fifth of his nature and has failed even in that object, for that is not mental education which does not give useful knowledge, independent

thought, capacity for finding the truth, and sound judgment in all the affairs of life.

That mere scholastic education, even when not confined to text-book studies, is but one fifth of a complete education, and that when confined to text-book training it is not more than a tenth of a complete education is obvious, when we reflect upon what a complete education should do, or every rational thinker would affirm if questioned.

1. First, it would develop strong physical constitution, competent to do, to dare, and to achieve ; competent to bear with ease all the burdens of life in any situation. We know this to be possible and yet, self-evident as it is, the colleges for centuries have ignored it and allowed the idea to be universally accepted that education could not develop the physical constitution but must impair it so naturally that it would be impracticable to give women a collegiate education, because they had not the physical activity to endure so exhaustive a process. It is but a few years since this idea was set forth in a book by a Harvard professor, but only to meet a speedy refutation by the experience of women competing with men in colleges.

For this long warfare against the physical development of humanity, the colleges are just beginning to atone by tolerating and even encouraging physical culture. It is to be hoped they will soon fully realize their duty by receiving poorly developed boys and girls, and returning them strong and active. Certainly no institution should be tolerated which is not willing to do it. This is the first fifth of a *truly liberal* education without which the whole education may become a failure.

2. As the world lives and advances by labor, work is the *chief business of life*, the chief duty for which education should prepare us. If we are not prepared to do our duty in sustaining ourselves and those who are dependent upon us, we are a burden upon society, and it would have been better for the world that we had not been born, or being here should die as soon as practicable.

Uneducated physical ability never produces wealth or secures comfort. Nations in that condition are in perpetual suffering and ever and anon die by millions, in famine and pestilence.

INDUSTRIAL education makes every man and woman a

successful producer, and a contributor to the national wealth, places them above the fear of want, and gives them a hope of increasing prosperity as they advance in life, and rear their children in honor and usefulness.

To turn loose upon society a young man or woman entirely untrained in the great business of life, unprepared to sustain themselves in comfort by industry, is about as kind and as rational as to toss them into a river before they have learned to swim. It is simply adding increased pressure and more numerous victims to the great crush and competition of ignorant, unskilled labor, which in all nations, even those calling themselves Christian, develops everywhere the wailing agonies of poverty, disease, premature death, demoralization, despair, debauchery, and crime. And, horrible to tell, woman, the source of future generations, is the chief victim of this barbarity, everywhere living upon lower wages than men, excluded from skilful occupations, and more heavily crushed by misfortunes, which, while they bear immediately upon her, bear with greater force upon the coming race, the helpless victims whom we torture in advance by depriving the mothers of that industrial education which alone can redeem them from this suffering.

Our terribly false education, instead of proffering or favoring industrial training, has looked upon it with contempt, and placed a barrier of scorn between the white-handed indolent student of Greek and Latin, and the hard-handed toiler and consumptive needy women, who are imprisoned by their ignorance and the slaughter-house of half-paid labor. That a nation's wealth might be doubled by industrial education, that poverty and pauperism might be abolished, while tramps would disappear and criminals no longer demand a numerous police, are reasons sufficient to inspire enthusiasm and even to make some impression on legislative bodies. The appropriations for industrial education, slowly increasing in the last twenty years, give promise of the "good time coming," but in the language of Milton, "How long, O Lord, how long," shall this relief be delayed? shall it wait and wait until the exasperated toilers, tired of waiting, are inflamed to bloody revolution, which mole-eyed statesmen will not or cannot foresee and prevent?

Oh for a trumpet-tongued warning in the ears of every legislative body of this country: "Forget for a while your

party politics and personal measures, for labor constitutes the pillars of the republic, and unless it is speedily attended to, the republic may fall in convulsions."

"But," says one, "shall the children of the wealthy be taught mechanic arts?" Most assuredly! The scions of some royal houses in Europe are taught useful trades, and we should be even more democratic, if we can. Our gilded youth should all be taught (at least as much as the students of technology) not only to bring them into intelligent sympathy and fraternity with laborers, and make a true democracy, but for the more cogent reason that it is the only true method of *intellectual* education. For genuine mental discipline and invigoration of mind, three months of proper industrial training is worth more than two years of Latin and Greek, and the useful knowledge thus acquired is worth vastly more and is combined with common sense.

3. Physical ability and industrial ability being thus secured, what guarantee have we that they will make a success? What security that all may not soon be lost by some of the thousand diseases which ravage the nations and which, as it is, even now, reduce the life of the laborer to one half its normal length?

Would a sensible architect build a house which the prevailing winds would be sure to demolish before it had served more than half its time? Would he not strengthen it if he could easily do so, to withstand any wind?

What is the protection needed by the young man or woman? Evidently when they start in the journey of life they need a perfect chart of the route to be pursued and the dangers to be avoided.

They need a perfect knowledge of the human constitution, of its construction, its philosophy, its normal culture, in a word, a complete ANTHROPOLOGY, a science not known in any university, but which will have its place in all universities in the next century. Understanding themselves, understanding the philosophy and methods of perfect health — methods which are spiritual or ethical as well as physical, — they need, also, to know the liabilities to disease, the characters of disease, and the innumerable resources offered us in nature by which disease may be kept at a distance, or may be aborted when it approaches. They should have an equipment of knowledge which properly used would be an insur-

ance against all forms of disease not due to the inevitable exposures and accidents to which we are all liable, or to ancestral inheritance, and which would justify us in saying to each, you have no right to be sick unless it is externally forced upon you. You should consider any other illness an offence against ethics, of which you should not be guilty, for to you life and ability are granted, enough for every duty, and you have no right to fail in duties by failing in health.

I know that this may seem like claiming too much and promising too much; but as an expert in hygienic teaching, I affirm that it is practical, and now at the age of seventy-seven I can say that I know no departure from health and vigor which has not been forced upon me by inevitable circumstances, but from which I react as soon as they are removed.

The third demand for education, then, is for HYGIENIC ABILITY to carry one buoyantly through life to the end of a century, which will be the goal, when hereditary infirmities shall have been eliminated from a well-trained generation.

4. When we have secured physical, industrial, and hygienic ability, what else is needed for a successful life? The three abilities thus acquired do in themselves largely imply and introduce the fourth, for the whole four are associated and interwoven, each assisting the other, though we may consider them separately as if each could exist without the other, and thus considering them separately and singly, I affirm that there is yet another ability required, another element in education without which the first three elements, if the fourth were *entirely* removed, would be useless, so entirely useless that it were better the man had never been born than to be born without the fourth element, which should be the supreme object in all education, but which, alas, has been so extensively ignored, as in many cases, to reduce the value of all education to a cipher.

The fourth element will round out the full-orbed education, and transcending in importance all the others, will prepare that final evolution of humanity toward which all evolutionary history points as the inevitable consummation of progress under the law that has governed all periods since the Azoic Age.

This fourth element is the ETHICAL — the divine element

in man, the mighty combination of love, justice, will, dignity, reverence, truth, sympathy, faith, hope, spirituality, and all the virtues that make the perfection of humanity and ally man to heaven.

Without some portion of this the race could not continue in existence, with a greater portion civilization becomes possible, and in proportion as this element is increased progress becomes an ascent to higher and happier conditions, while its diminution inevitably brings the decay and downfall of individuals and of nations — society becoming corrupt and criminal, living in individual and national bloodshed, while woman, crushed into misery, transmits only the legacy of this living death to posterity.

Take away all ethical principle, and the man becomes a horrible object, a curse to society and to himself; and his intellectual education but renders him more dangerous.

Happiness or misery, success or failure, depends upon this element without which education is worse than vain, and if it be in the power of any system of education to develop or to cultivate this supreme element, surely its cultivation should be the paramount object of all educational institutions, and those which do not efficiently cultivate it should not be tolerated.

The universal collegiate neglect of this supreme element, as well as of the three other elements of a true education, argues nothing against the practicability of its culture, for it has been amply demonstrated in a few eccentric but well-managed institutions that ethical culture may revolutionize character, may change young criminals into good citizens, and may elevate those who are not criminals far above the ethical standard of any adult community known in history or in the present day.

Before giving the practical demonstration let me ask if any reader can doubt the rational possibility of this, who knows that any or all of our muscles can be educated into large development and strength, that the intellect is equally susceptible of culture, and that virtues and vices are alike capable of unlimited culture by social influences or early training, establishing a character for good or evil, which in a few years becomes unchangeable.

What reason affirms experience has proved, and no one will doubt that we can educate downwards or upwards, —

that we can send the boy to perdition by turning him loose in the streets, in the vicious quarters of a city, and that we can elevate him by a refining education; but how far he can be lifted and how permanently sustained is the practical question which experience has answered so fully as to make the neglect of ethical education a crime in the authorities that permit it, while the examples of its power are so widely known.

At the Rauben Haus, near Hamburg, the lowest class of degraded and criminal children were confined in prison. Mr. Wichern, in the enthusiasm of love, took charge of this prison, filled with youth from seven to sixteen years of age, brought them under the control of ethical education, removed the walls, the bars and bolts, and developed in the entire mass a generous refinement and unselfish loveliness, which has never been surpassed or equalled in any institution of which I have ever heard, a refinement of nature unknown in American schools. The facts are unquestionable for they are narrated by Horace Mann and by Rev. Calvin E. Stowe. They were reformed, Mr. Wichern said, "by active occupation, *music*, and Christian love."

With less of this loving inspiration, and perhaps more mechanical methods, the reformatory school of Miltrey, France, reformed eighty-five per cent. of the juvenile criminals sent to it, and the reformatory schools of England for criminal youth need no confinement, and are as well behaved as the schools of the better classes. They reform two thirds, and might achieve a better result were not many of the youth the children of felons.

The State Reform School of Lancaster, Ohio, for criminal youth condemned by the courts, under the superintendence of Mr. G. W. Flower, had received, up to 1874, in sixteen years, about two thousand young criminals, of whom more than ninety-five per cent. had been restored to lives of respectability and usefulness.

Ethical education was fearlessly relied upon and there was no confinement of the young criminals by walls, bars, or bolts, no corporal punishment and nothing to distinguish it from other schools but its systematic industry, its extreme good order, its general harmony, and its entire freedom from the coarse language, the disorder, and the wanton mischief which we generally found in schools.

Most encouraging is the fact that in three years or less this reformation was effected, and that it was more effective with the older than the younger boys, which encourages the belief that a large portion of our penitentiary convicts may be reformed by the same method.

Is it not possible for legislative bodies to recognize the sublime principles of the Jesus Christ whom they, in words, profess to revere, and to realize the brotherhood of all men, to realize that those whom an unfortunate inheritance, unfortunate education, unfortunate associations have made a moral wreck are our brothers still, and entitled as much as the victims of insanity or pestilence to be lifted out of the pit of destruction, if it be possible? When we visit our criminal brother only in scorn or vengeance, we are really participating in his crime by allowing its malignity to enter our souls. But perhaps it is too much to hope for such humanity when nations are willing to slaughter half a million for some petty international dispute, and the preparation for such a crime is the leading expense of a national treasury. How can the poor criminal expect any more mercy than the private citizen, guilty only of belonging to another nationality? But we may believe the time is coming when the slaughter of citizens and the crushing of criminals shall cease.

Excuse this digression, but is it not proved that by ethical education crime can be abolished, as by industrial education pauperism and poverty may be abolished, and by hygienic education pestilence and premature death may be consigned to the limbo of forgotten barbarisms?

I do not speak of the fifth element, intellectual education, for that is not new, as it has received the blind blundering attention of twenty centuries, and is getting into a hopeful *beginning* of rationality. I wish to lay all possible emphasis on ethical education, as the world's saviour, and I do not say *moral* education, for the word moral has been so dwarfed and distorted by vulgar usage as to be worthless and incapable of expressing its proper meaning; nor do I say *religious*, for that word, too, has been so debased in barbarous ages by puerile theologies as to have lost fully half its meaning as unfolded by Jesus. Yet the ethical education is in the highest degree profoundly moral and religious, in the true sense of those words, and makes a character so noble and charming that all admire and love it.

This is the character which should be the fruit of a full-orbed education, or as it has been properly called, "THE NEW EDUCATION," which, by its persistent power would be developed first in those of best inheritance, and *finally* in entire nations, whose condition would differ from ours as much as we differ from the savage contemporaries of him of the Neanderthal skull.

The charming life of generous and sympathetic sentiment seen in the Rauben Haus, and the noble refinement of character developed in the school of Fellenberg at Hofengl, are demonstrations of possibilities and predictions of a future to which the dull, prosaic, conservative mind cares not to look, but to which the generous souls now coming forward in this country will look with the firm resolution that it shall be realized if possible.

The school of Fellenberg was a reality, admired by all Europe, and honored by governments, and one of its noblest products, the philosopher, legislator, and philanthropist, Robert Dale Owen, said of this school: "It comes before me now in the light of a life's teaching, and by comparison with the realities of after years, more like a dream of fancy seen under the glamor of optimism, than anything sober, actual, and really to be met with in this prosaic world. It avails nothing to tell me that such things cannot be, for at Hofengl they were. I described a state of society which I saw, and part of which I was."

Dreams and fancies may never be realized, but *principles* attained by reason and demonstrated by ample experiments are eternal, and sure of future realization; for the wheels of progress are as sure to roll *onward* as the earth to continue in its orbit round the sun.

THE THREEFOLD CONTENTION OF INDUSTRY.

BY GENERAL J. B. WEAVER.

THERE are three fundamental questions pressing for solution in America. Indeed, they to-day challenge the attention of the whole civilized world. They are distinct and yet cognate, segregated though inseparable, and seem destined to advance *pari passu*, and to conquer together. United they form the triple issue of organized labor, which for magnitude and importance has never been equalled since man became the subject of civil government. They are the wheat which has been winnowed from the chaff on the threshing-floor of the century.

The patient, long-suffering people are at last aroused, and there is hurrying to and fro. They seem to have received marching orders from some mysterious source, and are moving out against the strongholds of oppression on three distinct lines of attack, but within supporting distance of each other. It is evident that a general engagement is but a short march ahead.

One army corps proposes to give battle for our firesides; for a foothold and for standing-room upon the earth. It has inscribed upon its banner, "This planet is the common inheritance of all the people! All men have a natural right to a portion of the soil! Down with monopoly and speculation in land!"

The second is marching to deliver those who sit in darkness,—the needy who cry, the poor also, and him that hath no helper. They seek to open wide the door of opportunity, and to throw back the iron gates which shut out from the bounties of nature the miserably clad, wretchedly housed, shivering, haggard, care-worn victims of adversity and slaves of debt. Upon its guidon is the tracing of a whip of cords, upraised by the hand of Justice above the heads of the money changers. The legend underneath reads, "Money is the creature of human law! We will issue it for ourselves! Down with usury! Liberty for the captives!"

The third is leading an attack to get possession of the highways and lines of communication which have been wrench'd from the people, and which connect cities, distant communities and States with their base of supplies. This corps has inscribed upon its flag the battle cry, "Restoration of the public highways! They belong to the people, and shall not be controlled by private speculators!"

When Barak, after he and his people had suffered twenty years of oppression, overthrew Jabin and the captain of his Host, Deborah declared that the battle was from heaven; that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." And may we not reverently believe that the struggle of the oppressed people of our day, to reinvest themselves of their lands, their money, and their highways, is from heaven also?

The Constitution provides that "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of government." This language implies a permanent contract — a joint pledge on the part of the Federal and State governments united, to maintain Democratic institutions throughout all the States; the general government pledging its great power that the people shall not be deprived of the form, and the States undertaking, as to all matters within their jurisdiction, to make their local institutions Republican in spirit, substance, and administration. In other words, we have here a solemn declaration of purpose: a guaranty to all the people that government, both State and national, shall be held strictly to its original and lofty function, that of securing to the citizen "certain inalienable rights," which he received at the generous hand of his Creator, and which no government has the right to impair or permit to be impaired or taken away. The pledge is that this obligation shall never be departed from, not even in form.

These "inalienable rights" are, first, such as grow out of the relation of man to his Creator, and second, those which spring from his relation to organized society or government. The land question comes under the first subdivision.

Can it be denied that all men have a natural right to a portion of the soil? Is not the use of the soil indispensable to life? If so, is not the right of all men to the soil as sacred as their right to life itself? These propositions are so manifestly true as to lie beyond the domain of con-

troversy. To deny them is to call in question the right of man to inhabit the earth.

Tested by those axioms, the startling wickedness of our whole land system, — which operates to deprive the weakest members, and even a vast majority of community, of the power to secure homes for themselves and families, rendering them fugitives and outcasts, and forcing them to pay tribute to others for the right to live; that murderous system which permits the rich and powerful to reach out and wrench from the unfortunate their resting-place upon the planet, and to acquire title to unlimited areas of the earth, — is at once revealed in all its hideous and monstrous outlines. It also discloses to us the unwelcome truth that our government, which was instituted to secure to man the unmolested enjoyment of his inalienable rights, has been transformed into an organized force for the destruction of those rights. Ordained to protect life, it proclaims death; undertaking to insure liberty to the citizen, it decrees bondage; and having encouraged its confiding subjects to start in pursuit of happiness, it presses to their famished lips the bitter cup of disappointment.

Society may, in some respects, be compared to a great forest. We can no more construct a secure and flourishing commonwealth amidst a community of tenants than you can grow a thrifty forest disconnected from the soil. Both men and trees receive their strength and growth from the earth. One tree cannot gather food for another. Each takes from the earth its own nourishment. When it ceases to do so it must perish. And the moment you sever man from the soil and deprive him of the power to return and till the earth in his own right, the love of home perishes within him. He comes as a freeman, and is transformed into a predial slave. And hence, concerning the absorbing question of land reform, we contend that the child who is born while we are penning these thoughts, comes into the world clothed with all the natural rights which Adam possessed when he was the sole inhabitant of the earth. Liberty to occupy the soil in his own right, to till it unmolested, as soon as he has the strength to do so, and to live upon the fruits of his toil without paying tribute to any other creature, are among the most sacred and essential of these rights. Any state of society which deprives him of these natural and inalienable

safeguards, is an organized rebellion against the providence of God, a conspiracy against human life, and a menace to the peace of community. When complete readjustment shall come, as come it must quickly, it will proceed in accordance with this fundamental truth. The stone which the builders rejected will then become the head of the corner.

The money and transportation problems relate to the second class of inalienable rights above mentioned. But in our day they are so directly related to those conferred by the Creator as to be practically inseparable from them. They are the instrumentalities through which the natural rights of man are rendered available in organized society. Such, it is clear, was the conclusion of the Fathers when they incorporated into the Constitution the following among other far-reaching and sweeping provisions: —

“ Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes.”

Whatever may be the meaning of this provision, it is certain that the framers of the Constitution regarded the power to be exercised as too important to be confided to the discretion of individuals or left to the control of the States. It is taken away from both, and grouped with those matters which are of national concern — things which require the united wisdom of the country to solve, and the constant exercise of its combined power to sustain and enforce.

When this clause was incorporated into the Constitution, the Union was composed of only thirteen States, grouped together along the Atlantic seaboard; and at that time our internal commerce was but trifling. To-day forty-four fixed stars and four minor planets shine out from our galaxy. Interstate commerce has become annually so vast as to baffle computation. Then we had but three million souls. We now number more than sixty-three millions. We have crowded the nineteenth century full of marvellous achievements; but during the last quarter of that time there seems to have been a studied effort in certain powerful circles to discredit our Declaration of Independence, and to circumvent all that was accomplished for individual rights by our war for self-government and our later struggle for emancipation. We have been vigilant concerning everything except human rights and constitutional safeguards, and have suffered

injuries to be inflicted upon the great body of the people which a century of the wisest legislation possible cannot fully efface.

We will first consider this provision of the Constitution negatively, and point out some things which Congress may not do under this grant of power.

First, Congress cannot disavow the obligation which this provision imposes, retrocede it to the States, or surrender it to the various traffic associations. It cannot grant to individuals or corporations such control over the instruments of commerce as will place the great body of the people at the mercy of those individuals or corporations. It cannot so regulate commerce among the States as to compel the farmers of the Northwest to ship their produce to Chicago and New York when they wish to transport it to St. Louis and New Orleans. The Congress could not prescribe such discriminations in freight rates as would compel Western merchants and jobbers to purchase their supplies in Chicago or Philadelphia when they desire to buy at Des Moines or Omaha. Congress may not prescribe rules for the control of commerce among the States which are designed to bankrupt the merchants and manufacturers of one locality and to enrich those of another. It could not scheme to stimulate the growth of trade in one city or manufacturing centre and to destroy it in another. Congress cannot rightfully grant to individuals and syndicates such control over the public highways and facilities for interstate traffic as will enable them to concentrate the entire cattle trade of the continent into a single city, or number of cities, dominated by a combination of harpies and commercial bandits. It could not conspire with individuals to grant to them such rates of transportation as would build up a gigantic oil monopoly, and enable them to crush out all competing producers and refiners. It could not enter into a conspiracy with the great anthracite coal companies to afford them ample facilities to transport their product, and refuse like favors to competing companies.

If Congress should openly attempt to commit such outrages as these, an indignant people would sweep them from place and power like a torrent. If persisted in despite public sentiment, it would be regarded as a declaration that government had been dissolved, and the people would fly to arms as the only refuge from the atrocity.

The Fathers evidently foresaw that evils of this character would arise if the power to regulate commerce were left to individuals or to the States, and hence took it away and vested it exclusively in Congress. Apprehending that at some time localities might still attempt to levy tribute upon others, and that Congress itself might not always be disposed to act with fairness, the framers of the Constitution were careful to expressly declare that "No preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one State over those of another."

We will now consider the powers and corresponding duties which this provision confers and enjoins upon Congress.

Commerce among the States consists in the interchange of merchandise or other movable property on an extended scale between the people of the different States. It finds its chief expression in the instruments used in the exchange and trans-shipment of the same. These are three in number.

1. Money.
2. Facilities for transportation.
3. Facilities for the transmission of intelligence.

It will be readily seen that these instrumentalities are the indispensable factors in modern civilization, and relate directly to the acquisition and distribution of wealth, and hence to the tranquillity of society and the maintenance of personal rights. Faithfully wielded by the general government, they constitute a triple-plated armor, capable, if held steadily toward the foe, of turning aside the heaviest projectiles of tyranny, and broad enough to shield at all times the whole body of the people. With this view of the subject before our minds, the wisdom of the provision which vests this power exclusively in Congress, and which excludes the insatiable passion of avarice from any share in its exercise, becomes apparent to all.

How has Congress discharged this important trust, and with what effect upon Democratic institutions? It will be readily seen that within the limits of this paper we can only treat the subject suggestively. But the mere interrogation foreshadows the startling outlines of our national dilemma, and the prodigious growth of corporate power at once rises like an impassable mountain barrier before the mind. The whole trinity of commercial instruments have been seized by corporations, wrenched from Federal control, and are being used

to crush out the inalienable rights of the people. They are interlocked by mutual interests, and advance together in their work of plunder and subjugation. They constantly do all those things which Congress could not do without exciting insurrection. They make war upon organized labor, and annually lay tribute upon a subjugated people greater than was ever exacted by any conqueror or military chieftain since man has engaged in the brutalities of war. They corrupt our elections, contaminate our legislatures, and pollute our courts of justice. They have grown to be stronger than the government; and the army of Pinkertons, which is ever at their bidding, is greater by several thousand than the standing army of the United States. Instead of the government controlling the corporations, the latter dominate every department of State. We may no longer look to Congress, as at present dominated, for the regulation of these facilities. That body is bent on farming out its sovereign power to individuals and corporations, to be used for personal gain.

Our national banking system is the result of a compact between Congress and certain speculative syndicates, Congress agreeing to exercise the power to create the money, to bestow it as a gift, and to enforce its circulation; while the syndicates are to determine the quantity, and say when it shall be issued and retired. No currency whatever can be issued under this law unless it is first called for by associated usurers, and then they may retire it again at pleasure. If they decline to call for its issue, the affliction must be borne. If issued, and speculators desire to destroy it, the disastrous sacrifice must be endured. The power of the government to issue lies dormant until evoked by a private syndicate. Then the money flows into their hands, not to be expended in business or paid out for labor, but to be loaned at usury on private account. It cannot be reached by any other citizen of the republic except as it may be borrowed of those favorites, who arbitrarily dispense it solely for personal gain. To obtain it, the borrower must pay to these dispensers of sovereign favor from six to twenty times as much (according to locality) as was paid by the first recipient. It is a fine exhibition of Democratic government to see our Treasury Department create the currency, bestow it as a gift upon money lenders, and then stand by with cruel indifference and witness the misfortunes, the sharp competi-

tion, and the afflictions of life drive the rest of its devoted subjects to the feet of these purse-proud barons as suppliants and beggars for extortionate, second-hand favors. This system was borrowed from the mother country, where it was planned to foster established nobility, distinctions of caste, and imperial and dynastic pretensions; and those who planned it have always been satisfied with its operation. This, then, is our situation:—

For a home upon the earth, the poor must sue at the feet of the land speculator.

For our currency, we are remanded to the mercies of a gigantic money trust.

For terms upon which we may use the highways, we must consult the kings of the rail and their private traffic associations.

For rapid transit of information, we bow obligingly to a telegraph monopoly dominated by a single mind.

Our money, our facilities for rapid interstate traffic, the telegraph,—the three subtle messengers of our intensified and advanced civilization,—all appropriated and dominated by private greed; wage labor superseded by the invention of machinery, and the cast-off laborer forbidden to return to the earth and cultivate it in his own right; population rapidly increasing; highways lined with tramps; cities over-crowded and congested; rural districts mortgaged to the utmost limit, and largely cultivated by tenants; crime extending its cancerous roots into the very vitals of society; colossal fortunes rising like Alpine ranges alongside of an ever widening and deepening abyss of poverty; usury respectable, and God's law contemned; corporations formed by thousands to crowd out individuals in the sharp competition for money, and the trust to drive weak corporations to the wall.

Such are some of the evils which have given rise to the discontent now so universal throughout the Union. From the investigations which this unrest has awakened has been evolved the "Threefold Contention of Industry," covering the great questions of Land, Money, and Transportation. Should it be the subject of criticism or matter of astonishment that our industrial people feel compelled to organize for mutual and peaceful defence? That they are actuated by the purest motives and the highest behests of judgment and conscience in making their demands, cannot for one moment be called

in question. They are conscious, also, that their contention is based upon the impregnable rock of the Constitution and intrenched in the decisions of our Court of Last Resort. They do not seek to interfere with the rights of others, but to protect their own ; to rebuild constitutional safeguards which have been thrown down ; to restore to the people their lawful control over the essential instruments of commerce, and to give vitality to those portions of our Great Charter which were framed for the common good of all.

Let it be understood that organized labor demands at the bar of public opinion a respectful hearing. It will ask for nothing which it does not believe to be right, and with less than justice it will not be content. Conscious that it hath its quarrel just, in the struggle to obtain its demands it will employ and it invites the use of only such weapons as are proper in the highest type of manly intellectual combat.

REVELATION THROUGH NATURE.

BY HENRY WOOD.

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God:
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

THE Kingdom of Nature intermingles with the Kingdom of Spirit. Each is the complement of the other, and no arbitrary boundary exists between them. Truth is a perfect whole. Any distortion or suppression of it, however narrowly localized, involves general loss. The scientist, while studying forms and laws, may be color-blind to the presence of an infinite spiritual dominion. If he dissociates Nature from her vital relations his accomplishment can be but partial. So far as he fails to recognize her as a Theophany, he misses her true significance. Likewise the theologian who has eyes only for the supernatural fails to find the vital supports and relations of his own chosen realm. Each thereby makes his own system incomplete and untruthful. Nature and spirit can no more be divorced than a stream and its fountain. The attempt to translate religion into an arbitrary, supernatural realm has robbed it of its spontaneity and vitality. To the world the supernatural is unnatural, and the unnatural is morbid.

Spiritual vitality, like an overflowing fountain, must outwardly manifest its exuberance. The natural type can only be interpreted as the divine type. When the veil of forms and chemistries is lifted, spiritual meanings are brought to light. Religion may be defined as natural unfoldment which brings into manifestation the divine type. The methods and transmutations of the natural world are a revelation of the Father. The spirit of Nature and the genius of the Gospel are in perfect accord because they have the same source. A spiritual interpretation is the only key which can unlock the motives and mysteries of cosmic forces, and reveal the rhythmical order of their operations. The lover of Nature will persistently follow her through outward shapings and phenomena until her harmonies

become audible. Such a pursuit takes us beyond the realm of shadows and illusions, and brings us face to face with idealistic Realism.

Whatever is abnormal generates unwholesome pessimism and clouds the human horizon. The mere developments of material science cannot lighten the load of human woe, nor satisfy the cravings of man's spiritual being. The incubus of artificialism is upon literature, society, and institutions. A debasing so-called realism in fiction and real life perpetuates its quality by what it feeds upon. Even education in its ordinary sense is powerless to raise men above the plane of shadows and illusions. When a false philosophy severs Nature from her vital relations she becomes coldly mechanical and even adverse. Unrecognized as a process of divine evolution, she seems unfriendly and often vindictive. The friction, which, if rightly interpreted, would turn man back into a path of restoration, becomes so galling that — with its purpose lost sight of — it looms up as the operation of a malicious Personality. The subtle refinements which allure us away from the natural type, end in a chaotic degeneration. In the degree that institutions and systems take on abnormal shapes they court decay. Civilizations, even when most distinguished for material progress and aesthetic culture, become top-heavy and fall because they lack a simple but true archetypal basis.

The term natural is sometimes used in a peculiar and degraded sense. St. Paul speaks of the natural man, meaning the baser and carnal selfhood, as distinguished from that which is higher and normal. But the former is the perverted and misshapen self; while the latter, after the divine type, is called "the temple of the Holy Ghost." To be spiritual is to be in the highest degree natural, and it is an abuse of language to use the two terms in antithesis.

He who sees God in Nature feels the ecstatic thrill of the infinite Presence. The visible universe becomes to him a repository of mystery, harmony, and sanctity. This wholesome delight will all be missed by intellectual accomplishment if it be linked to a feeble spiritual intuition. A child-like soul which has no knowledge of botany, but which is in touch with the Infinite, will find more in a flower than he whose technical but unsanctified understanding can fully define its laws and mechanism.

As our spiritual vision gains in acuteness, the objective universe grows more beautiful. A changed consciousness brings a new revelation of outward harmony and unity. God is the essence of Nature. We see Him in the unfolding of the leaves, in every flower and blade of grass, in the air, the clouds, the sunshine, the sea. All are gilded and beautified. Each is a letter in the great open volume of the universe. As the sea contains all its waves, so the One Life embraces all lower forms of vitality. Such an interpretation is spiritual theism, and has no alliance with Pantheism. Outward forms are beautiful in proportion as our consciousness feels their plasticity to spiritual moulding.

“All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.”

External nature is a grand panorama, unrolling day by day and displaying marvellous beauty, color, and shape, painted by the Divine Artist for the enjoyment of His children. The universe is not soulless but soulful. Animate creation is a vast pastoral symphony, the delicious intonations of which can only be interpreted by the inner hearing. The sky, sea, forest, and mountain are the visible draperies which in graceful folds thinly veil the Invisible One. As our physical organism is moulded and directed by the soul within, so is the whole creation permeated and vitalized by the Immanent God. When we study the rocks, plants, animals, man, if we delve deeply enough we find the footprints of the unifying and energizing Presence. This is not merely poetic imagery, but scientific accuracy.

A recognition of the continual Deific manifestation thrills the human soul with joy and gladness. This, in itself, is evidence of its naturalness and truth. Nature is friendly. Her correspondences with man are so intimate and reciprocal that they demonstrate infinite wisdom, design, and unity. The barrenness and untruthfulness of atheism are evident from their utter lack of power to arouse human responsiveness.

That vision is inspired which beholds mountains, forests, and rocks, as cathedrals and altars which enshrine the divine love and radiance. Every step we take is upon enchanted ground. By patient teachableness we realize not merely poetic beauty but real truth in the familiar lines :—

"Find tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

Their different interpretations of Nature measurably determine the character of governmental systems, institutions, and literatures. Her function in shaping civilization and giving expression to art is vital. The response of the intelligence and imagination of races and nations to her appeal has determined their relative positions as factors in the world's progress.

Nature to the primitive Aryan was an inspiration, the vigor of which was long perceptible during his migrations and changing conditions. Arcadian simplicity always has been a saving force, an instinctive feeling after the divine type.

The Hebrew regarded Nature as the physical manifestation of the Deity, and looking behind external phenomena he found God. The poetry of Job brings to view some of the most vivid and sublime aspects of nature — as a Theophany — that are found in any literature. The wonderful 104th Psalm is an inspired artistic picture of the universe, which interprets the profound intimacy with Nature which characterized the spirit of Hebrew psalmody.

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds of his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hastened away.

They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heavens have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth.

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted.

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork the fir trees are her house.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice upon every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks: the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

To the glowing vision of the Hebrew prophets, Nature was but a transparent medium through which they had a near view of the Infinite. The fervid imagery of Isaiah finds expression: "Break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein." And again: "Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth," thus making of all visible things a divine symphony.

But a tinge of anthropomorphism colors all the sacred Hebrew literature. God was viewed more as infinite physical force than as infinite Spirit and Love. With an abundance of poetic and artistic symbolism, there is wanting that broader consciousness of divine harmony, adjustment, and beauty, with which a truer concept thrills the soul. The Hebrew saw Nature as moved upon by God, rather than as the constant radiant expression of divine life and unfoldment. Human fellowship with it, and translated goodness through it, are later and truer interpretations than those made by the Old Testament poets and prophets.

But what of modern materialistic views even less spiritual than those of the Hebrew? We find them limited to the scientific study of phenomena on the one side, or the æsthetic pleasure of form and color on the other. The significance and vitality of Nature are thereby lost. She is grasped by

the intellect rather than enshrined in the heart. Art as an intellectual expression is cold and mechanical. The true artist must feel Nature as instinct with divine life, whether or not he be fully conscious of such an inspiration.

During the long gloomy period between the decay of classic culture and the Renaissance, inspiration through Nature almost ceased. The rigid austerity and asceticism which cast its shadow over the Middle Ages obliterated the beauty and harmony of the visible creation. In such a light, Nature appeared sickly, mechanical, and forbidding. Men found nothing attractive without, because they were conscious of no beauty within. Life became barren because Nature was barred out. Humanity was under a curse, and Nature shared in the disgrace. Men shut themselves up in cells, and lived behind bare walls and put God's green fields out of their sight. Without the Immanent God the visible universe was prosaic and stern, and its aspect would not have been improved even by the presence of a Deity who in Himself seemed unlovable.

When life loses its plasticity and grows conventional, it solidifies into unyielding forms, and religion becomes an institution, and worship a prescribed service in temples made with hands. The inner soulful interpretation of God is displaced by external definitions made by priestly orders and ecclesiastical authority. The outward sense is appealed to by imposing ceremonial, but the divine overflowing is lost amid the literal structure and dramatic ritual. Nature is persistent as a spiritual inspiration, but external noises prevent her low, sweet harmonies from being audible. Instead of letting her teach and lead us, we impose our intellectual interpretation upon her. She will not reveal her riches when pursued with gauges, measures, and microscopes, but will bestow her boundless wealth upon the patient seeker after truth, who comes into touch with her spirit.

We have elevated ranges of thought in our lives which are like chains of material peaks as contrasted with the surrounding levels. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." We live too much on the lowlands of our natures. If we linger upon the hills of elevated thought, and dwell among the summits of spiritual aspiration, our lungs will become accustomed to their rare and pure atmosphere. We delve in the glens and caves, and

then wonder that life is so cloudy and our horizon so narrow.

The universe is a reflector of divine adornment and is everywhere garnished with gems. We are invited to admire its beauty, inhale its fragrance, adore its symmetry and color, and through them to share in the depth and overflow of Deific goodness. Emerson says : "God has not made some beautiful things, but beauty is the creator of the universe." Nature may always be trusted, for natural laws are divine methods. Each successive season is a benediction in a changed form. When spring awakens a quickening impulse of life, and bursts the bars of wintry frost, she transforms the face of Nature, and clothes it with a wreath of fresh life and beauty. Every seed and bulb has within it a promise of the resurrection. Every flower is a suggestion, and each unfolding leaf an expression of exuberant life which everywhere manifests the divine redundancy. Nature's ministry soothes and heals human infelicities. She fits herself into man's angular spaces ; smooths and rounds out his broken and imperfect outlines, and like a grand orchestral accompaniment supports and harmonizes his uncertain operations.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

What responsive soul can witness the splendor of a glorious sunset without being lifted out of the lower self and inspired by its unearthly riches ? Who can study the masses of fleecy cloud forms, piled like Alps upon Alps, resplendent with the rays of the setting orb, and not feel a suggestion of the power by which the Sun of Righteousness illuminates the mists and fogs of man's deeper nature ?

The purity of Nature appeals to all that is pure in humanity. She softens her angles ; repairs her rents ; carpets her bare spaces ; covers her excrescences, and sweetens all taint and corruption. She embroiders her rocks with mosses and lichens, and her running brooks are crystalline in their purity until they are made turbid by man's

artifice. Her chemistries rectify all decay and transmute and sanctify all deformity. Her many voices in a diapason of praise are forever rendering tribute to their Author, and thereby interpreting His love and beneficence to the children of men. His constancy is typified by every blossoming rose, and every violet of the wood teaches a lesson of childlike trust and faith. The hills and mountains are symbols of His strength and majesty. He is the substance of all things.

“In Thee enfolded, gathered, comprehended,
As holds the sea her waves — Thou hold’st us all.”

The scale of Nature is infinite. When we attempt any intellectual solution of her mysteries we are confronted by the fact than no absolute knowledge is possible, while of relative information we may build up a vast structure. The Absolute is wholly beyond reason and logic; but in the realm of spiritual perception, love, and goodness, we may know the Absolute and become one with it. “Canst thou by searching find out God?” Through the intellect, never; but through the inner vision we may find Him. The intuitive perception is a natural perception, even though it be upon the spiritual plane. God, the Absolute, we may know through faith and love, and only through these and related unisons can we interpret the spirit of Nature. Her infinite scale as intellectually discerned — and man’s limited place upon it — are vividly brought to light by late researches in physical science. Scientific authorities declare that the inexorable logic of the “relativity of knowledge” proves that in the actual [absolute] universe of being, there is neither time nor space, matter nor motion, form nor force, as we know them. Instead of matter as it appears, modern science insists that its phenomena are only explainable by the hypothesis of rhythm among attenuated atoms. No matter how compact a body may appear, chemistry and physics unite in affirming that its solidity is a mere illusion. Solid steel is composed of molecules that do not touch each other. These molecules are like a cloud of gnats, and appear as one because they move together. Solidity, like other material terms, only belongs to relative, sensuous human consciousness, and does not touch absolute conditions. When rhythmical movements are favorable, bodies may pass through each other. Light passes freely through glass, and electricity

through copper, though neither can force their way through a piece of wood, which is of much less density. The forces which keep material bodies in their form and being, in their final analysis are spiritual. The world of spirit fashions and supports the world of sense, and therefore the sensuous realm embraces only resultant phenomena. The world we see is a world of transitory illusions. To the degree in which our spiritual sight has been unfolded, we may penetrate beyond the shadows and gain glimpses of the real. We have never seen our friend, nor our very selves, but only manifestations and coverings. Gravitation may not be a spiritual power, but perhaps it is the link through which the spiritual domain rules and moulds the material. The reason why we see so little of the spiritual world through Nature is because our spiritual faculties are only in an infantile stage of development. Even in physical existences the range of our sensuous and intellectual consciousness is so limited that, according to modern science, whole universes of beings may dwell among us or be passing through us, of whose presence we know nothing. Their colors, forms, and properties are so subtle, that only beings whose senses are far more acute than ours, can be introduced into their society. Weight, size, color, and form, are nothing more than human subjective limitations. The discharge of a cannon makes no noise if there are no ears within range. It possesses a power to stimulate the listening ear, but the noise has no existence except in the hearing. There are forms of life below us which have but one, two, or three senses. Who can affirm that there are not other existences, invisible and unknown to us, who possess many more than five senses? An eminent scientist has recently made the startling suggestion that not only below us may exist molecular universes, with orders, intelligences, and even civilizations, but that above us, perhaps, worlds may be but as molecules of grand universes, containing complex systems, organizations, and personalities. Such speculations in the realm of physical science have no value, unless by the way of analogy they may tend to quicken our apprehension of the spiritual verities, of which the material universe is but the letter upon the printed page. O man, made in God's image, and linked to and nourished by Nature, what glorious opening vistas are before you in the aeons of eternal progress!

Every atom and molecule in all spaces and combinations have their own peculiar rythmical movement, and thus they join in the universal anthem of praise to their Maker. All forms of life are registering their actions, and printing their biographies in the imperishable ether in which we dwell. The vibrations which we set in motion go forth in indestructible strains, but a minute fraction of which, in passing, is momentarily caught by human ears. The late Professor Babbage, of England, in one of his treatises, compares the atmosphere to "a vast library, on the pages of which are registered unceasingly all that man has ever said or woman whispered." Another gifted writer* concludes, "that there may be a world of spiritual existences around us — inhabiting this same globe, enjoying the same nature — of which we have no perception ; that, in fact, the wonders of the New Jerusalem may be in our midst, and the songs of the angelic hosts filling the air with their celestial harmony, although unheard and unseen by us." Truly "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

"Hearken ! Hearken !
 If thou wouldest know the mystic song
 Chanted when the sphere was young.
 Aloft, abroad, the pæan swells ;
 O wise man ! hear'st thou half it tells ?
 O wise man ! hear'st thou the least part ?
 'Tis the chronicle of art.
 To the open ear it sings,
 Sweet the genesis of things,
 Of tendency through endless ages,
 Of star-dust and star-pilgrimages,
 Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
 Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
 Of chemic matter, force, and form,
 Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm :
 The rushing metamorphosis
 Dissolving all that fixture is,
 Melts things that be to things that seem,
 And solid nature to a dream."

Nature is God translated into vitalized color, form, and beauty. The world is embellished by Spirit, and its inaudible testimony is the cadence of the gospel of love. Nature

*Professor J. P. Cooke in *Religion and Chemistry*.

is a vast kindergarten whose easy object-lessons train our childlike affections, so that they may gain strength to mount above and beyond. Her mountain peaks of truth stand out sharp and clear above the fogs and mists of error. To view the Real we must climb the mountain side until our standpoint is above the leaden gloom of the lowland outlook.

We try to conform Nature to our notional concept of what she should be, instead of attending her school, like willing pupils. We aim to shape her into correspondence with our selfish wills, instead of yielding our hardness to her graceful mould. Let us put our hand in hers and thus hasten to gain her wholesome ministrations.

In Jesus, the Christ, was the supreme demonstration of the identity in man, of the natural and spiritual type. His teaching was spontaneous and unconventional, and his education was not shaped by the formulas of the schools. In him, that which had been buried in philosophies and hidden in institutions was brought to light and interpreted to man upon his own plane. For the only time humanity became perfectly transparent, so that the divine light and purity shone through it unsullied and unperverted. He was the natural, the ideal, and the archetypal man. In him the divine pattern of humanity was filled to the full. As Nature is a continuous divine manifestation, so Christianity is not limited to any age or dispensation. The historic Jesus was a temporary and material manifestation of the spiritual and eternal Christ. "That was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The typical man is spiritual and eternal because he is made in the Father's image. The essential Saviour is that manifestation of the love of God toward man, which is both natural and eternal. Sonship is neither fleshly nor limited. Christ as the ideal man was a prophecy, a first fruit. "The last Adam was made a quickening Spirit." The human embodiment of the Word was a manifested love without perversion, and was Nature's ultimate prototype.



Harry Simpson

THE ALLIANCE WEDGE IN CONGRESS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

UNUSUAL interest attaches to the Alliance party in Congress; not merely because they are men of radical ideas and directly from the farms, but because they form a distinct and solid body, similar in position to the little handful of men which Parnell wielded so powerfully in the British Parliament. While there are nearly fifty congressmen who have Alliance leanings, there but nine who stand solidly together as a separate organization. They refused to enter either Republican or Democratic caucuses in the organization of the House, and they still stand in this independent attitude.

Such a position can be made very strong. Already they have been able to make themselves felt by their united action and by their adherence to a principle. The change of their vote upon any measure not strictly partisan in nature might decide its fate. They believe, before the session is over, they will draw others to their ranks, and so represent, as never before, the wishes and needs of the American farmer. The House awaits with curiosity and interest, not to say concern, to see what policy they will develop. These nine men are mainly from the West, and represent four States. Jerry Simpson, John G. Otis, John Davis, Ben. H. Clover, and William Baker are from Kansas; O. M. Kem and W. A. McKeighan are from Nebraska; Thomas E. Watson is from Georgia, and K. Halvorsen stands alone from Minnesota.

Their position in the seats of the House is significant. They form a sort of breakwater between the two old parties. Simpson has a most excellent seat directly in front of the speaker, which he secured through the aid of Otis, whose keen eyes had observed that a page was holding the seat for an Iowa man. This places Simpson where he belongs, at the head of the little phalanx. Behind him sits Otis, a jovial man of middle height, apparently the oldest

man of the group. John Davis sits behind him, with McKeighan, Halvorsen, and Baker at his left, thus forming an L, which Simpson says stands for luck, and Otis says stands for lightning — political lightning. Clover, Kem, and Watson sit together at the extreme right of the Republican side of the House. They regret that they could not have secured seats with their fellow-conspirators, for that would have made the "wedge" complete, and symbolize the work of splitting the old parties in pieces.

They are actual farmers; not landlords and speculators, but working farmers. Jerry Simpson describes his business as "general politician and farmer. That's what all the farmers in this country have got to be if they don't want to be cheated out o' their eye-teeth. The farmer is gettin' over thinkin' he can stand on one side and do all the workin' while some other feller does all the legislatin', and come out just the same in the end. He proposes to take a hand at it himself."

John Davis has been farmer and mechanic, and is now the editor and proprietor of the Junction City *Tribune*. He is a veteran Knight of Labor, and is a member of the General Executive Board. He is a careful thinker. His thought, like Simpson's, gets down to the fundamental facts of human rights, to broad basic principles. He is the oldest reformer of them all, a man of unquestioned integrity and ability. His canvass was a remarkable one, showing that he has the confidence and esteem of the men of his district, which is a very large one. He ran ahead of his ticket in almost every county. He will be found to be a strong man upon any question of right and justice. He is tall, of dignified and retiring manner, and has a New England type of face. He is a very interesting talker, and one remembers his fine earnest eyes as the most noticeable of his features. He impresses one as being a man of great moral conviction, serious, earnest, able.

Otis is a dairy-man, which is next door to being a farmer. He is an alert man of fifty-five or sixty years of age, short in stature. He seems to be shrewd, kindly, and observing. He jokes about "the breakwater between the two old parties," and eagerly looks forward to the time when the old parties shall be forced to take sides upon the money question, which he (in company with his colleagues) considers



SENATOR PEFFER.
THOS. E. WATSON.

SENATOR KYLE.
K. HALVORSEN.

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the most important, because the most immediate issue of the day.

Clover is a farmer, and resents the repetition of the joke "that Clover is a good name for a farmer." He is a genial man of most care-free face, though he has had his share of trouble. His face is round and plump, his hair is closely clipped, and he wears a short gray moustache ; he looks like a thoughtful, companionable business-man. He told a reporter he was very sorry, but there was nothing picturesque about him ; he was only a farmer — an *uncommon* common sort of farmer ; and the reporter seemed disappointed somehow. McKeighan, Baker, Halvorsen, are farmers also, and look like citizens of most intelligent, even studious, type. There is a sort of smileless gravity about them that reflects the hard condition of the people from whom they come. This is especially noticeable in the case of Kem and Baker ; their faces are heavily lined. Kem is a small man, with a heavy dark-red moustache, and is one of the younger men of the group. Halvorsen is a Swede, and wears long red whiskers, cut away at the chin. He is quiet to the point of being reticent. He and Baker and McKeighan have thus far said nothing in the House, but have made themselves felt in their committees.

Watson is the solitary lawyer of the group, and a very successful lawyer. He is, next to Simpson, the most striking personality of the group. He speaks with a touch of the dialect of the South, and wears a soft hat in the southern way ; that is, with a high crown, uncrushed. He is small and active. His face is perfectly beardless and quite thin. His eyes are his most remarkable feature, except possibly the abundance of dark-red hair, pushed back from his face. He has been in the Georgia Legislature, and is likely to be the best parliamentarian of the dissenting party.

He was born of well-to-do, middle-class people thirty-five years ago. In the great reorganization which took place in the South, his father was left without anything, and he was unable to do more than send his son to the village school.

Like thousands of others north and south, Tom taught school to get money to go to college, and did actually succeed in getting enough to pay for two years at a local Baptist university, — the freshman and sophomore years, — when he gave up the fight.

He then worked on a farm and taught school, studying nights — the characteristic American chapter. He put in his time to such excellent advantage that he was admitted to the bar when he was nineteen years of age, and began to practice in his twentieth year. He said, half-humorously, half-pathetically, "The first \$5 fee I earned seemed like it must be illegal, I earned it so quick."

He ran for the Legislature in 1882, was elected, and served one term. He declined to run again, preferring to return to his law practice, which was phenomenal for so young a man.

His first fee was \$1.50, which a negro paid to him. When he ran for Congress last fall, his law practice in his small town and surrounding counties far exceeded his pay as congressman. He was the first public man in Georgia to put himself on record as against the Jute Trust, advising the farmers to fight it by an uncompromising boycott. This brought him before the farmers prominently, and in an indirect way helped on his nomination to Congress; but as a matter of fact, he had been in the Alliance movement from the very first. His election was a logical outcome of his life and thought.

His success as a lawyer and as a reformer lies, in my judgment, in his wide experience of life. Like Simpson, "he knows how it is himself." He was born in easy circumstances, and was afterwards dependent upon his own boyish hands for support. He became a manual laborer — a plowboy; and this at that time in the South meant a great deal more than the Northern boy can realize. Then he was helped to success by the poor people; and now, standing at ease, successful and independent, he is filled with desire to help those who helped him. He understands their life and needs.

His life of hard work and suffering has made him a commoner and a radical, — "a dangerous man" to some of the Southern people, — but a very moderate and fair-tempered reformer to me. He is simply one more of the scores of similar young radicals and commoners of my acquaintance. He not only types the best economic thought of the young South, — he leads it. He stands for the further extension of the idea of liberty. His faith in man and the forward urge of the human mind never fails him.

He has given up law as a profession, and proposes to

devote a large part of his life to the cause of reform. One of the youngest members of the House, he will be found to be one of the ablest when any question is being discussed on its merits.

Many remark his resemblance to Alexander Stephens, whose district he has succeeded to. The photographer remarked upon the striking resemblance, which extends to his ability. Simpson calls him the "coming man," and has a deep regard for him.

Like the other Alliance men, Simpson is always in his seat, and he wheels about in his chair to face each speaker; and he studies each face through his gold-bowed spectacles, as if he desired to read the character of the speaker from his own standpoint. His trim, boyish figure and rather scholarly face is often seen on the floor, as he rises to get a better position to hear some speaker who interests him.

He was born in New Brunswick, which shuts him out from the presidential race; or, as a friend put it, "But if he'd 'a' had a little better judgment about the matter and come into the world on this side of the Canady line, w'd 'a' made a whoopin' ol' canvass with him for president. Now that's right!"

He is about fifty years of age, of slender but powerful figure, whose apparent youthfulness is heightened by the double-breasted short sack coat he wears. His hair is very black and abundant, but his close-clipped moustache is touched with gray, and he wears old-fashioned glasses, through which his eyes gleam with ever-present humor. The wrinkles about his mouth show that he faces the world smilingly. His voice is crisp and deep, and pleasant to the ear. He speaks with the Western accent mainly; and when he is making a humorous point or telling a story, he drops into dialect, and speaks in a peculiar slow fashion that makes every word tell.

He is full of odd turns of thought, and quaint expressions that make me think of Whitcomb Riley. He is a clear thinker, a remarkable speaker, and has a naturally philosophical mind which carries his reasoning down to the most fundamental facts of organic law and human rights. His life has been one of great hardship, the common lot of the average man. He has been a sailor, and at one time sailed one of the largest lumber vessels on Lake Michigan.

He had at about the same time an interest in a saw mill about forty miles out of Chicago. After leaving the Lakes he sold his interest in the mill, and bought land in Eastern Kansas. This he afterwards sold, making several thousand dollars of "unearned increment," which he invested in a cattle ranch in the southwestern part of the State. His present farm and home is Medicine Lodge, Kansas.

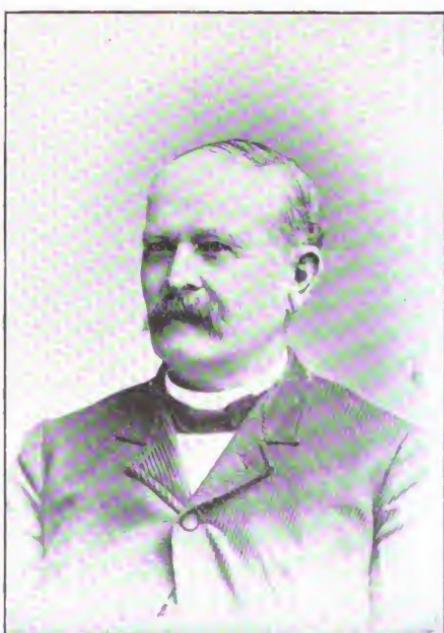
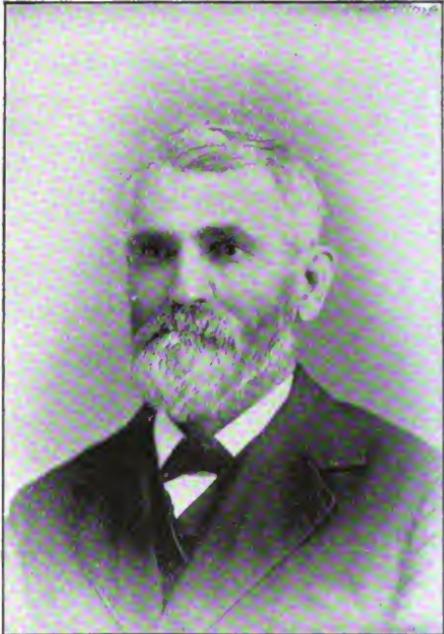
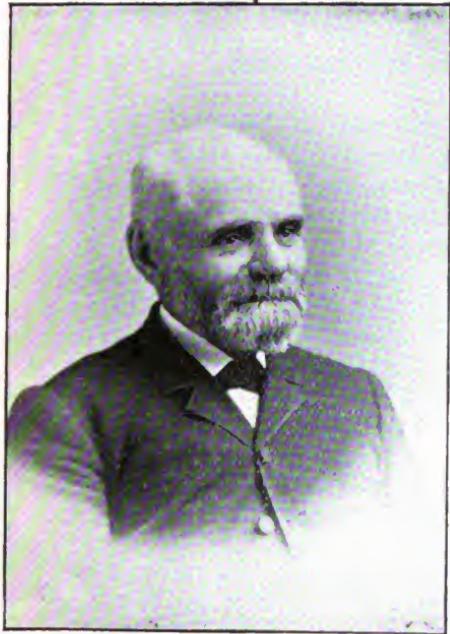
His wide experience tells in his speeches. He is full of illustrations drawn from his various occupations, and feels deep sympathy for those who are less successful than himself.

He thinks for himself on all subjects religious, economic, and political. He is naturally a studious man; and though he has no school training, he has a very large fund of common sense and experimental philosophy, and a deep insight into average human nature. He is, like Watson, a most interesting talker in private conversation, and has already made many friends among the opposition on the floor of the House. He will prove an advocate demanding respect and esteem.

He has sagacity, and will not put himself in a false position before the House. He realizes his inexperience in the rules of the floor in debates; and the policy that he has decided upon, in company with the other third-party men, is to sit quietly till a question is ready to be discussed on its merits. When that time comes, the Alliance men will bring to any real discussion courage, conviction, and common sense.

It is quite generally supposed that Simpson's nomination was a kind of unexpected compromise — that it was an accident; but as a matter of fact, it sprang from the man's own character and his previous political history in his county. He had been twice a candidate for the Legislature — once on the Union Labor Ticket, and once on an Independent Ticket endorsed by the Democrats. He came naturally, therefore, to his nomination at the hands of the Congressional Convention. His canvasses in 1882 and '84 had been the strongest that the county had known, so far as any independent movement was concerned. He was known as a capable thinker and a ready speaker.

The general feeling, when Simpson arrived at the convention at Great Bend, was that he should become a candidate; and in fact the arrangement was completed. There were



JOHN G. OTIS.
BEN H. CLOVER.

JOHN DAVIS.
WILLIAM BAKER.
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eight candidates. The district was very large, covering thirty-seven counties, more than one third of the entire area of the State. The candidates being almost unknown to the neighboring counties, the convention hit upon the novel expedient of calling them all forward in five-minute speeches, that they might judge of "their speed and durability." Jerry made a rather disappointing speech for some reason, and his friends felt blue.

As the voting went on, a personal friend of Simpson drew forward into the leading place; but he was very anxious for Jerry to be nominated, and announced his wish to withdraw in his friend's favor.

Things now began to look serious, and Jerry rose to say that he couldn't run on that platform; it was too broad; it included too much. "I can't go out and apologize on the stump for that platform," he said.

"What is the matter with it, Jerry?" shouted an old farmer.

Jerry stated his specific objection in his characteristic way, without bitterness and with perfect frankness. His friends were wild with dismay; Jerry had "cooked his goose."

"We'll fix that all right, Jerry," shouted an old farmer, and made the motion to reconsider the objectionable plank!

This remarkable action on the part of a promising candidate, and still more the remarkable action of the convention in stopping in the midst of voting to reconsider a plank in the platform, has never been paralleled in a congressional convention to my knowledge. This uncompromising action on the part of the Medicine Lodge candidate was the best recommendation he could have, and raised immense enthusiasm.

"That's the man for us!" shouted the farmers one by one; "a man who ain't afraid to get up and say what he thinks."

This was a case of the convention coming to the man, rather than the man coming to the convention. It illustrates the peculiar quality of the man: his firmness of purpose and his winning honesty and good nature.

The great fight was now on, and the outlook was gloomy. Jerry had less than \$100 in the bank, and the different counties raised about as much more to help him in his can-

vass, and the whole fight was made practically upon \$200. It was a campaign of ideas, of moral convictions, and a campaign of the people. Jerry left his farming, and went on the stump.

He made one hundred and ninety speeches, speaking (not infrequently) three times in a single day. His people stood by him heroically.

"Many a feller went down into his pocket and gave me a quarter who didn't have hardly another to rub agin it," he said, in his peculiar way.

His majority was seven thousand five hundred, making a change in his district alone of twenty-three thousand votes. This will give some idea of the strength of his canvass, but of its enthusiasm and picturesqueness little idea can be given. "Round-ups" running from three to thirty thousand people were held all over the district. They sent their best debaters against him, expecting to have him "eet up"; but Jerry "went after them in great shape." He is sure to hold his place in the House as a man of originality and power.

He is a member of the Special Committee on Irrigation, and he will have something to say upon that problem which has never been heard in the American Capitol. In all matters relating to the land question he has the earnest support of Tom. L. Johnston, of Cleveland, and John D. Warner, of New York. He is also on the Standing Committee on Territories, and will be able to stand for reform in the matter of the "Cherokee Strip." He is daily receiving letters from all over the West urging him to use his influence to prevent the disgraceful scenes of Oklahoma.

His cure for such land-grabbing is heroic, but it is effectual. It is to reserve for the government the entire increase in the selling value of land aside from improvements. That is to say, to levy a single tax which shall absorb the entire rental value of the bare land, leaving all personal property and improvements free from tax of any kind. Here would be an excellent chance to make a practical trial of the single-tax idea. It would certainly cut off the speculators by cutting off all hope of securing value produced by population, and would make the Cherokee Strip a paradise for legitimate business.

The Alliance men quite naturally were given places upon

relatively unimportant committees; and yet by being true to the moral force that put them where they are, they will find plenty to reform upon in any of the committees. McKeighan is on the Committee of Coinage; Halvorsen and Kem are on the Committee of Expenditures of Agriculture. Clover and Kem are on Indian Affairs; Davis is on the Labor Committee; Watson on the Militia; Otis on Private Land Claims; Halvorsen and Davis on Railways, and Baker and Watson on the Eleventh Census. All of these committees offer opportunity for the display of judgment and moral worth.

The House is a smouldering volcano at this writing (January 15), and will break into tempestuous debate at the slightest provocation. The Republicans are exceedingly sensitive to allusions to the depleted treasury or to questions of investigation of departments, and the Democrats find in the money question cause for division and dispute. In all this dissension the third-party men are eager for discussion. Whether Cassio kill him or he kill Cassio, they have a fixed purpose, which is to push for relief of the people.

Senator Peffer has been made famous by reason of his occupancy of the seat of the distinguished rhetorician of Kansas, J. J. Ingalls. His general appearance is that of a clergyman. He wears a trimly fitting Prince Albert coat, a broad hat, and glasses. His beard is almost as long as the newspapers have reported, is nicely combed, and his whole appearance neat. His habitual expression is grave and introspective. He is a man of wide experience in law and newspaper work, and is self-possessed and dignified in his bearing on the floor of the Senate.

He was for many years the editorial writer on the Kansas *Farmer*, which has a very wide circulation in the State of Kansas. He has written a great deal upon the money question, and has done a great work in promoting the political revolution of Kansas. He is considered by his Kansas colleagues to be astute, well versed in political history, and an indefatigable worker.

He made a peculiar impression upon me; something Hebraic—something intense, narrow, and fanatical. His face is inscrutable, his manner as peculiar as his face. He did not impress me as a small man, nor a man who can be handled. He seems to me to be one whose purposes are

inflexibly carried out, and the Senate of the United States will be sure to find him a powerful advocate.

He told me that he believed the present Congress sure to do good work, and that the next presidential canvass was sure to be one of the most exalting in the history of our country. He quoted the words of a prominent Republican who said, "I'm as far away from the Republican party as you are." As he talked his tone took on a peculiar chanting quality, and he said: "Changes have been so rapid, events have crowded before me so rapidly, that it all seems like a mist of motion — a dream. The fountains of the great deep seem to be breaking up."

Senator Kyle is as lucid, open, and wholesome as Senator Peffer seemed to me introspective, inscrutable, and in a way morbid. In fact, Peffer seemed to dwell in a different atmosphere from all the rest of the Alliance party. Senator James A. Kyle is the youngest man in the Senate, and represents the north part of South Dakota. His home is at Aberdeen. He was born in Ohio in '54, and he is less than thirty-eight years of age.

He studied for the law, entered the ranks of the teachers, and taught in Illinois and also in Utah. He has studied civil engineering, and was a Congregational clergyman for several years at Ipswich and Aberdeen, South Dakota. He was elected to the State Senate from Brown County in 1890. Like Simpson, he got his nomination as the direct result of a Fourth of July oration which he was invited to make by bankers and merchants of Aberdeen. He took for his subject "The Perils and Safeguards of the Republic"; and while the bankers were not pleased, the farmers were, and they pressed him to allow his name to head the Independent ticket. His election to the position of United States senator followed rapidly.

His personality is very winning, frank, manly, and unaffected. He has the finest physique in the Congress. It is simply magnificent. He stands six feet and four inches high, and is grandly proportioned. The grasp of his hand is an experience. He is of the teutonic type, fair, with gray-blue eyes. His voice is powerful, but exceedingly attractive, and his accent is of the Mississippi Valley, though it would not be noticeable except by contrast with his colleagues. He talks readily and with perfect clearness and

with excellent native sense. He is level headed in the midst of his success, and, like Simpson, maintains a smiling inflexibility of purpose.

He looks forward to great political changes. He sees that the time has come when the younger element, together with the more progressive elements of both Houses, are to break from the restraint of the old legislators whose domination made real legislation impossible. The people demand legislation that will affect change, and their wishes are sooner or later to over-rule time-servers and place-holders.

These men corroborated my own impression that great forces are moving. There seems approaching a great periodic popular upheaval similar to that of '61. Everywhere as I went through the aisles of the House, I saw it and heard it. The young Democrats were almost in open rebellion against the domineering policy of the old legislators. The Republicans were apprehensive, almost desperate. Place-holders were beginning to tremble; but in the midst of it the men who were advocating right and justice instead of policy sat eager, ready for the struggle. They have everything to win and nothing to lose in the vital discussion and re-organization which, in their judgment, is sure to come.

CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM.

BY CHARLES SCHRODER.

THE comparison I noted in the January ARENA, which Subhadra Bickshu makes between the Christian and Buddhist religions, is evidently largely in favor of the latter. But is this comparison a fair one? Both religions have, in practice, greatly degenerated; that of Buddha, even before Christ's appearance, had become mixed with idol-worship and fanaticism, and this condition so increased with the spread of Christianity, that about 400 A. D. all attempts to make converts were discontinued, and the few real followers, discouraged and probably fearing persecution, formed themselves into a secret society, of which, up to a comparatively recent period, little was known.

As to the religion of Christ, no impartial and conscientious student will aver that the churches are to-day interpreting or living up to his doctrines in the spirit in which he taught them, or that, if we perhaps except the first three hundred years after his death, they have, throughout the subsequent centuries, been so interpreted. No age or country can produce anything which is, even approximately, as grand as the Sermon on the Mount, whether considered from religious, ethical, moral, or philosophical standpoint. Even the most pronounced atheist speaks with sincere and hushed reverence of this, the most sublime sermon ever uttered. But where do we find the Christian teachers of any sect, creed, or denomination, who dare to-day, preach, live up to, or even accept this grand sermon in its entirety? If there are any, their number is so small that their voices are not heard. Instead of lifting up their voices in denunciation of war, we find the Christian teachers praying openly to a God of love and peace, for success to their side, of bloody battles often fought in the name of him whose principal command was to love one another and in obeying which thousands of the early Christians died the death of martyrs. Instead of denouncing the ownership of property, except as it was

owned by the primitive church, for the good of all, these teachers find nothing to condemn in the strange spectacle of enormously rich religious societies and corporations, while millions of God's children are so wretchedly poor that they are forced into lives of utter hopelessness and degradation, thousands upon thousands perishing yearly through suicide and starvation, or becoming inmates of prisons, almshouses, and lunatic asylums ; the Church, meanwhile, catering to the wealthy, and holding those individuals as most worthy of esteem who are favored most largely with the goods of this world. And this they do as acknowledged servants of the Master who said : " Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Christ came to establish the brotherhood of man in the kingdom of God on earth. What would his verdict be if he were here to-day and found the kingdom of God conveniently delegated to some place above the clouds, as far away as possible, and anyone advocating his brotherhood looked upon as a dangerous socialist ? Would he, whose friends were the needy, the sick, and the sinning, feel at home in some of our fine churches, and would those who are worshipping in them in his name be glad to have him ?

I might go on multiplying this arraignment indefinitely, but space forbids, and I have said enough to prove that the professors and teachers of the Christian religion, while retaining its outward semblance, have discarded its principles.

It being evident, therefore, that both religions have degenerated, so far as they are to-day practised, a true comparison between them can only be made through an examination of the doctrines, as originally taught by the respective masters.

I will first, then, see whether the differences stated by Subhadra really exist.

He says : " Buddha teaches the highest wisdom and goodness without a personal God ; a continuation of being without an immortal soul ; an eternally blessed state without a local heaven ; a possibility of salvation without a Saviour ; a redemption where each is his own redeemer, and which can be reached without prayer, sacrifice, self-torture, or other usages ; without priests and saints ; without divine grace, and solely by one's own will and power ; finally, the highest perfection, which can be had already in this life and on this earth."

In reply to this I say that, discarding absolutely the man-made and unchristian dogmas of the Church, the real and conscientious student of Christ's teachings knows that God is not a person but spirit; that He dwells *within* and *about* us as Love, Life, Wisdom, Goodness, Intelligence, Principle, Omnipotence, Omnipresence, and Omniscience; that there is no local heaven, but that, as Jesus told us, heaven is within us; that the mission of Jesus was simply to teach, through words and deeds, and to point out the way to us, the same as Buddha did to his people; that we cannot be saved vicariously, but only if we walk in the way he has pointed out to us, not because he has done so, but because it is the right way, whether followed by Christians, Buddhists or other people, who may never have heard of Christ; that we, therefore, must be our own redeemers, or work out our own salvation, not through prayer, sacrifice, self-torture, priests, saints, or divine grace, but through our own right-thinking and right-acting, which *is* prayer and divine grace, all outward forms and usages being impotent and heathenish, as our teacher says; that our life is continuous, it being immaterial by what name we call it, there being only one life, which is God, who dwells within us; and that finally, we can reach perfection, most certainly, already in this earth-life, for our teacher had reached it.

I perceive, then, that the real teachings of Christ, so far as I have compared them, are not materially or in essence different from those of Buddha. There are, however, two differences, the one real, and the other only apparent.

Buddha teaches that by recognizing and acting on the four healing truths, and walking the road of eight parts, to do which we will be assisted by strict observance of the ten declarations, our will to live finally ceases, no more rebirths will take place, and we reach Nirvana.

Excellent as his teachings are, they appear to have two radical defects; the first is this: If man accepts and lives up to Buddhism in one birth, he is, of course, totally unconscious of such acceptance in the next, and must consequently be again converted to its peculiar doctrines before the advantage gained in one state can be continued in the next. He might not, in the new birth, be converted to, or even hear anything of Buddhism.

The other defect is found in the ten declarations. They

are certainly most excellent, *per se*, and their observance highly conducive to morality, but, like the laws of Moses, they contain nothing but outward forms and practices, and do not reach the interior man.

Now, if we examine the teachings of Christ, we find one supreme, central law containing the fundamental principles of his entire religion, that law is *Love*. Jesus gives us two commands founded on this law, viz.: love God, i. e., the Good, and love your neighbor, i. e., even your enemy; and tells us that on these two commands "hang all the law and the prophets." In abolishing the laws of Moses, with their outward observances, he gave us this law of God, which is Love, around which the minor laws of Justice, Charity, Truth, Faith, Hope, and the other cardinal virtues revolve, for without love as the foundation principle, all the rest would be as nothing. This is the *Law*, not because Jesus taught it, but because it is the *Truth*. It existed before he came, and exists now where his name has never been heard. It is a universal law, belonging to no religions, beliefs, or peoples. It is the divine in man, which only needs to be called out to do infinitely more for us than all Buddha's teachings can do for the Buddhist. Jesus taught it, lived it, and died in consequence of it. He was the perfect man because of this, and this perfection can be gained by all who, by following him, clothe themselves with his mind.

This is the *real* difference between the two religions or doctrines: the one, with all its beauty and excellence, has these defects, because it depends to that extent on the conceptions of one man; the other is perfect, because it depends absolutely and solely on the law of God, or, as the Buddhists call Him, Eternal Justice.

The other difference is only an apparent one, for it relates to the doctrine of re-birth or re-incarnation, which has not been generally accepted as one of Christ's doctrines, while it is the fundamental principle of Buddha's religion.

Although so far as we know, this doctrine has never been taught or accepted as an active principle by the Christian Church, there can be no doubt that in the course of centuries, and more especially during the last two hundred years, it has, gradually but persistently, found its way into the Christian religion, and is to-day accepted by many of its deepest and most conscientious thinkers, who can, indeed,

point to more than one of the sayings and actions of Christ, in corroboration of it.

The local heaven and local hell having long since been discarded by all enlightened Christians, together with a personal God and a personal devil, it obviously became necessary to reconcile Christ's allusions to a future state of bliss or punishment with some sounder theory.

In speaking of punishment Jesus used the Greek adjective "aiōnios," which was erroneously translated as "eternal." While in some extreme cases it might be capable of being applied to things which are everlasting, it is most generally used for things which endure only for a time. It is an adjective from the noun "aion," meaning "age" or "world" and has no necessary reference to duration.

Besides, our conception of God as "Love" and "Eternal Justice" precludes the possibility of our entertaining the idea of *eternal* punishment. The latter word must, therefore, either refer to our *present* earthly existence *only*, or have a meaning like that which the Buddhists give it. That the latter meaning is the true and rational one is evident, for it is the only one which can at all explain the seeming injustice by which to millions of our fellow-beings is meted out a life of incessant toil and misery, while the few are living in idleness and splendor. That Christ's teachings can be reconciled with the principles of re-incarnation is clear, and also how thoroughly such a reconciliation is based on Truth and Justice.

Re-incarnation and gradual progression or retrogression, according as our life is good or evil, offers the only rational and possible explanation for this otherwise inexplicable earth-existence. It is, however, equally perceptible to the candid observer that the Infinite Mind is gradually but surely lifting man to higher and better conditions in a constant evolution from the bad or imperfect to the good and perfect, in which, doubtless, not only man, but every living thing is included.

The kingdom of God being, as Jesus tells us, and as we know, not a locality, but an interior condition of peace and happiness, we perceive at once why he says that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into this kingdom. The only vice which Jesus names and denounces is the vice of mammon-worship.

He is by no means ashamed of consorting with thieves and prostitutes and probably with murderers, explaining that "they that be whole need not the physician, but the sick." But only one record do we find of his entering the house of a rich man, and then only to denounce his hardness of heart, while forgiving the sins of an adulteress, who was wiping his feet with her hair. It appears, therefore, that this vice was held with equal abhorrence and doomed to the severest punishment by both Jesus and Buddha.

Re-incarnation being based on Eternal Justice is consequently a vital principle of the Christian religion, and there remains, then, one real difference between the teachings of the two masters.

This difference, as we have seen, consists in the recognition by Jesus of the law of Love as the law in which all others are included and without which they would be insufficient.

It places the religion of Jesus on the highest and broadest foundation conceivable to man, and while we must willingly acknowledge the extraordinary worth and beauty of Buddha's teachings, we are compelled to rank them as second to those of Jesus of Nazareth.

THE TELEGRAPH AND THE TELEPHONE PROPERLY PARTS OF THE POST OFFICE SYSTEM.

BY HON. WALTER CLARK, LL. D., ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF
THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

IN framing the Federal Constitution it was wisely provided that "Congress should have power to establish post offices and post roads." Const. U. S., Art. 1, Sec. 8. This has always been interpreted as not only conferring the power, but imposing the duty of establishing and maintaining an adequate and efficient postal service for the country, and to that end adopting the means which experience and the progress of invention should prove best adapted for the purpose. There is nothing in this clause of the Constitution which restricts Congress to the employment of the methods or the facilities which were in use at the time of the adoption of the Constitution.

When cheaper postage and a uniform rate were demonstrated to be advantageous by the example of the English Post Office under Sir Rowland Hill, Congress promptly applied the same in our own postal service. In like manner followed the use of postage stamps, the introduction of free delivery into cities, the adoption of the Money Order System, the issuance of postal notes, and many other improvements in the handling and distribution of the mail. None of these things were dreamed of by the framers of the Constitution. They were details wisely left to be worked out by the progress and intelligence of succeeding generations. When our Post Office was first inaugurated, mails were carried on horseback or, in a few instances, by mail coaches. When steam was introduced, the Post Office promptly availed itself of the new agency. In fact, every appliance and every improvement to facilitate the social and business intercourse of the public has been laid hands on, and been made subservient to that purpose save one. Why



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the department has been forced to stand still in the presence of the agency which is most especially adapted for that purpose, and, after having availed itself of the potent energies of steam, has refrained from the use of the more potent agency of electricity, is well known to all men. The telegraph and the telephone are the Post of the rapidly advancing and near at hand Twentieth century; and it may be well to consider why the Post Office Department has not adopted them, and why it should do so.

It has not failed to adopt them because it is unconstitutional to do so. That is too plain for argument. It would be easy to fill pages with citations of legal authorities showing its constitutionality. Indeed, it could be better said, that it is unconstitutional for the government not to adopt them for the purpose of giving the people the best and cheapest and speediest postal facilities which the most improved methods known to science can afford. The clause of the Constitution is understood to be mandatory upon the national government to establish and maintain a proper postal service, since, in the face of that provision, neither States nor private companies can do so. Besides, the first telegraph established was in fact a part of our Post Office; and its continuance as such, at a time when the government was in the hands of Strict Constructionists, was recommended by Hon. Cave Johnson, the then postmaster-general. This wise recommendation was not acceded to, simply because Congress, not foreseeing the value and importance of the invention, deemed the price asked by the inventor too great, and in an evil hour permitted this great agency to pass into private hands. The public interests, the popular will, and the constitutional provision all alike require its restoration to its original function as a part of an enlightened and progressive postal service.

Nor can it be said that it would be an experiment. Every civilized country, with the sole exception of ours, has long since made the telegraph a part of its postal service; and in all it has worked satisfactorily. The rates in Great Britain and Ireland are, like postage, uniform for all distances and are one cent per word. In Germany the rate is about the same, and in Austria less. In France and Belgium the rate is under ten cents (half a franc) for ten words between any two points. No department of the Post Office in any

country pays better than the telegraph. In most countries the telephone, too, has been added.

It is very certain that the telegraph and the telephone, as parts of our postal service, would not only wonderfully improve the means of intercourse, but it is believed that a very cheap uniform rate—probably five (5) cents a message—would pay a handsome revenue to the government.

In the presence of the exorbitant rates to which we are accustomed, this will seem hazardous; but reflection will show that it is not. Telegraph wire costs less than eight (\$8) dollars per mile, poles in our country are not expensive, the cost of erecting them light. The chemicals for use of the wires are inexpensive. Where, then, is the cost? The government pays freight to railroads, steamboats, and Star routes, and sends letters across the continent at two cents, and around the world for five cents. The last postmaster-general's report states that while, owing to the cost of heavy packages and matter carried free, there is a deficiency in the Post Office, yet on the carriage of letters there is a *net* revenue annually of \$36,000,000. Why, then, is it chimerical to say that messages sent by wire, at the cost of a few cheap chemicals and with no freight to be paid, would not pay a profit at five cents per message of ten words?

It may be noted that the telephone patent expires next March. Now is the time for Congress to adopt it for the Post Office, and establish a telephone at every country post office. The advantages to the rural population would be manifold. Physicians could be summoned promptly for the sick. Witnesses and others summoned to court could be notified what day or hour to attend, and be saved useless hours hanging around the county court house. A telephone message to the nearest railway station would ascertain whether expected freight had come, and the farmer would be saved a needless trip of his wagon over bad roads. News of approaching frosts could be promptly distributed through the country districts, and many a valuable crop saved. These may seem homely purposes to dwellers in cities, but they will deprive country life of some of its drawbacks, and be a boon to a portion of our population who claim that they bear their full share of the burdens of government and receive less than their share of its benefits. It comes, too, at

a time when they are disposed to assert and maintain their right to be better considered in a distribution of the advantages of governmental favor. For this service, it might well be provided that for telephonic messages within the county or for a distance less than fifty miles, the charge would be only two (2) cents. A system similar to this now prevails in Austria and some other countries. The postmaster could very easily keep his accounts, either by the use of stamps or by a nickel-in-the-slot attachment to the instrument. If the telephone is not now adopted by government, some gigantic corporation, some vast syndicate, will be sure to utilize it; and when hereafter government shall be forced to take it up for the public service, Congress will be waived off, as trespassing upon private and vested rights, as is already the case with the telegraph.

The use of the telephone would deprive of validity the only arguments of any weight which have ever been used against the adoption of the telegraph by the Post Office. These arguments are:—

1. That the telegraph would be used by 5,000,000 of people, and the other 57,000,000 would have to pay for it. Aside from the fact that the telegraph here, as in England and elsewhere, when used by the Post Office, and placed at a moderate uniform rate, would pay a profit, we have the additional fact that by the adoption of the telephone at country post offices, the rural masses would be users of the new agency of intercommunication as well as the business-men of the cities.

2. It is urged that the number of employees of the government would be vastly increased. This argument, too, loses any force, if it has any, by the addition of the telephone. For all distances under 200 miles, the telephone can be employed, and the present postmasters can of course use them. A few telegraph centres,—one or two for each State,—could be established, to which all long-distance messages would be sent, to be there despatched by telegraph. At these centres there would be a staff, more or less large, of operators; but the civil-service rules would apply, as they already do, to the same post offices. The annual increase in the number of postmasters and post-office employees, by reason of the increased service, is from 3,000 to 5,000. For the reasons above given, it may be doubted if the addi-

tion of the telegraph and the telephone to the post office will add more than the present natural increase of one year. Besides, this increase will be at centres, and will be altogether of civil-service appointees and non-partisan.

3. The argument as to the expense of delivering messages would also be destroyed by the use of telephones, since in country districts the message would simply go to the post office; and in towns and their suburbs the universality of private telephones, which will come into general use on the expiration of the telephone patent, would make it easy to deliver messages; besides, government could and would have numerous telephone sub-post offices in every place of size.

The "Western Union" and its champions always adroitly couple opposition to governmental ownership of the telegraph with its ownership of railroads. This is to avail themselves of the strong opposition, and the forceful reasons which can be given, against the latter measure. But the two measures have nothing whatever in common. Government ownership of telegraphs and telephones is within the constitutional provision, and does not concern the extension of governmental authority to new subject matter, but is the simple adoption of proper facilities for the postal service commensurate with the progress of invention. No argument can be used against it which would not be equally valid against the administration of the Post Office itself by the government. Yet we may well believe that if the mail were handled by the same monopoly, it would not be as satisfactorily done as at present, and postage would be as high as telegraphing is now.

Whatever the demerits or merits of the cry raised in some quarters for government ownership of railroads, it has no connection with this matter. If railroads were used solely for the purposes of transmitting mail matter, the case would be parallel, and government could take charge of them under the power to establish post roads. But railroads are used mostly for the conveyance of passengers and freight, which is foreign to the purposes of a post office; and to the extent that they can be used for mail purposes, government does take charge of them, and asserts its exclusive right. If railroads are ever taken over by the government, it must be on some other ground than as post roads, for in that

capacity they are in government employ already. It is probable that public needs will require a stricter and closer control and supervision of railroads than heretofore; but as to the telegraph and telephone, from their very nature, they should be exclusively used by the national government for the cheap, speedy, and reliable exchange of communication between the people.

This will not prevent railroads from having their own telegraph lines for their own business, nor forbid telephone exchanges in cities and towns. As now persons and corporations can send their own letters by their own messengers, so they can send telegrams and telephonic messages on their own business by their own wires. The prohibition will extend, as is now the case, only to the sending of mail or messages for others.

The public demand in this direction for adoption of these, the cheapest and speediest means of intercommunication by the government, is beyond question. It can be ascertained by conversation in any gathering where the subject is discussed. The Farmers' Alliance has adopted the measure as one of its "demands." The Boards of Trade of New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and numerous other cities have petitioned for it. The vast majority of the press, wherever they have taken sides, have favored it. A measure so feasible, so needed, so much desired by the public and demanded by the wants of the age, has a powerful opponent, though indeed we may say but one; for the Western Union Telegraph Company, after having crushed out or bought off all its opponents except the Postal Telegraph Company (so called), has arrangements with it by which rates are to be maintained. It may be well, therefore, to examine into some of the reasons which impel that gigantic corporation to put forth efforts so powerful, that up to the present time it has throttled the popular will and defied the progressive spirit of the times. The capital stock of that company in 1858 was \$358,700. It declared stock dividends between 1858 and 1866—eight years—of \$17,810,146, and added only \$1,937,950 for new lines, making its capital July 1, 1866, \$20,138,800, nine tenths of which was water. One year from that date it coolly doubled its capital by making it \$40,568,300. The largest

dividend up to 1874 in any one year was 414 per cent. For a period of seven years, its dividends averaged 100 per cent a year on its average capital. At one time it distributed \$10,000,000 of stock to its shareholders. Its capital stock now, by virtue of successive waterings, is nearly \$100,000,000, and on that sum it pays dividends that make it one of the best paying investments in the country. Every investment of \$1,000 in 1858, in the Western Union Telegraph stock, will have received up to last September \$50,000 in stock dividends and cash dividends of \$100,000, or an average of 300 per cent dividends per year. It has realized \$100,000,000 of *net* profits in 25 years by its high charges. These figures are uncontroverted statements made to the committee of the last Congress before whom that company was represented by its president, its able array of counsel, and numerous lobbyists, and when it was opposing a measure in favor of a limited adoption of the telegraph by the Post Office.

After this showing, can there be attached any weight to the arguments of its newspapers and attorneys, or any doubt of the need by the public of a governmental telegraph? If at the present high rates, there has been so great and enormous a profit, can there be any doubt that here, as in England, a vastly increased business and a still larger profit would follow the taking over of the telegraph by the Post Office, with the concurrent establishment of reasonable rates?

The president of the Western Union, Dr. Norvin Green, stated that in 1868 the average profit to the company was 41 cents on each message. He claims that the average profit on each message now is only $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents, and he shows that the number of messages in the last twenty years has increased nearly ninefold—from 6,400,000, in 1868, to 54,100,000, in 1889. If this be true as to the profit, yet it shows that a large reduction in governmental hands is still possible, and a vast increase in the number of messages would be an immediate consequence.

As has been well said, “Of all the monopolies, the telegraph system of this country, substantially owned and controlled by one man, is the worst and most dangerous of them all. It is no longer safe or expedient to intrust into the hands of one overpowering monopoly the telegraph business of this country. It is a power, that not only can be used,

but has been perverted, for purposes hostile to the best interests of the people. The markets of the country, its finances, and its commercial interests to so large an extent depend upon the honest and honorable administration of the company, that the people are not in a mood to repose a trust of this kind any longer, without competition, in the hands of a stock-jobbing corporation."

The proposition for the government ownership of the telegraph and telephone will come up with renewed emphasis before each Congress. Like Banquo's ghost, it is a question which "will not down." It is just and right that the public demand should be granted; and such demands, like freedom's battle, once begun, "though baffled oft," we know, "are ever won."

It is an anomaly which cannot last, that we should strain every nerve and increase expenditure to save one or two hours in the rapid carriage or delivery of mails, when by a single enactment of Congress all such messages as require the hotly sought expedition could be delivered almost instantly by the use of electricity, and at the rate, say, of five cents per message.

Has not the public cause to desire this measure as surely as the present monopoly has reason for the earnest and persistent fight it has made for so many years against it?

MADAME BLAVATSKY IN INDIA. A REPLY TO MONCURE D. CONWAY.

BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THERE are three reasons why I reply to Moncure D. Conway's article in the October **ARENA**, entitled "Madame Blavatsky at Adyar."

First, I am an old and intimate friend of hers, while Mr. Conway met her but twice according to his own account, and then only for a short time. Second, she has given up her mortal body and cannot reply here to his attacks. Third, because, although his article is given as an account of her, it is, in fact, an attack on the Theosophical Society I had the honor to take part in founding with Madame Blavatsky and others, and with the history of which in all its details I am well acquainted, from having been one of its secretaries ever since its organization in 1875.

The October article covers twelve pages, and is mainly a rehashing of old charges made by other people and about which Mr. Conway has no personal knowledge whatever, besides a good deal of matter in which the mistakes are too evident to mislead anyone who has really given the theosophical movement any study.

Let us observe in the beginning the qualifications which Mr. Conway possesses as a reporter. He says Adyar is fifteen miles from Madras when at the most it is only six, and the extent of Madras itself is only fifteen. "Palms" are described as being at the entrance, whereas the only palms on the place were a few weak ones at the seaside of the compound, and where the road did not run. No doubt the "palms" he speaks of are to give a better color to the luxuriousness of the self-sacrifice he does not approve. In the next few lines the "guru" of a chela is described as a "mahatma" (page 580), a definition invented solely by the critic. In this little scene he gives the command of a mahatma as the reason for a Hindu's not shaking his hand; all travellers know that the Hindus do not shake hands with

one another, much less with strangers ; Mr. Conway must have observed this as I did when there, if he met any but the official English. His description of the "shrine," on page 582, is so far removed from fact that I am constrained to doubt the accuracy even of his recollection of what was said to him by Madame Blavatsky. I know the shrine well, have examined it fully, and just after he was there, and not only that, but by my own orders it was taken from the wall, and its contents removed soon after he left India, and in that removal I took chief part just before the famous so-called *exposé*, in the Christian College magazine. According to Mr. Conway "it reached nearly to the ceiling," the fact being that it was a wall cabinet and nothing more, and its total height from bottom to top was not four feet, which would be a very low ceiling. Its doors were painted black and varnished, but his recollection attributes to it a decoration of "mystical emblems and figures," perhaps to accord with what he thought a theosophical shrine ought to have. "The interior of the shrine was inlaid with metal work," he says, and evidently he saw it but once in haste. I saw it for several days together, examined it fully, took charge of it, with my own hands removed the objects within it, and instead of its interior being inlaid with metal work it was lined with common red plush. The description given by Mr. Conway makes a better newspaper story, however. Painting the interior with his imagination, he says there was a Buddha there, which is not so; and then occurs the crowning absurdity that the portrait of Koottumi "holds a small barrel-shaped praying machine on his head." This is a curious instance of hypnotism and bad memory mixing facts, for there was a tibetan prayer wheel in the shrine, but it lay on the bottom shelf, and the picture of Koottumi which I then removed, gives him with a fur cap on. It sounds like a bad dream that the learned doctor had. But further, and this is a case where any good journalist would have verified the mere facts of record, he says, speaking of the effect of the scandals on the branches of the society in India, that the seventy-seven branches there in 1879 are now (in 1891) "withering away under the Blavatsky scandals," the fact being that now over one hundred and fifty branches exist there which pass resolutions of high respect for her memory, and continue the work she incited them to begin,

included in that being a growing correspondence with the increasing membership in America, and the helping forward of a special department of the society's work, especially devoted to the translation of their old books and the procurement of manuscripts and treatises that Max Müller and others wish to have. If Mr. Conway had never before taken part in attacks upon Madame Blavatsky and the society, some inaccuracy might be attributed to inexperience ; but as the case is otherwise, one is led to the conclusion that some other motive than zeal for fact must have stimulated the present article. And it may interest him to know what Madame Blavatsky herself said to me of him after he had seen her :— “The gentleman is in his decadence, with a great disappointment hanging over his life ; from this point he will find himself of less and less importance in the world. and you will find him at last for a paltry pay attacking over my shoulders the cause you wish to serve,” a part of which we know to be now true.

Since I am trying to defend a friend who has passed beyond the veil, it is impossible to overlook the statement made in the note on page 582 of Mr. Conway's article, in which he leaves the impression that that article is his first presentation of the matter to the public : indeed, such is his declaration, the only indefiniteness being the omission of the names of the “friends of Madame Blavatsky” to whom he mentioned the affair so as to give them the chance of replying. The omission of their names now prevents my having their testimony, for I know all her friends and they are a sort who would not fail to give me the facts. It may have escaped Mr. Conway's recollection that after he had made his visit to Adyar and had his conversation with Mme. Blavatsky, he wrote a long account of it to the Glasgow *Herald* published in Glasgow, Scotland, in which he showed the same spirit as in the one under review, and that I wrote a reply to it for the same paper, which the paper published ; and that later when I was in London on my way to Adyar he met Colonel Olcott and myself after one of the services in South Place Chapel, in which he had advertised himself as to speak on theosophy and spiritualism, but wholly omitted any reference to theosophy when he saw us there ; and that our conversation was in the underground railroad, in the course of which he referred to the articles in the Glasgow *Herald*, and exhibited

the same vexation of which he accuses himself in the present one at page 581, when he found that the shrine had been permanently closed just three days before he got there. Perhaps the "glamour" of Adyar still lingers around his recollections.

I come now to the particular incident around which the October article revolves. It is the explanation supposed to have been offered by Madame Blavatsky of all her life and work to a visitor who told her he wanted an explanation to give to his flock (in South Place Chapel) who were always ready to admit facts. From his account it is clear that he did not inquire of her as to the philosophical doctrines of man and mind, and theories as to cosmogenesis she had been engaged in promulgating, nor of the objects and purposes of the Theosophical Society to which her life was devoted, and then as now an active body working not only in India but in Europe and America. His sole inquiry was about paltry phenomena that she never spoke of with any particular interest. For, he goes on: "'Now,' I said, "'what do these rumors mean? I hear of your lifting teapots from beneath your chair, summoning lost jewels, conversing with Mahatmas a thousand miles away.'"

If this is all that passed—and no more is given of questions by him—there is not a word in it relating to philosophy nor any of the many other important subjects upon which Madame Blavatsky had been for long before assiduously writing and talking. Her reply therefore attaches solely to the question. It is given by him: "It is glamour; people think they see what they do not. That is the whole of it." This reply has naught to do with the existence of Mahatmas, nor with their powers, nor with the theories of cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis given by her, nor with the aims and work of her society, nor with her views as to many hidden and natural powers of man, on which she had before that spoken and written much. It simply offered an explanation she had never failed to give, included in the word "glamour." This power of producing glamour is now well known to the French and other schools of hypnotists, and it is a correct explanation of many of her very best and most wonderful phenomena. It is the explanation of numerous extraordinary feats to be witnessed in India. By its means a letter could be brought into the room and deposited anywhere without a

person present seeing either letter or messenger. For grant the power, and the limits of its exercise cannot be fixed. Take the production of a teacup from beneath a chair where a moment or two before it had not been. The same power of glamouring would enable her to leave the room, still seeming to be present, to procure a teacup from the adjoining apartment and then to produce it suddenly from beneath the chair, all the while the spectators thinking they saw her sitting there. This is one of the possibilities of the realm of glamour, and admitted by Mr. Conway in my presence as I shall show. Glamour is only another name for hypnotism, partly understood by Dr. Charcot and his pupils, but fully known to Madame Blavatsky, who was taught in a school where the science is elaborated with a detail that western schools have not yet reached to but eventually will. And this she has often asserted of many of her own phenomena, for she has deliberately called them "psychological frauds."

I have said Mr. Conway admitted in my presence something germane to this inquiry. It was in his own South Place Chapel where I went in 1884 to hear him discourse on a subject which he advertised to be upon spiritualism and theosophy. For some reason unknown to me, he omitted all reference to theosophy, but dwelt at length on his experiences in India with fakirs, jugglers, and yogis. He related with a sober mien marvels of magic, of hypnotism, or of fraud that outshine anything he has criticised in Madame Blavatsky. Among those, he told of seeing an old fakir or yogi make coins dance about a table at the word of command and following Mr. Conway's unexpressed wish, there being no connection between the operator and the table, as he averred. "This," he said, "is very wonderful. I do not know how to explain it. But some day I will go back and inquire further." And yet Madame Blavatsky explained it for him at the Adyar conversation.

I do not think, as some have said, that she was making fun of him by thinking: "You soft-headed and innocent old goose, do you really suppose that I am going seriously to answer a person who proclaims in advance his mission here as you did and expects to see me execute phenomena whereon he may write a sermon for his London babes?"* On the contrary, she was ready to go on with him further if he

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chose to proceed beyond mere marvels that she had often dubbed with the name of glamour before he came. But he went no further, and calmly proceeded, plodding along with grotesque solemnity that is refreshing in the extreme.

In fine, all that Mr. Conway's somewhat labored article amounts to is that we are asked by him to believe that after Madame Blavatsky had duped some of the brightest minds of both West and East, and secured a firm hold on their loyalty, reverence, and affection,—including many hundred Hindus of learning and wide experience in their own land of marvels, as they have told me with their own lips—had succeeded in establishing a system of imposture upon which, if we accept his view, she must depend, she was ready in a casual conversation to confess all her acts to be frauds and to throw herself on the mercy of Mr. Conway merely because he preached in South Place Chapel and had a congregation,—hardly. If confession,—“an unwitnessed confession” as he calls it,—were her determination at the interview, it is interesting to ask why she did not confess to him that there were trap-doors and sliding panels to help phenomena? But there was no such confession, no trap-doors, no frauds.

On p. 587, Mr. Conway says: “The most curious thing about this turbaned spiritualism is its development of the Koothoomi myth. I asked Sir W. W. Hunter, Gazetteer-General of India, and other orientalists about the name of this alleged Mahatma or Rahat (Sic), and they declared Koothoomi to be without analogies in any Hindu tongue ancient or modern.”

It is easy to lose one's self in the ocean of Indian literature with its vast number of names, so perhaps Mr. Conway can be forgiven. But the name of Sir W. W. Hunter is not that of a great orientalist, and those of the “other orientalists” whom he asked are not given, so they must be considered of doubtful authority. On turning to “The Classical Dictionary of India” (by Mr. John Garrett, Director of Public Instruction at Mysore, India, printed in 1871 at Madras, Higginbotham & Co.) under K we find,

“KUTHUMI: a pupil of Paushyinji and teacher of the Sama Veda.”

The name is the same as the one spelled “Koothoomi” in THE ARENA, for the double “o” stands for “u.”

Proceeding with his peculiar analysis of this “myth,” Mr.

Conway says: "I was assured *on good authority* that the name was originally 'Cotthume' and a mere mixture of Ol-Cott and Hume, Madame Blavatsky's principal adherents." The evident recklessness of statement here is noticeable and inexcusable. No name of the "good authority" is given; certainly it was not Mr. Sinnett who first gave publicity to the name *Koothoomi*; perhaps it was some learned orientalist who never read John Garrett's book. But as I knew H. P. Blavatsky well in 1874, before she met Messrs. Sinnett or Hume, and before this name — now dubbed a myth — was ever given to the public, I may be allowed to say that it was not originally "Cotthume," but was one that I and others in New York were perfectly familiar with through his correspondence with us at that time on matters connected with the society. And when Mr. Sinnett published his *Esoteric Buddhism*, giving this name to the world, we all felt that ribaldry would follow. I wrote then to Madame Blavatsky expressing regret that the name was given out. To this she replied: —

Do not be alarmed nor grieved. The name was bound to come out some day, and as it is a real one its use instead of the New York substitute is better, because the latter was unreal. The mud that you fear is now to be thrown at sacred names will not hurt them, but inevitably will fly back in the faces of those who throw it.

The remainder of the article shows an utter lack of acquaintance with the theosophical movement which has been classed by the great Frenchman, Emile Bourouuf, as one of the three great religious movements of the day. Mr. Conway appears to think it depends on Colonel Olcott, ignoring the many other persons who give life to the "propaganda." Such men as Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and women like Mrs. Annie Besant, are left out of account, to say nothing of the omission to notice the fact that in each of the three great divisions of the globe, Europe, Asia, and America, there is a well-organized section of the society, and that there is a great body of literature devoted to the work. This was so well known to others that shortly before her death an article by Madame Blavatsky was printed by the *North American Review*, describing the progress of the movement. But Mr. Conway would have us suppose that Colonel Olcott's few published speeches represent us or indicate our future, and he gravely

advises that headquarters should be fixed in Ceylon, so that through a union with Buddhism, a lasting vitality may be assured. This can never be done. The society has had for several years a headquarters in Ceylon, just as it has others in London, New York, San Francisco, and Madras, but it is not, nor is it to be, a Buddhist society. A slight review of its literature, emanating from those centres, would have shown this to Mr. Conway, and perhaps enabled him to give us a better and broader article. Again, the interest it has excited in England makes the last sentence of his article, "If theosophy is to live, it must 'take refuge in Buddha'" a stale, emaciated joke. The convention of the society in London, in July last, attracted over twelve hundred people to a public meeting at Portman Rooms, and later St. James' Hall and St. George's were crammed with people, including such men as Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Justice Pollock, to hear Mrs. Annie Besant lecture as a theosophist on "Reincarnation," while her lecture on theosophy at the Democratic Club brought such a crush that doors and windows were pressed in. All of this was the subject of newspaper reports, column after column having been devoted to it, with an immediate exhaustion of morning editions. It seems more likely that theosophy will "take refuge" in London than in "Buddha."

Having now directly answered Mr. Conway's article I will take advantage of the opportunity to append some facts directly known to myself, about the "shrine" and the rooms at Adyar.

I went to Adyar in the early part of the year 1884, with full power from the president of the society to do whatever seemed best for our protection against an attack we had information was about to be made in conjunction with the missionaries who conducted the Christian College at Madras. I found that Mr. Coulomb had partly finished a hole in the wall behind the shrine. It was so new that its edges were ragged with the ends of laths and the plaster was still on the floor. Against it he had placed an unfinished teak-wood cupboard, made for the occasion, and having a false panel in the back that hid the hole in the wall. But the panel was too new to work and had to be violently kicked in to show that it was there. It was all unplaned, unoiled, and not rubbed down. He had been dismissed before he had time to finish. In the

hall that opened on the stairs he had made a cunning panel, opening the back of a cupboard belonging to the "occult room." This was not finished and force had to be used to make it open, and then only by using a mallet. Another movable panel he also made in the front room, but even the agent of the psychical society admitted that it was very new. It was of teak, and I had to use a mallet and file to open it. All these things were discovered and examined in the presence of many people, who then and there wrote their opinions in a book I provided for the purpose, and which is now at headquarters. The whole arrangement was evidently made up after the facts to fit them on the theory of fraud. That it was done for money was admitted, for a few days after we had completed our examination the principal of the Christian College came to the place—a thing he had never done before—and asked that he and his friends be allowed to see the room and the shrine.

He almost implored us to let him go up, but we would not, as we saw he merely desired to finish what he called his "exposure." He was then asked in my presence by Dr. Hartmann what he had paid to Coulomb for his work, and replied, somewhat off his guard, that he had paid him somewhere about one hundred rupees. This supports the statement by Dr. Hartmann (made in print), that Coulomb came to him and said that ten thousand rupees were at his disposal if he could ruin the society. He merely exaggerated the amount to see if we would give him more to be silent.

The assailants of H. P. Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society have ever seemed to be beset by a singular fatuity. It seems that they must, as it were by force, deny all accepted laws of motive and of life in judging these things, explaining the conduct of members of the society on principles the reverse of any ever known to human beings, facts as plain as noonday being ignored, and other facts construed on theories which require the most tremendous credulity to accept. They perceive no fine impulse, and laugh at the idea of our desiring to give a basis for ethics although not a word in all the writings of Madame Blavatsky shows her or us in any other light.

THE WAR OF THE ROSFS

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

SQUIRE WALKER never meant the gathering should take a political turn. All the squire intended, or thought of, was getting his corn shucked. So when he issued invitations in the good old way, that is, by mounting his clay-bank mare, and striking off across the mountain, calling from door to door, that on Thursday, October the 15th, there would be a corn-shucking at his place down at the Ford, it was the least of his intentions that anything of a political nature should disturb the harmony of the occasion.

No *husking*, mind you, but a *shucking*. Such as they have nowhere to such perfection as in Tennessee. Such royally rousing good times, with cider, and apple butter, pumpkin, and *mountain dew* never in lack.

The squire had not once thought of politics, although, to be sure, it was a "political year." Across the mountain somewhere two brothers had been nominated for governor of the State; and down in the valley there were exciting times, rumors of which, vague at first, but gaining in interest all the while, had even crossed the mountain and disturbed the quiet of the region round about the Ford.

"Disturbed it mightily," the squire declared, when on his rounds to issue invitations to the corn-shucking he found the election excitement at fever heat among his neighbors.

"*Bob an' Alf!*" "*Bob an' Alf!*" "*Bob an' Alf!*" was on every lip, with the emphasis to mark the favorite; the emphasized conjunction denoting the conservative mugwump who "looked at principle rather than party." Some made a mighty joke of the campaign; others took it with solemn seriousness; but *all* took a part.

Such times were never heard of in that part of the country. The squire was disgusted.

"Such an etarnal rumpus about nothin'," he declared to the clay-bank. "The whole kentry upset about two sappin's a-want'n ter be gov'ner o' Tennessee, an' my corn a-want'n ter be shucked sech as *never ware*."

Corn-shucking is a courtesy, however, as sacred to the mountaineer as assisting at a funeral, or "settin' up with a corpse." To say nothing of the visions of pumpkin pies, pumpkin bread, apple butter, and apple cider, barbecued pig, and the *dew* (that would swing an even balance with any political move ever set 'on' foot) that ever arose before the husker's mental eye at the mention of a Tennessee corn-shucking.

Still, the neighborhood was excited; no mistake about that. The feeling extended to the very women and children, and might indeed be said to have descended to the stock.

Every new baby, as well as every new mule, pet dog, or calf, was promptly labelled in honor of one of the opposing candidates. The house against itself wrought trouble in other houses. Brother stood against brother as candidates, and brother against brother as voters.

Down in the first district, at Pete Siles' house, "the other side the Wataugy," matters were becoming serious enough. Man and wife had actually quit speaking, "all 'count o' the election," the neighbors said. Pete said it was "all 'count o' the baby," that innocent youngster having made his appearance in the very heat of the political canvass and demanded of the authors of his being a name. Mrs. Siles promptly declared for the Democratic nominee, her people having always supported that ticket. But Pete's people had been as stubbornly loyal to the other side, and, very naturally, Pete desired his first born to bear the name of his own chosen candidate.

Little Mrs. Siles was not a woman to yield lightly. She called that boy "Bob;" when she was a trifle vexed she called him *Robert*. Pete as persistently called him "Alf." He made a point of calling him too, whenever Mrs. Siles did. Then each would regard the other in a manner that said most distinctly, "Never!" "Wish I may die if I do!"

But the split was not confined to families. Lovers and friends took up sides against each other. Such a time was never heard of in that quiet neighborhood.

"I hev seen times an' times," said the squire, "but I ha'n't seen no time like this time, not in all my born days."

There were Elridge Ford and Denie Lynn who had been keeping steady company for two years, had up and had a

split along with the rest. Denie, whose folks lived over in Sullivan, the one Democratic county of Eastern Tennessee, was herself a stanch Democrat, "a reg'lar mud-sbank." Eb Ford was a "red hot Republican." Both were rather given to expressing their political preferences. And in the great race between the brothers the lovers naturally "took sides." A quarrel, bitter and prolonged, was the result, and the couple quit speaking.

"So matters stood when the squire issued invitations to his corn-shucking at the Ford on the Watauga. It is customary to work with the corn all day, and to dance all night, as a remuneration, at these entertainments; and the festivities are sometimes prolonged far into the next day, the frolic depending somewhat upon the amount of pumpkin pie and apple cider that has been prepared.

"Yars, Square," said young Ford, when the clay-bank had stood a moment at the gate of the politician-lover's home, "I'll come. Fetched if I don't! There's a speakin' o' the candidates nex' day down 't 'Lizbethton, but I'll run the risk o' gittin' back in time fur hit. I be plumb sick o' politics, anyhow. I'll come ter the shuckin', an' fetch my fiddle!" and he added, smiling broadly, "I ain't comin' no more! So do, Eb, so do," said the squire; "I ware aimin' ter ask ye ter fetch the music along. I'll feel obligated ter ye, Eb. I certainly will." He was smiling broadly, adding, "That's all right," said Ford. "I'll be either! Iaint the one ter refuse ter holp a neighbor, an' I be sick o' this here politics, anyhow."

The truth was Ford was sick of the quarrel with Denie; although he was not ready to admit it, nor to forgive, without some show of repentance on her part, the "stubbornness" of his sweetheart. She left him alone at last, however. When Denie received her invitation to the shucking, she looked the squire in the face and said:

"I'm calculatin' pow'ful on gittin' over ter 'Lizbethton ter hear the candidates, but I'll come, Square Walker, an' do my part."

And as the squire rode away to Pete Siles' cabin further down the mountain, pretty Denie sighed and went back to her washtub under the hop-vine shed, wondering if Eb Ford would be there. Then she "lowed he wouldn't," "count o' affection," and she sighed again, vaguely wondering how a

corn-shuckin in Tennessee would go off without Eb Ford and his fiddle.

Pete Siles likewise accepted the invitation to make one of the huskers.

"Don't keer ef I do, Squar'," he declared, as he spat the yellow tobacco from his mouth, a necessary proceeding indeed if he was expected, as he assuredly was, to give a verbal answer to the invitation. "I don't keer ef I do. The ole 'oman hev been that pesky an' tetchy lately as it be wusser'n pizen ter stay in the house. She air more techous nor a yaller jacket. I aint knowed no peace since 'lection opened up. An' ez fur music, I aint heeard no good music since last Chris'mus. I'll come, Squar', an' fetch my fiddle an' holp Eb make a fuss fur the young folks atter shuckin's over."

"I wish yer would, Pete," said the squire, and Pete swore that he *would*, half wishing that, despite her peskiness, the rebellious little mother in the cabin was able to go along with him and enjoy the fun.

"Ruthy do jest natchelly love a fiddle, same's a man," he told himself, when the clay-bank's tail was swishing in and out among the stunted autumn greens like a yellow banner that was losing its gaudy coloring along with other autumn things, as the squire rode cautiously down the zigzag bridle path. "Ruthy do p'intedly love a fiddle."

So indeed does every loyal mountaineer. The quick ear tuned to catch the faintest murmur of the forest, and to interpret each breath of wind, or move of nature's wildwood growth; to find the faintest footfall of the timid deer; to catch the muffled breathings of the skulking bear, the wiry fox, the hidden cat,—the ear tuned to nature's delicate moods cannot be dull to the flute, the violin, or the echoing horn.

"Eb Ford an' his fiddle ull be o' the comperny," had been inducement mightier than the yellow pumpkin, or the golden cider with which to toll the jolly huskers to their places.

By sun up, the squire's great barn had been opened to receive its guests, who came by twos, and threes, and wagon loads. The seats had been arranged around the walls, and in rows that extended the full width of the barn. The floor was covered with fresh, new straw; the corn was piled in heaps in reach of all. At the top of the partition which separated the barn from the crib, half dozen boards were torn

away, and it was over this partition the huskers were to toss the corn into the crib on the other side.

They wore their Sunday clothes; for the frolic that was to follow the shucking demanded something more genteel than homespun frocks and copperas breeches. An odd bit of adornment, worn by each guest, consisted of a rose-bud, either white or red, pinned upon the bosom. Not one but wore it, a badge, evidently, for every eye was turned to inspect each newcomer as he or she entered, to discover what were his or her colors.

Eb Ford was among the early arrivals, but after a glance at the rows of buxom girls congregated to one side of the barn, and whose fat fingers were clumsily tearing away the rustling shucks, he quietly slipped into a place among the men, with a careless "howdy, folkses," and an indifferent nod toward the space allotted to the girls.

"Gimme the fiddle, Eb," said the squire, as Eb held the precious treasure a moment across his knee. "I'll fetch her up ter the house, and put her away keerful till night."

The musician passed the fiddle over the heads of his neighbors into the squire's outstretched hands.

"Put her wher' the chillen can't hender her, Square, *ef ye please.*"

"I will, Eb, I will. I'll lay her long side o' Pete's fiddle in the chist, an' let 'em git acquainted. Mebbe she ull l'arn that thar tune o' Pete's you-uns sets so much store by, Eb; that un about 'Cotton-Eye Joe.'"

"An' I'm a-hopin'" sang out Pete's shrill treble from the rear of the barn, "that while you-uns' fiddle air l'arnin' 'Cotton-Eye,' mine ull feel obligated ter l'arn 'Sally Gal' o' yourn, Eb. That air a plumb pritty tune, an' I hev sometimes 'lowed I'd ruther hear it ez ter hear all the angels together singin' in glory."

"Thankee, Pete, thankee," said Eb. "So air 'Cotton-Eye Joe.' I allus set store by 'Cotton-Eye.'"

"Now, Eb," sang out one of the men, "ye an' Pete put off complermint'n' o' one 'n'other till night, an' fall too over ther'. Jest look at the gals over yander, wait'n fur ter be kissed."

This was followed by a good deal of laughing among the men, much blushing among the girls, and the day's sport was fairly begun.

Only Pete kept wishing Ruthy had been there to hear the compliment ez Eb Ford passed over his fiddlin' "for Eb was himself the acknowledged head fiddler of that destidit." Eb meanwhile felt that Pete's compliment to him fell rather flat since Denie Lynn wasn't there to hear it; and he wondered why Denie was not there; and he worked on in a half-hearted way, saying but little, and wholly unconscious that a pair of saucy blue eyes were watching him keenly from the opposite side of the room where red-haired Sis Fraley was shucking corn. Sis wore a flaming red rose in her voluminous bosom, and was bent upon bringing the adornment before the notice of young Ford, for whom Sis had long entertained feeling not altogether sisterly. The squine had insisted upon politeness being "drapped!" Excitement ran too high to be altogether trusty, and corn-shuckings in Tennessee had been known to break up in rows, hand-to-hand-fights, for far less cause than a red and white rosebud. The squine was nervous, and the slightest allusion to the election was promptly met with an entirely different subject, with no slighting however of national gift.

"White roses growter you uns' place?" was a gauntlet thrown into the camp of the red men, whi promptly accepted the challenge, until, as the squire declared, "the whole country ware upset by politics!" H.H. H.H. H.H. H.H. I."

Eb Ford felt less pride in his red badge of Republicanism than when he rode two miles out of his way to beg it of old Granny Gorman, who, a rank Republican, was "raisin' roses fur that elemint ter wear." Eb had meant to spite Denie mightily with the unconscious little roseband. Denie did not really believe he would come out boldly for the red; against her white; he meant to show her that he would, that "he was a man of his own head."

"Women ought ter keep out'n' o' politics anyhow!" he told himself, "an' men hev got ter stand up fur the'se 'ves ef they be men." And he set his lips in a resolute determination, not unliken the manner in which a golden-haired, soft-cheeked young girl, riding across the mountain at that moment behind her brother on the big roan, set her lips, and glanced down at the creamy rosebud pinned in her bosom under her mother's big plaid shawl.

And when, half hour later, the same big brother, followed

by the same golden-haired young girl, each wearing the symbolic white lid, quietly entered the barn, and took their places with the huskers, young Ford's spirits took a decided turn. He abimed off until stamp it hot oil, indoor oil
 ii From moroseness he went to such an extreme as to be almost boisterous. Nobody in the room was having such an altogether all-around good time, as Eb Ford. He detected Sis Fraley's keen eyes the very moment Denie and her brother entered the barn, and began his vigorous flirtation on the spot, boldly intimating that the red roses found an affectionate affinity for each other, and laughingly wondering why it was that no red ears came to his hand. And with it "The kisses'll give plumb out afore my turn comes, Square," he complained to the master of the festivities, "and Sis'll be plumb outdone if I don't ax furthest one kiss anyhow." A grin of malignant glee lit up his face, and he roared out The laugh which followed this sally was indulged by all except the demure little champion of the white rose, the only "white rose girl" in the barn. She lifted her brown eyes a single instant, such honest, sincere eyes, and so full of half contempt, to Eb's, then quietly went on tearing away the golden shucks from the full ripe ears of corn in rapid time. Eb saw the look, and at once dispossessed himself of the idea that Denie was jealous. It was one of those quiet glances which merit adopts, and which, like a quick, sharp flash of lightning turned upon the lesser soul, proclaims at once its inferiority. Eb felt it keenly, and felt that his coarse jesting had somehow lowered him in Denie's estimation, as well as in his own self-respect. ~~now good self~~ But not "*She ain't disgusted,*" he told himself, and with the reflection came a consciousness of the difference between the two girls sitting side by side shucking corn. The quiet modesty of one contrasted strangely with the bold coquetry of the other; and he felt that he had descended to an inferior place in the scale of merit, to a level with the coarse coquette. He subsided at once into his natural, quiet self, stealing a glance now and then at Denie, wondering why it was that her fingers did not have that fat, heavy shape so conspicuous among the others! They were slender, nimble fingers, and the tiny black ring upon the second left hand finger, which he had made for her with one of his own guttapercha buttons, raised by the blacksmith's red-hot poker, but brought

out more conspicuously the whiteness of the pretty hand. His heart was softening greatly toward his stubborn little sweetheart. If only she would throw aside that detested white rosebud, he felt it quite within the bounds of possibility that he would "knock under" sufficiently to "make it up" with Denie.

Sis Fraley began to feel, by that mysterious something, that is more than instinct and less than intuition, that she was losing ground, and set about at once to redeem herself. Her sharp voice rang out with bold disapproval: "I'd hate mighty ter be the only gal in the neighborhood ter wear a white banner, *I would.*"

Instantly Harry Lynn's golden head, the *fac simile* of Denie's, was lifted; he was ready to defend his sister against every girl in Sullivan County, if the necessity arose. For an instant Eb, too, thought of speaking up in Denie's behalf. But Denie was quite capable of defending herself; she motioned Harry to sit down. Eb she quietly ignored. The voice which replied to Sis was as quietly gentle as ever.

"I'd ruther be the onliest one ter wear her hones' colors," she declared, "ez ter be the onliest one not brave enough ter stan' by her principles." And turning the white rose gently, so that it seemed to nestle a trifle closer to the brave heart of its defender, Denie went quietly on shucking Squire Walker's corn.

Whether the fates, in the disguise of a red ear of corn, meant to help matters on, nobody knows; but it was at that identical moment that Eb Ford, turning the shucks back, found the long-expected, hope-helping, love-testing *red ear*. It peeped coyly at him from the brown silks and golden husks. Everybody saw it and laughed. Sis Fraley smoothed her red ringlets and flashed a triumphant glance of her blue eyes at Denie, quietly shucking the corn.

Eb knew this was his time; now or never. If he should throw the ear to Sis it meant an everlasting goodby to Denie. For Denie had spirit enough hidden under that quiet gentleness. She had not seen the red ear until the general laugh caused her to look up. Eb hesitated, smiled, and lifted the love-ear high above his head. The next instant it shot across the barn and dropped into the straw at Denie's feet.

Pleased, surprised, and slightly frightened, the girl instantly arose, according to the usual custom, to pay the cus-

tomary forfeit, when embarrassment took possession of her, and hiding her face in her hands she waited for her lover to come and take his own.

What spirit of mischief put the thought into the brother's heart it is impossible to say; but, amid breathless silence, and just at the moment when Eb had risen to claim his forfeit, Harry sang out an unwise, "*Rah fur Bob!*"

The huskers burst into a roar of laughter, and Eb, understanding Harry's exclamation to infer that Denie, as champion of the white rose, had conquered the red, doggedly dropped back into his seat, and poor Denie was left alone, standing in full view of the huskers, modestly warding off the kiss that never was to come.

Quivering with anger the brother slipped his hand into his belt.

"Set down ther', Denie!" he commanded, "an' don't be makin' a fool o' yerself."

Sis Fraley seized the opportunity to put in an opportune stroke.

"I allus *ware* a *Alf* man, myse'f," she announced in her sharp treble.

"So ware a sight o' other blamed fools," promptly responded young Lynn. And for a while all the squire's calls of "Cider! Cider, boys!" were powerless to quell the riot.

Eb Ford flew at Harry Lynn's throat, but was held back by the glitter of steel in the hand of his antagonist. But when some enthusiastic "red roser" in the rear of the white champion, wrenched the deadly knife from his grasp, brother and lover were instantly locked in a hand to hand scuffle which meant blood to both, perhaps death to one.

They fought like madmen, the squire alone striving to restore peace.

Denie, calmly indignant, climbed upon a bench, and stood watching the fight. She stood utterly alone, as quietly observant, as cruelly, coldly interested as though she might have been some female Nero fiddling over burning Rome.

"Call him off, Denie," cried the squire, catching sight of the bright, golden head. "Call Harry off, he air on top, anyhows."

The girl's cool, clear answer reached the ear and penetrated the hot brain of the man lying, like a baffled tiger, under Harry Lynn's strong grasp.

"I won't!" she said. "He deserves a whoppin' an' I hope Harry'll give him one." da abut tol in central grubin' tol.

The next moment a small stream of blood was seen to trickle from the hand young Lynn lifted to strike at the dark face beneath him, and the crowd understood that Ford had set his teeth in the other's arm; and concluding the red had about squared things with the white rose, the supporters of Ford's color pulled the men apart, and the squire announced dinner full twenty minutes before the shoot, barbecuing before the kitchen hearth, was toasted to its proper brown. the dinner was a failure, despite the squire's wife's best efforts. The boys stood about in groups and talked politics, each more stubbornly red or white rose than before the riot in the barn. The girls stole off in groups, and "hope ez Denie Lynn ware satisfied now, seein' ez two men hed fit fur her." And Sis Fraley took occasion to remark that "men might kerry on some with gals ez crossed 'em, an' favored fightin' an' sech, but when it come ter marryin', they allus looked out fur t'other sort." Even Pete Silos concluded he "had as well stayed at home with Ruthy an' Alf ter hear politics ez ter come ter Square's bar hear 'em," long about four miles to the southward.

The thought of the evening frolic and the dancing brought but little pleasure. For if Eb was the favorite fiddler, Harry Lynn was the champion dancer of the district. Denie, too, never lacked for partners, and when the evening closed in with a delightful sprinkle of snow, and the large kitchen had been cleared for the dancers, the girl did condescend to a little flirting. for her mother had always told her

Eb went off into a corner and swore lie'd "fiddle fur no blamed political getherin' ez ware ever gethered."

So Pete took the fiddle, and ere long the ravishing strains of "Cotton-Eye Joe" were alluring the dancers to their places. When Eb saw Denie, demure little Denie, who had never quite settled it with her conscience that dancing wasn't wicked in one who had been *dipped* at the Baptist "June meet'n," in Little Doe River, step out among the dancers, he determined to be as "independent ez any gal critter ever borned," and straightway sought Sis for a partner, taking, however, no notice of her triumph when, in passing Denie, she "allowed ez men kerried on, an' men married."

The dance was scarcely more a success than the dinner had been. Pete's old fiddle was as mudl' a-jangle as Pete's conscience, and soon the huskers gave up trying to make melody, and seating themselves on the benches ranged around the room, fell into the one absorbing subject of politics; it being

The Squire was in dire distress! "I'm o' form of mind," "This I won't do," he declared. "Boys, ye must enjoy yourselves! It ain't showin' like blazes outside, ye can't go home till daylight, an' ye must lay it to ab' enjoy yourselves! Here air cider, yander be sperita, an' thit' be possunt, an' shoat, an' pie in the shed room ready ter han'." "Id a hol."

A vigorous rap upon the outer door cut short the squire's invocation! He cast his eye at Eb, sulking in a corner.

"Shouldn't wonder none ef 'tward the sheriff b' the country come ter 'rest you youngsters fur 'fight'n,'" he said, with good-humored banter, and hastened to open the door. It was snowing, a pitiless night, black as Erebus. The squire was not a man to turn a traveller from his door, but when the stranger, closely buttoned in a great coat, and with hat pulled over his brows, instead of entering, beckoned the host outside, the good man hesitated a moment. Only a moment, however, then stepped out, pulling the door to behind him. Soon he returned, followed by a tall, heavily set man, and the two passed into the "big room," (the best room) where a few couples dropped in, now and then to sit a moment before the great log fire. The Squire's fiddle were a knowing look, and the stranger, having seated himself before the blaze, and removed his hat, glanced, with a twinkling eye, at the red and white badges of the young people who were staring at him in a kind of indifferent wonder. His head was large, round, and somewhat bald; he wore no beard; but a dark, slight mustache and *browsides* gave a half enameled, jovial expression to the full dark features. Suddenly, in the next room, Pete's fiddle called the dancers to place again, and Eb, going over with him, lit the oil lamp. The stranger started, and lifted his head like a blooded hound that hears the call to chase. Eb Ford, seeing the gesture, was moved to say: — "I belied of Jezebel's min' ma." "Like the fiddle, stranger?" "It's all right around here." The voice that replied was of that rich, slow sweetness, found only in the hills of Tennessee, in him. "Well, A word?" "Mightily," he said, "mighty." And gripped him in

Others came in, and passed the usual "Howdy," to which the stranger replied, "Howdy," smiling pleasantly. The squire passed to and fro, eyeing the guest curiously, but saying nothing. Pete came at last, bringing his fiddle, and placed it beside the stranger, on the bench before the fire, while he went to get a "bite long o' the others."

The strange man eyed the fiddler narrowly, and Eb, eyeing *him*, would have sworn he put out his hand toward the instrument, then drew it quickly away.

"Play?" said Eb, carelessly.

"Jest a bit."

Silence.

"Ye can gin us a tune ef ye'r minded ter. I'll loan ye my fiddle ef Pete won't his'n."

"You uns play, too?"

Eb nodded. "Some."

Something, a flash of soul perhaps, who shall say? passed from man to man, and the stranger lifted the fiddle slowly, lovingly, and rested it gently against his shoulder. He drew the bow across the strings once, twice. Eb pricked his ears, and drew a trifle nearer. There was a master stroke in that handling of the bow. Again it was drawn across the tense, simulative catgut. And through the rooms, the rafters, out to the very shedroom itself floated, carrying delicious surprise in every note, the well-known strains of "Rabbit in the Pea Patch." Pete, in the shed room, dropped his knife with a great clatter, and the squire made at once for the door.

"The chillen hev got holt o' it, Pete, but I'll—"

"*Hush!*" commanded Pete. "*That aint no chillen.*" He listened a moment, a half eaten slice of pie in his hand. "'T aint Eb," he said, "he couldn't fetch that note, not ter save his soul from torment. An' it air not—*me*—, in the name o' God, who *air* it?" And Pete, the forgotten pie still in his hand, bustled away after the unknown fiddler.

One by one the old familiar airs were played. But never had they heard them thus; this was music. Old quarrels were forgotten in the general pleasure when the strange musician consented to be led away to the kitchen to play for the dancers. The frolic took on something of life at last. The squire looked in every five minutes, but only to say, "*Great I Am!*" and to walk away again. Eb Ford glanced at Denie, keeping time with her nimble little body in a

graceful, suggestive swing. The glance said, "Will you?" as plain as could be. Denie nodded a response, and together they stepped among the dancers, the red rose and the white.

There was no rest until daylight. Then, when the snow lay soft and white upon the valley, and the gray shimmer of the new dawn hovered above the hills, the fiddler drew his magic bow across the strings gently, gently; *Home, Sweet Home!* The dancers went out softly, as if their footsteps might awaken the slumbrous sweetness of the music, and it take flight forever. Pete was the last to go. At the gate he turned to the squire, who was helping to saddle the horses.

"Who *air* he?" he said, earnestly.

The squire put his lips to Pete's ear and whispered a name.

"G-r-e-a-t Jehosaphet!" and the next moment Pete was hurrying home as fast as the little brown mare could carry him.

"Ruthy!" he called to his wife, "Ruthy! Wake up. I hev got a name fur the baby."

His wife opened her eyes and stared. "He hev got a name a'ready," she said quietly. "What ails o' you-uns, Pete?"

Pete only stalked over to the cradle and shook it.

"You Bob!" he shouted, "wake up thar! Ye jest sleeps on same 'sef ye weren't named after the bes' fiddler this side o' the kingdom come. You Bob, I say, wake up thar!"

Six months later Eb Ford was heard to express himself after this wise:—

"When I heeard that thar fiddle talkin' 'bout 'Home, Sweet Home,' I jest got ter want'n one o' my own that bad, I up an' axed Denie ter ride home hind o' me stid o' Harry, an' she done it. We uns aint never rid no other way sence. An' that's how come I voted the white rose ticket that air time."

"Sugor III H" ablaa mudiq miit sigur ne swiitengue. Jidueng
bitu yonkoror ka boldooyi siimoff miit bimoo ka nieldq za
bitu oot biir miit jidueng miit zidueng. Jeemorek zoqt yedtemot

A PRAYER OF THE HEART.

A PRAYER OF THE HEART.

**Who long, with spirit valiant still,
To work with earnest hand and will,**

Whose souls for action strive and thrill —
Yet must be still!

Who smell in dreams the clover sweet,
And crush the wild fern 'neath the feet.

And crush the wild fern 'neath the feet,
And seek each well-loved haunt and seat,
Each old retreat.

Each old retreat;
And mark again the birds' quick flight.

And mark again the birds quick flight,
The river glancing in the light,
The blue hills melting from the sight.

The starry night,—Improbable! “droll no I”
droll night! droll! droll! droll! droll! droll!

The fields aglow with sun and bloom, beyond all to
The cloudless sky, the leafy gloom; admix'd with

Then wake to low and darkened room,
Their world! — a tomb!

Dear Lord, forgive, if as they lie, I cannot be
And sadly watch their lives drift by,

And sadly watch their lives drift by,
Pain-torn in anguish sore, they cry
I would know why I cannot tell, I don't understand.

so much off. I would like to keep the oil until we sell it. I
conveniently enough to you at yesterday but you never ride straight
out to you never out you never in good oil. "I thought you'll
ride and right you out to noz blot and I could do you out of
blot and oil and you never in good oil. "I could do you out of
A SPOIL OF OFFICE. You'll out front out
out of ingenuity and in mitigation of your oil. "I could do you out of
you could do you out of you never in good oil but no oil you never out of

A STORY OF THE MODERN WEST. "I could do you out of you never in good oil but no
out you never in good oil and no oil you never in good oil
and you never in good oil and you never in good oil
BY HAMLIN GARLAND. "I could do you out of

"I could do you out of you never in good oil but no
out you never in good oil and no oil you never in good oil
PART III. "I could do you out of you never in good oil

"It was a singular thing to see the farmers suddenly begin to ask themselves why they should stand quietly by while the townsmen monopolized all the offices and defied the farmers to make a change. They laughed at charges of chicanery in office, and openly said that "no man with corns on his hands and hayseed in his hair can be elected to office in the county." This speech was of the greatest value to the young champions. It became their text.

"The speech that made Bradley famous among the farmers came about the middle of October. It was an open-air meeting in Cottonwood township, one Saturday afternoon. He and Milton drove out to their appointment in a carriage which Milton had borrowed. It was a superb Indian summer day, and they were both very happy. Each had his individual way of showing it. Milton put his heels on the dash-board, and sung or whistled all the way out, stopping only occasionally to say: "Aint this boss?.. This is what I call doin' a thing up brown. Wish I could do this for a stiddy business." But he did not sing. Bradley smiled at his companion's fun. He felt the pride and glory of it all, but he couldn't express it as Milton did. It was such a magnificent thing to be thus selected to push on a campaign. The mere idea of the crowd waiting out there for their arrival had something royal in it. And then this riding away into a practically unknown part of the country to speak before perfect strangers had an epic quality. Great things seemed coming to him.

They found quite an assembly of farmers; notwithstanding the busy season. It showed how deep was the interest in the campaign, and Milton commented upon it in beginning his speech.

"If a farmer ever gets his share of things, he's got to take time to turn out to caucuses and meetings, and especially he's got to stop work and vote."

Bradley arose after Milton's speech, which pleased the farmers with its shrewdness and drollery, feeling at a great disadvantage.

"My colleague," he began (preserving the formality of the Delta Society debates), "has told you of the ring that has controlled the officers of this county for so long, but he hasn't told you of the inside facts. I aint fightin' in this campaign to put the town people out and the farmers in; I'm fightin' to put thieves out and honest men in."

This was a blow straight out from the shoulder and was followed by great applause. But a few voices cried:—

"Take that back!"

"I won't take anything back that I know is the truth."

"Yes, you will! That's a lie, an' you know it!" shouted an excited man a short distance away.

"Let me tell you a story," Bradley went on slowly. "Last session of court a friend of mine was on the jury. When court adjourned, he took his order on the county to the treasurer and asked for his pay. The treasurer said, 'I'm sorry, but they aint any funds left for the jurors' fees.'"

"Can't you give me some out of some other fund?"

"No, that won't do—can't do that."

"Well, when will yeh have some money in?"

"Well, it's hard tellin'—in two or three months, probably."

"Well, I'd like the money on this order. I need it. Can't I git somebody to cash it for me?"

"Well, I dunno. I guess they'll take it at the store. My brother John might cash it—possibly, as an accommodation."

"Well, my friend goes over to Brother John's bank, and Brother John cashes the order, and gives him eight dollars for it. Brother John then turns in the order to the treasurer and gets twelve dollars for it, and then they 'divvy' on the thing. Now, how's that for a nice game?"

"It's a damn lie!" shouted an excited man in the foreground. He had his sleeves rolled up and kept up a continual muttering growl.

"It's the truth," repeated Bradley. There was a strong Russell contingent in the meeting, and they were full of fight. The angry man in front repeated his shout:—

"That's a lie! Take it back, or I'll yank yeh off'm that wagon box."

"Come and try it," said Bradley, throwing off his coat.

The excitement had reached the point where blows begin. Several irresponsible fellows were urging their companion on.

"Jump 'im! Jump 'im, Hank! We'll see fair-play."

"Stand yer ground, Brad!" shouted the friends of the speaker.

"We'll see they come one at a time."

"Oh see here! No fightin'," shouted others. The man Hank was not to be silenced. He pushed his way to the wagon-wheel and shook his extended fist at the speaker.

"Take that back, you ——"

Bradley caught him by his uplifted wrist, and bracing himself against the wheel, jerked his assailant into the wagon-box, and tumbled him out in a disjointed heap on the other side before he could collect his scattered wits.

Then Bradley stood up in his splendid height and breadth. "I say it's the truth; and if there are any more rowdies who want 'o try yankin' me out o' this wagon, now's your time. You never'll have a better chance." Nobody seemed anxious. The cheers of the crowd and the young orator's determined attitude discouraged them. "Now I'll tell yeh who the man was who presented that order. It was William Bacon; mebbe some o' you fellers want to tell him he lies."

He finished his speech without any marked interruption, and was roundly congratulated by the farmers. On the way back to Rock River, however, he seemed very much depressed, while Milton exulted over it all.

"Gosh! I wish I had your muscle, old man! I aint worth a cent in things like that. Cæsar! But you snatched him bald-headed."

"Makes me feel sick," Bradley said. "I aint had but one squabble before since I was a boy. It makes me feel like a plug-ugly."

Milton was delighted with it all. It made such a capital story to tell! "Say, Brad, do you know what I thought of when you was yankin' that feller over the wheel? Scaldin' hogs! You pulled on him just as if he was a three-hundred pound shote. It was funny as all time!"

But Bradley had trouble in going to sleep that night, thinking about it. He was wondering what She would have thought of him in that disgraceful row. He tried to remember whether he swore or not. He felt, even in the darkness, her grave, sweet eyes fixed upon him in a sorrowful, disappointed way, and it made him groan and turn his face to the wall, to escape the picture of himself standing there in the wagon, with his coat off, shouting back at a band of rowdies.

But the story spread, and it pleased the farmers immensely. The boldness of the charge and the magnificent muscle that backed it up took hold of the people's imagination strongly, and added very greatly to his fame.

When the story reached Judge Brown, he was deeply amused. On the following Monday morning, as Brad was writing away busily, the judge entered the room.

"Well, Brad, they say you called the Russells thieves."

"I guess perhaps I did."

"Well, aint that goin' to embarrass you a little when — when you're calling on Nettie?"

"I aint a-goin' to call there any more."

"Oh, I see! Expect the colonel to call on you, eh?"

"I don't care what he does," Bradley cried, turning and facing his employer. "I said what I know to be the truth. I call it thieving, and if they don't like it, they can hate it. I aint a-goin' to back down an inch, as long as I know what I know."

"That's right!" chuckled the judge. As a Democrat, he rejoiced to see a Republican ring assaulted. "Go ahead, I'll stand by you, if they try the law."

IV.

Though Bradley had called a good many times at the Russell house, to accompany Nettie to parties or home from school, yet he had never had any conversation to speak of with Russell, who was a large and somewhat pompous man. He knew his place, as a Western father, and never interfered with his daughter's love affairs. He knew Bradley as a likely and creditable young fellow, and besides, his experience with his two older daughters had taught him the perfect uselessness of trying to marry them to suit himself or his wife.

He was annoyed at this attack of Bradley upon him and his brother, the treasurer. It was really carrying things too far. Accustomed to all sorts of epithets and charges on the part of opposing candidates, he ought not to have been so sensitive to Bradley's charge, but the case was peculiar. It was exactly true, in the first place, and then it came from a young man whom his daughter had brought into the family, and whom he had begun to think of as a probable son-in-law.

On Tuesday morning, just as Bradley was tumbling his dishes into a pan of hot water ("their weekly bath," Milton called it), there came a sharp knock on the door, and a girl's voice called out clearly:—

"Hello, Brad! Can I come in?"

"Yes, come in."

Nettie came in, her cheeks radiant with color, her eyes shining. "Oh, washing your dishes? Wait a minute, I'll help." She flung off her coat in a helter-skelter way, and rolled up her sleeves.

Bradley expostulated: "No, no! Don't do that! I'll have 'em done in a jiffy. They aint but a few."

"I'll wipe 'em, anyway," she replied. "Oh, fun! What a

towel!" she held up the side of a flour-sack, on which was a firm-name in brown letters. She laughed in high glee. There was a delicious suggestion in the fact that she was standing by his side helping him with his household affairs.

Bradley was embarrassed, but she chattered away, oblivious of space and time. Her regard for him had grown absolutely outspoken and without shame. There was something primitive and savage in her frank confession of her feelings. She had come to make all the advances herself, in a confidence that was at once beautiful and pathetic. She met him in the morning on the way to school, and clung to him at night, and made him walk home with her. She came afternoons with a team, to take him out driving. The presence of the whole town really made no difference to her. She took his arm just the same, proud and happy that he permitted it.

"Oh, say," she broke off suddenly, "pa wants to see you about something. He wanted me to tell you to come down to-night." She was dusting the floor at the moment, while he was moving the furniture. "I wonder what he wants?" she asked.

"I don't know," he replied, evasively.

"Something about politics, I suppose." She came over and stood beside him in silence. She was very girlish, in spite of her assumption of a young lady's dress and airs, and she loved him devouringly. She stood so close to him that she could put her hand on his, as it lay on the table. Her clear, sweet eyes gazed at him with the confidence and purity of a child.

It was a relief to Bradley to hear the last bell ring. She withdrew her hand and threw down the broom which she had been holding in her left hand. "Oh, that's the last bell. Help me on with my cloak, quick!" He put her cloak on for her. She stamped her foot impatiently. "Pull my hair outside!"

He took her luxuriant hair in both his hands, and pulled it outside the cloak, and fitted the collar about her neck. She caught both his hands in hers, and looking up, laughed gleefully.

"You dassent kiss me now!"

He stooped and kissed her cheek, and blushed with shame. On the way up the walk to the chapel, he suffered an agony of remorse. He felt dimly that he had done his ideal an irreparable wrong. Nettie talked on, not minding his silence, looking up into his face in innocent glee, planning some new party or moonlit drive.

All that morning he was too deep in thought to give attention to his classes, and at noon he avoided Nettie, and went home to think, but try as he might, something prevented him from getting hold of the real facts in the case.

He was fond of Nettie. She stood near him, an embodied

passion. His love for Miss Wilbur, which he had no idea of calling love, was a vague and massive feeling of adoration, entirely disassociated from the flesh. She stood for him as the embodiment of a world of longings and aspirations undeveloped and undefined.

One thought was clear. He ought not to allow,—that is the way it took shape in his mind,—he ought not to allow Nettie to be seen with him so much, unless he intended to marry her, and he had never thought of her as a possible wife.

He didn't know how to meet Russell, so put off going down to his house, as he had promised. He excused himself by saying he was busy moving, anyway. He had determined upon taking a boarding-place somewhere in correspondence with his change of fortunes and when he had spoken of it, the judge had said:—

“Why not come up to my house? Mrs. Brown and I get kind of lonesome sometimes, and then I hate to milk an' curry horses, an' split kindlings, always did. Come up and try living with us.”

Bradley had accepted the offer with the greatest delight. It meant a great deal to him. It took him out of a cellar and put him into one of the finest houses in town—albeit it was a cold and gloomy house. It was large, and white, and square, with sharp gables, and its blinds were always closed. He went up to dinner that day with the judge, to meet Mrs. Brown, whom he had never seen; nobody saw her, for she was a perfect recluse.

She looked at her husband through her glasses in a calm surprise, as he introduced Bradley, and stated he had invited him to dinner.

“Well, Mr. Brown, if you will do such things, you must expect your company to take every-day fare.”

“Maybe our every-day fare, Mrs. Brown, will be Sunday fare for this young man.”

They sat down at the table, which Mrs. Brown waited upon herself, rising from her place for the tea or the biscuits. She said very little thereafter, but Bradley caught the gleam of her glasses fixed upon him several times. She had a beautiful mouth, but the line of her lips seemed to indicate sadness and a determined silence.

“Mrs. Brown, I wish you'd take care of this young man for a few weeks. He's my clerk, and I — ahem! — I — suppose he's going to milk the cow and split the kindlings for me, to pay for his board in that useful way.”

She looked at him again in silence, and the line of her lips got a little straighter, as she waited for the judge to go on.

“This young man is going to study law with me, and I hope to make a great man of him, Mrs. Brown.”

"Mr. Brown, I wish you'd consult with me once in a while," she said without anger.

"Mrs. Brown, it was a case of necessity. I was on the point of giving up the milking of that cow, and my back got a crick in it every time I split the kindlings. I consider I've done you a benefit and myself a favor, Mrs. Brown."

She turned her glasses upon Bradley again, and studied him in silence. She was a very dignified woman of fifty. Her hair was like wavy masses of molasses candy, and her brow cold and placid. Her eyes could not be seen but her mouth and chin were almost girlish in their beauty.

The judge felt that he had done a hazardous thing. He took a new tone, his reminiscent tone. "Mrs. Brown, do you remember the first time you saw me? Well, I was 'pirating' through Oberlin — (chopping wood, you remember we didn't saw it in those days) and living in a cellar, just like this young man. He's been cookin' his own grub, just as I did then, because he hasn't any money to pay for board. Now I think we ought to give him a lift. Don't you think so, Mrs. Brown?"

Her mouth relaxed a little. The glasses turned upon Bradley again, and looked upon him so steadily that he was able to see her gray eyes.

"Mr. Brown is always doing things without consulting me," she explained to Bradley, "but you are welcome, sir, if our lonesome house aint worse than your cellar. Mr. Brown very seldom takes the trouble to explain what he wants to do, but I'll try to make you feel at home, sir."

They ate the rest of the meal in silence. The judge was evidently thinking over old times, and it would be very difficult to say what his wife was thinking of. At last he rose saying:—

"Now if you'll come out, I'll show you the well and the cow." As he went by his wife's chair, he stopped a moment, and said gently, "He'll do us two lonely old fossils good, Elizabeth." His hand lay on her shoulder an instant as he passed, and when Bradley went out of the room, he saw her wiping her eyes upon her handkerchief, her glasses in her hand.

The judge coughed a little. "We never had but one child — a boy. He was killed while out hunting" — he broke off quickly "Now here's the meal for the cow. I give her about a panful twice a day — when I don't forget it."

Somehow, Mrs. Brown didn't seem so hard when he met her again at supper. The line of her mouth was softer. In his room he found many little touches of her motherly hand — a clean sweet bed, and little hand-made things upon the wall, that made him think of his own mother, who had been dead since his sixteenth year. He had never had such a room as this. It appeared

to him as something very fine. Its frigid atmosphere and lack of grace and charm did not appear to his eyes. It was nothing short of princely after his cellar.

His knowledge of the inner life of the common Western homes made him feel that this rigid coldness between the judge and his wife was only their way. The touch of the judge's hand on her shoulder meant more than a thousand worn phrases spoken every day. Under that silence and reserve there was a deep of tenderness and wistful longing which they could not utter, and dared not acknowledge, even to themselves. Their lonely house had grown intolerable, and Bradley came into it bringing youth and sunlight.

V.

The suffering of the county papers was acute. They had supported the "incumbents" for so long, and had derived a reciprocal support so long, that they could not bring themselves to a decision. The Democratic paper, the *Call*, was too feeble to be anything distinctive at this stage of its career? Chard Foster had not yet assumed control of it. It lent a half-hearted support to the Independent movement, and justified its action on the ground that it was really a Democratic movement leading toward reform, and it assumed to be the only paper advocating reform. The other paper, unequivocally Republican, supported the regular ticket with that single-heartedness of enmity, born of bribery, or that ignorance which shuts out any admission that the other side has a case.

The Oak Grove schoolhouse was the real storm-centre of the election, and there was a great crowd there all day. It was a cold, raw day. The men and boys all came in their overcoats and stood about on the leeward side of the schoolhouse,—where a pale sunlight fell,—and scuffled, and told stories, and bet cookies and apples on the election.

Some of the boys made up fires out in the woods near by, to which they ran whooping whenever the cold became intolerable. They crouched around the flames with a weird return of ancestral barbarism and laughed when the smoke puffed out into their faces. They made occasional forages in company with boys who lived near, after eggs, and apples, and popcorn, which they placed before the fire and ate spiced with ashes.

Horsemen galloped up at intervals, bringing encouraging news of other voting places. Teams clattered up filled with roughly dressed farmers, who greeted the other voters with loud and hearty shouts. They tumbled out of the wagons, voted riotously, and then clattered back into the corn-fields to their work, with wild hurrahs for the granger ticket.

The schoolhouse itself roared with laughter and excited talk, and the big stove in the centre devoured its huge chunks of wood, making the heat oppressive near it. No presidential election had ever brought out such throngs of voters, or produced such interested discussion.

Bradley had been made clerk. His capital handwriting and knowledge of book-keeping made him a valuable man for that work. He sat behind his desk with the books before him, and impassively performed his duties, but it was his first public appointment, and he was really deeply gratified. He felt paid for all his year's hard study.

About two o'clock, when the voters were thickest at the polls, a man galloped up with an excited air, and reining in his foaming horse, yelled :—

“ Deering has withdrawn in favor of Russell ! ”

The crowd swarmed out.

“ What's the matter ? ”

“ Who spoke ? ”

“ Deering has withdrawn in favor of Russell. Cast your votes for Russell,” repeated the man, and plunged off up the road.

The farmers looked at each other. “ What the hell's all this ? ” said Smith.

“ Who was it ? ”

“ I don't know.”

“ He's a liar, whoever he is,” said Councill. “ Where've I seen him before ? ”

“ I know — it's Deering's hired man.”

“ You don't say so ! ” This seemed like the truth.

“ I know who it is — it's Sam Harding,” shouted Milton. “ But that aint Deering's horse. It's a Republican trick. Jump y'r horse there, Councill.” He was carried out of himself by his excitement and anger. The men leaped upon their horses.

“ Some o' you fellers take his back trail,” shouted Councill. “ He come from Shell-rock and Hell's Corner.”

The men saw the whole trick. This man had been sent out to the most populous of the county voting places to spread a lying report, trusting to the surprise of the announcement to carry a few indecisive votes for Russell.

Other men leaped their horses and rode off on Harding's back trail, while Councill, Milton, and old man Bacon rode away after him. Bacon growled as he rode :—

“ I'm agin you fellers, but by God ! I b'lieve in a square game. If I kin git my paw on that houn' — ”

They rode furiously in the hope of overtaking him before he reached the next polling-place. Milton was in the lead on his gray colt, a magnificent creature. He was light and a fine rider,

and forged ahead of the elder men. But the "spy" was also riding a fine horse, and was riding very fast.

When they reached the next polling-place he was just passing out of sight beyond. They dashed up, scattering the wondering crowd.

"It's a lie! It's a trick!" shouted Milton. "Deering wouldn't withdraw. Cast every vote for Deering. It's all done to fool yeh!"

The others came thundering up. "It's a lie!" they shouted.

"Come on!" cried Milton, dropping the rein on Mark's neck, and darting away on the trail of the false courier.

The young fellows caught the excitement, and every one who had a horse leaped into the saddle and clattered after, with whoop and halloo, as if they were chasing a wolf.

The rider ahead suddenly discovered that he was being followed, and he urged his horse to a more desperate pace along the land which skirted the woods' edge for a mile, and then turned sharply and led across the river.

Along the lane is the chase led. There was something in the grim silence with which Milton and Bacon rode in the lead that startled the spy's guilty heart. He pushed his horse unmercifully, hoping to discourage his pursuers.

Milton's blood was up now, and bringing the flat of his hand down on the proud neck of his colt—the first blow he ever struck him, he shouted,—

"Get out o' this, Mark!"

The magnificent animal threw out his chin, his ears laid flat back, he seemed to lower and lengthen, his eyes took on a wild glare. The air whizzed by Milton's ears. A wild exultation rose in his heart. All the stories of rides and desperate men he had ever read came back in a vague mass to make his heart thrill.

Mark's terrific pace steadily ate up the intervening distance, and Milton turned the corner and thundered down the decline at the very heels of the fugitive.

"Hey! Hold on there!" Milton shouted, as he drew alongside and passed the fellow. "Hold on there!"

"Git out o' my way!" was the savage answer.

"Stop right here!" commanded Milton, reining Mark in the way of the other horse.

The fellow struck Mark. "Git out o' my way!" he yelled.

Milton seized the bit of the other horse and held it. The fellow raised his arm and struck him twice before Bacon came thundering up.

"H'yare! Damn yeh — none o' that!"

He leaped from his horse, and running up, tore the rider from his saddle in one swift effort. The fellow struggled fiercely.

"Let go o' me, 'r I'll kill yeh!"

Bacon growled something inarticulate as he cuffed the man from side to side, shook him like a rag, and threw him to the ground. He lay there dazed and scared, while Bacon caught his horse and tied it to a tree.

He came back to the fellow as he was rising, and again laid his bear-like clutch upon him.

"Who paid you to do this?" he demanded, as Councill and the others came straggling up, their horses panting with fatigue.

The fellow struck him in the face. The old man lifted him into the air and dashed him to the ground with a snarling cry. His gesture was like that of one who slams a biting cat upon the floor. The man did not rise.

"You've killed him!" cried Milton.

"Damn 'im — I don't care!"

The man was about thirty-five years of age, a slender, thin-faced man with tobacco-stained whiskers. The fellows knew him for a sneaking fellow, but they plead for him.

"Don't hit 'im agin, Bacon. He's got enough."

The fellow sat up and looked around. The blood was streaming from his nose and from a wound in his head. He had a savage and hunted look. He was unsubdued, but was too much dazed to be able to do anything more than swear at them all.

"What a' yuh chasen' me fur, y' damn cowards? Six on one!"

"What're you do-un ridin' across the country like this fur?"

"None o' your business, you low-lived —"

Bacon brought the doubled leading-strap which he held in his hand down over the fellow's shoulders with a sounding slap.

"What you need is a sound tannun," he said. He plied the strap in perfect silence upon the writhing man, who swore and yelled, but dared not rise.

"Give him enough of it!" yelled the crowd.

"Give the fool enough!"

Bacon worked away with a curious air of taking a job. The strap fell across the man's upheld hands and over his shoulders, penetrating even the thick coat he wore — but it was not the blows that quelled him, it was the look in Bacon's eyes. He saw that the old man would stand there till sunset and ply that strap.

"Hold on! Dam yeh — y' want 'o kill me?"

"Got 'nough?"

"Yes, yes! My God, yes!"

"Climb onto that horse there."

He climbed upon his horse, and with Bacon leading it, rode back along the road he had come, covered with blood.

"Now I want you to say with y'r own tongue ye lied," Bacon said, as they came to the last polling-place he had passed.

The crowd came rushing out with excited questions.

"What y' got there, Bacon?"

"A liar. Come, what ye goun't say?" he asked the captive.

"I lied — Deering aint withdrawn."

They rode on, Councill and Milton following Bacon and his prisoner. At the Oak Grove schoolhouse a great crowd had gathered, and they came out in a swarm as the cavalcade rode up. Bradley left his book and came out to see the poor prisoner, who reeled in his saddle, covered with blood and dirt.

They rode on to the next polling-place, relentlessly forcing the man to undo as much of his villainy as possible. Milton remained with Bradley. "That shows how desperate they are," he said as they went back into the schoolhouse. "They see we mean business this time."

All was quiet, even gloomy, when Bradley and Milton reached Rock River. The streets were deserted, and only an occasional opening door at some favorite haunt, like the drug-store or Robie's grocery, showed that a living soul was interested in the outcome of the election. There were no bonfires, no marching of boys through the street with tin pans and horns.

Some reckless fellows tried it out of devilment, but were promptly put down by the strong hand of the city marshal, whose sympathies were with the broken "ring." It had been evident at an early hour of the day that the town of Rock River itself was divided. Amos Ridings and Robie had carried a strong following over into the camp of the farmers. A general feeling had developed which demanded a change.

Milton was wild with excitement. He realized more of the significance of the victory than Bradley. He had been in politics longer. For the first time in the history of the county, the farmers had asserted themselves. For the first time in the history of the farmers of Iowa, had they felt the power of their own mass.

For the first time in the history of the American farmer there had come a feeling of solidarity. They perceived, for a moment at least, their community of interests and their power to preserve themselves against the combined forces of the political pensioners of the small towns. They made the mistake of supposing the interests of the merchant, artisan, and mechanic were also inimicable.

They saw the smaller circle first. They had not yet risen to the perception of the solidarity of all productive interests. That was sure to follow.

VI.

After this campaign Bradley went back to his studies at the seminary and to his work in Brown's office. Milton did not go back. Deering made him his assistant in the treasurer's office, and he confided to Bradley his approaching marriage with Eileen.

In talking about Milton's affairs to Bradley, Mr. Jennings said sadly: "Well, that leaves me alone. He never'll come back to the farm. When he was at school I didn't miss him so much, because he was always coming back on a Saturday, but now—well, it's no use making a fuss over it, I s'pose, but it's going to be lonesome work for us out there."

"Mebbe he'll come back after his term of office is up."

Mr. Jennings shook his head. "No, town life and office'll spoil 'im — and then he'll get married. You'll never go back on the farm. Nobody ever does that gets away from it and learns how to get a livin' anywhere else."

This melancholy sat very strangely upon Mr. Jennings, who usually took things as they came with smiling resignation. It affected Bradley deeply to see him so gloomy.

Bradley found a quiet and comfortable home with Judge Brown and his odd old wife, who manifested her growing regard for him by little touches of adornment in his room, and by infrequent confidences. As for the judge, he took an immense delight in the young fellow, he made such a capital listener. Between Bradley and the grocery he really found opportunity to tell all his old stories and philosophize upon every conceivable subject. He talked a deal of politics, quoting Jefferson and Jackson. He criticised members of Congress, and told what he would have done in their places. He criticised, also, the grange movement, from what he considered to be a lofty plane.

"They profess to have for a motto 'equal rights to all and special privileges to none,' and then they go off into class legislation. It's easy to talk that principle, but it means business when you stand by it. I haint got the sand to stand by that principle myself. It goes too deep for me, but it's something you young politicians ought to study on. One o' these days that principle will get life into it, and when it does things will tumble. The Democratic party used to be a party that meant that, and if it ever succeeds again it must head that way. That's the reason I want to get you young fellows into it."

These talks didn't mean as much to Bradley as they should have done. He was usually at work at something and only half listened while the judge wandered on, his heels in the air, his cheek full of tobacco. Old Colonel Peavy dropped in occasionally,

and Dr. Carver, and then the air was full of good, old-time Democratic phrases. At such times the judge even went so far as to quote Calhoun.

"As a matter of fact, Calhoun was on the right track. If he hadn't got his States' Rights doctrine mixed up with slavery, he'd 'a' been all right. What he really stood for was local government as opposed to centralized government. We're just comin' around back to a part of Calhoun's position."

This statement of the judge stuck in Bradley's mind; months afterwards it kept coming up and becoming more significant each time that he talked upon it.

He thought less often of Miss Wilbur now, and he could hear her name mentioned without flushing. She had become a vaguer but no less massive power in his life. That beautiful place in his soul where she was he had a strange reverence for. He loved to have it there. It was an inspiration to him, and yet he did not distinctly look forward to ever seeing her, much less to meeting her.

Indefinite as this feeling was, it saved him from the mistake of marrying Nettie. Poor girl! She was in the grasp of her first great passion, and was as helpless as a broken-winged bird in the current of a river. She was feverishly happy and unaccountably sad by turns. The commands of her father not to see Bradley only roused her antagonism, and her mother's timid entreaties made no impression upon her. Not even Bradley's unresponsiveness seemed to have a decided discouraging effect.

Her classmates laughed at her, as they did at the three or four other pairs in the school who proclaimed their devouring love for each other by walking to and from the chapel with locked arms, or who sat side by side in their classes with clasped hands, indifferent to any rude jest, reprimand from the teacher, or slyly flung eraser. The principal gave it up in despair, calling it a "sort of measles which they'll outgrow."

It was really pitiful to the comprehending observer. There was so much that was pain mixed with this pleasure. There were so many keen and numbing disappointments, like that of waiting about the door of the office for Bradley to come down, and then to see him appear in company with some client of Judge Brown. Not that the client made so much difference, but the cold glance of Bradley's eyes did. At such times she turned away with quivering lip and choking throat.

She had lost much of her pertness and brightness. She talked very little at home, and it was only when with Bradley that she seemed at all like her old bird-like self. Then she chattered away in a wild delight, if he happened to be in a responsive mood, or feverishly and with a forced quality of gayety if he were cold and unresponsive.

Bradley knew he ought to decide one way or the other, and often he promised himself that he would refuse to walk or ride with her, but the next time she came he weakly relented at sight of her eager face. It took so little to make her happy, that the temptation was very great to yield, and so their lives went along. He took her to the parties and sleigh-rides with the young people, but on his return he refused to enter the house. He met her at the gate, and left her there upon his return.

The colonel had met him shortly after the election, and had threatened to whip him for his charges against him as an office-holder. He concluded not to try it, however, and contented himself by saying, "Don't you never darken my door again, young man."

But in general Bradley's life moved on uneventfully. He applied himself studiously to his work in the office. He was getting hold of some common law, and a great deal of common sense, for the judge was strong on both these points.

"Young man," said the judge one day, after Bradley had returned from a sleigh-ride with Nettie, "I see that the woman-question is before you. Now don't make a mistake. Be sure you are right. In nine cases out of ten, back out and you'll be right."

Bradley remained silent over by the rickety red-hot stove, warming his stiffened fingers. The judge went on in a speculative way:—

"I believe I notice a tendency in the times that makes it harder for a married man to succeed than it used to be. I think, on the whole, my advice would be to keep out of it altogether. More men fail on that account, I observe, than upon any other. You see, it's so infernally hard to tell what kind of a woman your girl is going to turn out."

"You needn't worry about me," said Bradley a little sullenly.

"That's what Mrs. Brown said. I just thought I'd say a word or two, anyway. If I've gone too far, you may kick my dog over there."

Bradley looked at the sleeping dog, and back at the meditative judge, and smiled. He sat down at his work and said no more upon the subject.

VII.

It was at the judge's advice that he decided to take a year at the law-school at Iowa City. He had been in the office over a year and a half, and though he had not been converted to Democracy, the judge was still hopeful.

"Oh, you'll have to come into the Democratic camp," he often said. "You see, it's like this: the Republicans are so damn proud

of their record, they're going to ossify, with their faces turned backward. They have a past, but no future. Now the Democratic party has no past that it cares particularly to look back at, and so it's got to look into the future. You progressive young fellows can't afford to stand in a party where everything is all done, because that leaves nothing for you to do but to admire some dead man. You'll be forced into the party of ideas, sure. I aint disposed to hurry you, you'll come out all right when the time comes."

Bradley never argued with him. He had simply shut his lips and his mind to it all. Democracy had lost some of its evil associations in his mind, however, and Free Trade and Secession no longer meant practically the same thing, as it used to.

"Now people are damn fools—excepting you an' me, of course," yawned the judge, one day in midsummer. "What you want to do is to take a couple of years at Iowa City and then come back here and jump right into the political arena and toot your horn. They'll elect you twice as quick if you come back here with a high collar and a plug-hat, even these grangers. They distrust a man in 'hodden gray'—no sort of doubt of it. Now you take my advice. People like to be pollygogged by a sleek suit of clothes. And then, there is nothing that impresses people with a man's immense accumulation of learning and dignity like a judicious spell of absence."

It was very warm, and they both sat with coats and vests laid aside. The fat old bull-dog was panting convulsively from the exertion of having just climbed the stairs. The judge went on, after looking affectionately at the dog:—

"Ah, we're a gittin' old together, Bull an' me. We like the shady side of the street. Now you could make a good run in the county to-day, as you are, but your election would be doubtful, and we can't afford to take any chances. There are a lot o' fellers who'd say you hadn't had experience enough—too young, an' all that kind o' thing. We'll suppose you could be elected auditor. It wouldn't pay. It would only stand in the way of bigger things. Now you take my advice."

"I'd like to, but I can't afford it, Judge."

"How much you got on hand?"

"Oh, couple of hundred dollars or so."

The judge ruminated a bit, scratching his chin. "Well, now, I'll tell yeh, Mrs. Brown and I had a little talk about the matter last night, and she thinks I ought to lend you the money, and—she thinks you ought to take it. So pack up y'r duds in September and start in."

Bradley's first impulse, of course, was to refuse, because he felt he had no claim upon the judge's charity. It took hold of

his imagination, however, and he talked it all over thoroughly during the intervening weeks, and the judge put it this way:—

“Now, there’s no charity about this thing—I simply expect to get three hundred per cent. on my money, so you go right along and when you come back we’ll have a new shingle painted—‘Brown & Talcott.’ We aint anxious to lose yeh. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Brown and I’ll be pretty lonesome for the first few weeks after you go away—and what I’ll do about that cussed cow and kindling-wood I really don’t know. Mrs. Brown suggested we’d better take in another homeless boy, and I guess that’s what we’ll do.”

A couple of nights later, while Bradley was sitting before his trunk, which he had begun to pack, like the inexperienced traveller he was, several days in advance, Mrs. Brown came to the stairway to tell him Nettie was below and wanted to see him.

The poor girl had just heard that he was going away, and she met him with a white, scared face. He sat down without speaking, for he had no defence, except silence, for things of that nature. The girl’s fury of grief appalled him. She came over and flung herself sobbing upon his lap, her arms about his neck.

“O Brad! Is it true? Are you going away?”

“I expect to,” he replied coldly.

“You mustn’t! You sha’n’t! I won’t let you!” she cried, tightening her arms about him, as if that would detain him. From that on, there was nothing but sobs on her side, and explanations on his—explanations to which her love, direct and selfish, would not listen for a moment. The unreserve and unreason of her passion at last disgusted him. His tone grew sharper.

“I can’t stay here,” he said. “You’ve no business to ask me to. I can’t always be a lawyer’s hack. I want to study and go higher. I’ve got to leave this town, if I ever amount to anything in the world.”

“Then take me with you!” she cried.

“I can’t do that! I can’t any more’n make a livin’ for myself. Besides, I’ve got to study.”

“I’ll make father give you some money,” she said.

He closed his lips sternly, and said nothing further. Her agony wore itself out after a time, and she was content to sit up and look at him and listen to him at last while he explained. And her suppressed sobs and the tears that stood in her big childish eyes moved him more than her unrestrained sorrow. It was thus she conquered him.

He promised her he would come home often, and he promised to write every day, and by implication, though not in words, he promised to marry her—that is to say, he acquiesced in her

plans for housekeeping when he returned and was established in the office. He ended it all by walking home with her and promising to see her every day before he went, and as he kissed her good-night at the gate, she was smiling again and quite happy, though a little catching of her breath (even in her laughter) showed that she was not yet out of the ground-swell of her emotion.

Mrs. Brown was waiting for him when he returned, and as he sat down in the sitting-room, where she was busy at her sewing, she looked at him in her slow way, and at last arose and came over near his chair.

"Have you promised her anything, Bradley?" she asked, laying her thimbled hand upon his shoulder, as his own mother might have done. Bradley lifted his gloomy eyes and colored a little.

"I don't know what I've said," he answered, from the depth of his bitter reaction. "More'n I had any business to say, probably."

"I thought likely. You can't afford to marry a girl out of pity for her, Bradley—it won't do. I've seen how things stood for some time, but I thought I wouldn't say anything." She paused and considered a moment, standing there by his side. "It's a good thing for both of you that you're going away. You hadn't ought to have let it go on so long."

"I couldn't help it," he replied with more sharpness in his voice than he had ever used in speaking to her.

Her hand dropped from his shoulder. "No, I don't s'pose you could. It aint natural for young people to stop an' think about these things. I don't suppose you knew y'rself just where it was all leading to. Well, now, don't worry, and don't let it interfere with your plans. She'll outgrow it. Girls often go through two or three such attacks. Just go on with your studies, and when you come back, if you find her unmarried, why, then decide what to do."

Her touch of cynicism was accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that she had never had a daughter.

Bradley felt that the world was widening for him, as he took the train for Iowa City a few days later. He was now very nearly thirty years of age, and was maturing more rapidly than his friends and neighbors knew, for the processes of his mind, like those of an intricate coil of machinery, were hidden deep away from the casual acquaintance.

He had secured, in the two years at the seminary, a fairly good groundwork of the common English branches, and his occasional reading, and especially his attendance upon law-suits, had given

him a really creditable understanding of common law. The judge always insisted that law was simple, but it wasn't as profitable as — chicanery.

"Any man, from his fund of common sense, can settle nine tenths of all law-suits, but that aint what we're here for. A successful lawyer is the fellow who tangles things up and keeps common law and common sense subordinated to chicanery and precedent. Damn precedent, anyway. It means referring to a past that didn't know, and didn't want to know, what justice was."

In the atmosphere of lectures like these, Bradley had unconsciously absorbed a great deal of radical thought about law-codes, and now went about the history of enactments and change of statutes without any servile awe of the past. The judge's irreverence had its uses, for it put a law on its merits before the young student.

He found the law-school a very congenial place to study. He passed the examinations quite decently.

His life there was quiet and studious, for he felt that he had less time than the younger men. His age seemed excessive to him, by contrast. He was very generally respected as a quiet, decent fellow, who might be a fine consulting lawyer, but not a good man in the courts. They changed this opinion very suddenly upon hearing him present his first plea.

His life consisted for the most part of passing to and fro from his boarding-place to his recitation-room, or to long hours of digging in the library. He saw from time to time notices of Miss Wilbur's lectures in the interests of the grange and upon literary topics. He determined to hear her if she came into any neighboring city. There was no one to spy upon him, if he made an expedition of that sort.

VIII.

One beautiful winter day he read in the weekly paper of the town that she was about to appear at the Congregational church in a lecture entitled, "The Real Woman-question." He had an impulse to sing, which he wisely repressed, for he couldn't sing — that is, nothing which the hearer would recognize as singing. The Fates seemed working in his favor.

He had preserved a marked sweetness and purity of thought through all his hard life that made him a good type of man. His clear, steady eyes never gave offence to any woman, for nothing but sympathy and admiration ever looked out of them. The very thought that she was coming so near brought a curious numbness into his muscles and a tremor into his hands. He

looked forward now to the evening of the lecture with the keenest interest he had ever felt.

The dazzling winter day seemed more radiant than ever before, when he heard some ladies in the post-office say she was in town. The blue shadows lay on the new fallen snow vivid as steel. The warm sun showered down through the clear air a peculiar warmth that made the eaves begin to drop in the early morning. Sleighs were moving to and fro in the streets, and bright bits of color on the girls' hoods and in the broad knit scarfs which the young men wore, formed pleasing reliefs from the dazzling blue and white. Bells filled the air with jocund music.

Bradley walked straight away into the country. He wanted to be alone. It seemed so strange and sweet to be thus shaken by a nameless emotion. In the first few minutes he gave himself up to the thought that she was near and that he was going to hear her speak again. It made his hand shake and his heart beat quick.

He wondered if she would be changed. She would be older a little, but she would look just the same. He saw her stand again under the waving branches of the oaks, the flickering shadow on her brown hair, speaking again the words which had become the measure of his ambition, the prophecy of a social condition : —

“ I want to have everything I do to help us all on toward that time when the country will be filled with happy young people, and hale and hearty old people, when the moon will be brighter, and the stars thicker in the skies.”

This was his thought. He had not risen yet to the conception of the real barrenness and squalor of the life he had lived.

His studies had made him a little more self-analytical, but there were inner deeps where he did not penetrate and there was one niche where he dared not enter. A whirl of thought confused him, but out of it all he returned constantly to the thought that he should hear her speak again.

That evening he dressed himself with as much care as if he were to call upon her alone, and he dressed very well now. His clothes were substantial and fitted him well. His year's immunity from hard work had left his large hands supple and delicate of touch, and his face had attained refinement and mobility. His eyes had become more introspective and had lost entirely the ox-like roll of the country-born man. He was a handsome and dignified young man. His bearing on the street was noticeably manly and unaffected.

The lecture was in the church and the seats were all filled. It gratified him, at the same time that it hopelessly abased him to observe all this evidence of her power. As he waited for her to

appear that tremor came into his hands again, and that breathlessness, and curiously enough he felt that horrible familiar sinking of the heart that he always felt just before he himself rose to speak.

Somebody started to clap hands, and the rest joined in, as two or three ladies entered the back part of the church and passed up the aisle. He looked up as they went by him, and caught a glimpse of a stately head of brown hair, modestly bent in acknowledgment of the applause, and he caught a whiff of the delicate odor of violets. His eyes followed the strong, firm steps of the young woman who walked between the two older women. There was something fine and dignified in her walk, and the odor of her dress as she passed lingered with him, but he did not feel that she was the same woman, till she turned and faced him on the platform.

He sat impassively, but his pulse leaped when her clear brown eyes running over the audience seemed to fall upon him. She was the same woman, his ideal and more. She was fuller of form and the poise of her head was more womanly, but she was the same spirit that had come to be such a power and inspiration in his life.

As a matter of fact she had grown as he had. If she had not, she would have seemed girlish to him now; growing as he grew, she seemed the same distance beyond him. Her self-possession in the face of the audience appealed to him strongly. Something in her manner of dress pleased him, it was so individual, so like her simple, dignified, beautiful self in every line.

She spoke more quietly, more conversationally than when he heard her before, but her voice made him shudder with associated emotions. Its cadences reached deep, and the words she spoke opened long vistas in his mind. She was defending the right of women to live as human beings, to act as human beings, and to develop as freely as men.

"I claim the right to be an individual human being first and a woman afterwards. Why should the accident of my sex surround me with conventional and arbitrary limitations? I claim the same right to find out what I can do and can't do that a man has. Who is to determine what my sphere is — men and men's laws or my own nature? These are the vital questions. I deny the right of any man to mark out the path in which I shall walk. I claim the same right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness that men are demanding.

"It is not a question of suffrage merely — suffrage is the smaller part of the woman-question — it is a question of equal rights. It is a question of whether the law of liberty applies to humanity or to men only. Absolute liberty bounded only by the

equal liberties of the rest of humanity is the real goal of the race — not of man only but woman too."

The ladies, dimly feeling that liberty was a safe thing to cheer, clapped their hands softly under cover of the noisier clapping of a few radicals who knew what the speaker was really saying. Bradley did not cheer — he was thinking too deeply.

"The woman question is not a political one merely, it is an economic one. The real problem is the wage problem, the industrial problem. The real question is woman's dependence upon man as the bread-winner. As long as that dependence exists there will be weakness. No individual can stand at their strongest and best while leaning upon some other. I believe with Browning and Ruskin, that the development of personality is the good of the race."

The ladies took it for granted that this was true as it was bolstered by two great names. A few, however, sat with wrinkled brows scenting something heretical in all that.

"The time is surely coming when women can no longer bear to be dependent, to be pitied or abused by men. They will want to stand upright and independent by their husbands, claiming the same rights to freedom of action, and demanding equal pay for equal work. She must be able to earn her own living in an honorable way at a moment's notice. Then she will be a free woman even if she never leaves her kitchen."

It was trite enough to a few in the audience, but to others, it was new, and to many it was revolutionary. She was destined to again set a stake in Bradley's mental horizon. The woman question had not engaged his attention; at least not in any serious way. He had not thought of women as having any active part in living. In the thoughtless way of the average man, he had ignored or idealized women according as they appealed to his eye. He had not risen to the point of pitying or condemning, or in any way consciously placing them in the social economy.

The speaker had appealed to his imagination before, and now again he sat absolutely motionless while great new thoughts and impersonal emotions sprang up in his brain. He saw women in a new light, and the aloofness of the speaker grew upon him again. He felt that she was holding her place as his teacher. Around him he heard the rustle of approval upon the gown she wore, upon her voice, and some few favorable comments upon her ideas. He saw some of the people crowd forward to shake her hand, while others went out talking excitedly.

He lingered as long as he dared, longing to go forward and greet her, but he went slowly out at last home to his boarding place and sat down in his habitual attitude when in deep thought, his elbow on his knee, his chin in his palm. He wanted to see

her, he must see her and tell her how much she had done for him.

How to do it was the question which absorbed him now. He got away from the noisy merriment of the house, out into the street again. The stars were more congenial company to him now; under their passionless serenity he could think better. He felt that he must come to an understanding with himself soon, but he put it off and turned his attention to his future, and more immediately to the plans which must be carried out, of seeing her.

When he came in he was desperately resolved. He would go to see her on the next day in her hotel. He justified himself by saying that she was a lecturer, a person before the public, and that she would not think it strange; anyhow, he was going to do it.

In the broad daylight, however, it was not so easy as it seemed under the magic of the moon. The conventions of the world always count for less in the company of the moon and the stars. He heard during the morning that she was going away in the afternoon, and he was made desperate. He started out to go straight to the hotel, and he did, but he walked by it, once, twice, a half dozen times, each time feeling weaker and more desperate in his resolution.

At length he deliberately entered and astonished himself by walking up to the clerk and asking if Miss Wilbur was in.

The clerk turned briskly and looked at the pigeon-holes for the keys. "I think she is. Send up a card?"

True, he hadn't thought of that. He had no cards. He received one from the clerk that looked as if it had done duty before, and scrawled his name upon it, and gave it to the insolent little darky who served as "Front."

"Tell her I'd like to see her just a few minutes."

On the stairs he tried to prepare what he should say to her. His mouth already felt dry, and his brain was a mere swirl of gray and white matter. Almost without knowing how, he found himself seated in the ladies' parlor, to which the boy had conducted him. It was a barren little place, in spite of its excessively florid gilt and crimson paper, and its ostentatious harsh red-plush furniture.

His heart sent the blood into his throat till it ached with the tension. His lips quivered and turned pale as he heard the slow sweep of a woman's dress, and there she stood before him, with smiling face and extended hand. "Are you Mr. Talcott? Did you want to see me?"

She had the frank gesture and ready smile a kindly man would have used. Instantly his brain cleared, his heart ceased to pound,

and the numbness left his limbs. He forgot himself utterly. He only saw and heard her. He found himself saying:—

“I wanted to come in and tell you how much I liked your speech last night, and how much I liked a speech you made up at Rock River, at the grange picnic.”

“Oh, did you hear me up there? That was one of my old speeches. I’ve quite outgrown that now.” She saw he did not understand, so she added, “I mean my home-market idea—I’m too radical now to be a Republican, or a Democrat either, for that matter, and I don’t believe in a whole lot of things that I used to believe in.”

As she talked, she looked at him precisely as one man looks at another, without the slightest false modesty or coquettishness. She evidently considered him a fellow-student on social affairs. “I’m glad you liked my talk on the woman question. It was dreadfully radical to the most of my audience.”

“It was right,” Bradley said, and their minds seemed to come together at that point as if by an electrical shock. “I never thought of it before. Women have been kept down. We do claim to know better what she ought to do than she knows herself. The trouble is we men don’t think about it at all. We need to have you tell us these things.”

“Yes, that’s true. As soon as I made that discovery I began talking the woman question. One radicalism opened the way to the other. Being a radical is like opening the door to the witches. Are you one?” she asked, with a sudden smile, “I mean a radical, not a witch.”

“I don’t know,” he replied simply, “I’m a student. I know I can’t agree with some people on these things.”

“*Some* people! Sometimes I feel it would be good to meet with a single person — a single one — I could agree with! But tell me of yourself — are you in the grange movement?”

“Well, not exactly, but I’ve helped all I could.”

“What is the condition of the grange in your county?”

“It seems to be going down.”

She was silent for some time. Her face saddened with deep thought. “Yes, I’m afraid it is. The farmers can’t seem to hold together. Strange, aint it? Other trades and occupations have their organizations and stand by each other, but the farmer can’t seem to feel his kinship. Well, I suppose he must suffer greater hardships before he learns his lesson. But God help the poor wives while he learns! But he *must* learn,” she ended firmly. “He must come some day to see that to stand by his fellow-man is to stand by himself. That’s what civilization means, to stand by each other.”

Bradley did not reply. He was looking upon her, with eyes

filled with adoration. He had never heard such words from the lips of anyone. He had never seen a woman sit lost in philosophic thought like this. Her bent head seemed incredibly beautiful to him, and her simple flowing dress, royal purple. Her presence destroyed his power of thought. He simply waited for her to go on.

"The farmer lacks comparative ideas," she went on. "He don't know how poor he is. If he once finds it out, let the politicians and their masters, the money-changers, beware! But while he's finding it out, his children will grow up in ignorance, and his wife die of overwork. Oh, sometimes I lose heart." Her voice betrayed how strongly she perceived the almost hopeless immensity of the task. "The farmer must learn that to help himself, he must help others. That is the great lesson of modern society. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know. I'm losing my hold on things that I used to believe in. I've come to believe the system of protection is wrong." He said this in a tone absurdly solemn as if he had somehow questioned the law of gravity.

"Of course it's wrong," she said. "The moment I got East, I found free-trade in the air, and my uncle, who is a manufacturer, admitted it was all right in theory, but it wouldn't do as a practical measure. That finished me. I'm a woman, you know, and when a thing appears right in theory, I believe it'll be right in practice. Expediency don't count with me, you see. But tell me, do you still live in Rock River?"

"Yes, I'm only studying law down here."

"Oh, I see. I suppose you know many of the people at Rock River." She asked about Milton, whom she remembered, and about Mr. Deering. Then she returned again to the subject of the grange. "Yes, it has been already a great force, but I begin to suspect that the time is coming when it must include more or fail. I don't know just what—I aint quite clear upon it—but as it stands now, it seems inadequate."

She ended very slowly, her chin in her palm, her eyes on the floor. She made a grand picture of thought, something more active than meditation. Her dress trailed in long, sweeping lines, and against its rich dark purple folds her strong, white hands lay in vivid contrast. The most wonderful charm of her personality was her complete absorption in thought, or the speech of her visitor. She was interested in this keen-eyed, strong-limbed young fellow as a possible convert and reformer. She wanted to state herself clearly and fully to him. He was a fine listener.

"I'm afraid I see a tendency that is directly away from my ideal of a farming community. There is a force operating to destroy the grange and all other such movements."

"You mean politics?"

"No, I mean land monopoly. I believe in thickly settled farming communities, communities where every man has a small, highly cultivated farm. That's what I've been advocating and prophesying, but I now begin to see that our system of ownership in land is directly against this security, and directly against thickly-settled farming communities. The big land owners are swallowing up the small farmers, and turning them into renters or laborers. Don't you think so?"

"I hadn't thought of it before, but I guess that's so — up in our county, at least."

"It's so everywhere I've been. I don't understand it yet, but I'm going to. In the meantime I am preaching union and education. I don't see the end of it, but I know —" Here she threw off her doubt — "I know that the human mind cannot be chained. I know the love of truth and justice cannot be destroyed, and marches on from age to age, and that's why I am full of confidence. The farmer is beginning to compare his mortgaged farm with the banker's mansion and his safe, and no one can see the end of his thinking. The great thing is his thinking."

She arose and gave him her hand. "I'm glad you came in. Give my regards to Mr. Deering and other friends, won't you? Tell them not to think I'm not working because I'm no longer their lecturer. You ought to be in the field. Will you read something which I'll send?" she asked, the zeal of the reformer getting the upper hand again.

"Certainly. I should be very glad to."

"I'll send you some pamphlets I've been reading." Her voice seemed to say the interview was ended, but Bradley did not go. He was struggling to speak. After a significant pause, he said in a low voice: —

"I'd — I'd like to write to you — if you don't — mind."

Her eyes widened just a line, but they did not waver. "I should like to hear from you," she said cordially. "I'd like to know what you think of those pamphlets, which I'll surely send."

He had the courage to look once more into her brown eyes, with their red-gold deeps, as he shook hands. The clasp of her hand was firm and frank.

"Good by! I hope I shall see you again. My address is always Des Moines, though I'm on the road a great deal."

Out into the open air again he passed like a man sanctified. It seemed impossible that he had not only seen her, but had retained his self-possession, and had actually dared to ask permission to write to her!

The red-gold sunlight was flaming across the snow, and the shadows, cobalt-blue, stood out upon the shining expanse vivid

as stains in ink. The sky, afame with orange and gold clouds, was thrown into loftier relief by the serrate blue rim of trees that formed the western horizon. As he walked, he had a reckoning with himself. It could not longer be delayed.

He had been a boy to this day, but that hour made him a man, and he knew he was a lover. Not that he used that word, for like the farm-born man that he was, he did not say, "I love her," but he lifted his face to the sky in an unuttered resolution to be worthy her.

He had come under the spell of her womanly presence. He had seen her in her house-dress, and his admiration for her intellect and beauty had added to itself a subtle quality, which rose from the potential husbandship and fatherhood within him.

Now that he was out of her immediate presence, thoughts came thick and fast. Every word she had spoken seemed to have a magical power of arousing long trains of speculation. He walked far out into the quiet evening, walked until he grew calmer, and the emotion of the hour faded to a luminous golden dusk in his mind as the day changed into the beautiful winter night.

As he sat down at his desk, an hour later, he saw a letter lying there. It was one of Nettie's poor little school-girl love letters. A feeling of disgust and shame seized him. He crumpled the letter in his hands, and was on the point of throwing it away, when his mood changed, and he softened. By the side of Miss Wilbur poor little Nettie was a wilful child. He couldn't retain his anger very long.

A few days after there came to him a pamphlet directed in a woman's hand. Its title page struck him as something utterly new, but it was only the first of a flood of similar publications.

"The Coming Conflict. A Series of Lectures prophetic of the Coming Revolution of the Poor, when they will rise against the National Banks and against all Indirect Taxation."

Its dedication was marked with a pencil and he read over and over: "To the Toiling Millions who produce all the wealth, yet because they have never controlled legislation, have been impoverished by unjust laws made in the interests of the Land-holder and the Money-changer, who seize upon and hold the surplus wealth of the nation by the same right that the slave-master held his slave, *legal* right and that alone, this tract is inscribed by the author."

It was Bradley's first intimation of the mighty forces beginning to stir in the deeps of American society. He found the pamphlet filled with great confusing thoughts. He confessed frankly in his letter to Miss Wilbur that he got nothing satisfactory out of it, though it made him think.

It was astonishing to himself to find his thoughts flowing out to her upon paper with the greatest ease. He was always stricken with fear after he had mailed his letter, it was so bulky. He was appalled at the length of time which must pass before he might reasonably expect to hear from her. He counted the days, the hours that intervened.

Her note came at last, and it made his blood leap as the clerk flung it out with a grin. "She's blessed yeh this time!" It was a red-headed clerk, and his grin, by reason of a quid of tobacco in his thin cheek, was particularly offensive. Bradley felt an impulse to call him out of his box and whip him.

When he opened the letter in his own room he felt a sort of fear. How would she reply? The letter gave out a faint perfume like that he remembered floated with her dress. It was a rather brief note, but very kind. She called his attention to two or three passages in the pamphlet, and especially asked him to read the chapters touching on the land and money questions. But the part over which he spent the most time was the paragraph at the close:

"I liked your letter very much. It shows a sincere desire for the truth. You will never stop short of the truth, I'm sure, but you will have sacrifices to make — you must expect that. I shall take great interest in your work."

"Very sincerely,
"IDA WILBUR."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE DEAD SEA OF NINETEENTH CENTURY CIVILIZATION.*

No. 1. UNINVITED POVERTY.

THE dead sea of want is enlarging its borders in every populous centre. The mutterings of angry discontent grow more ominous. Rights denied the weak through the power of avarice, have brought us face to face with a formidable crisis which may yet be averted if we have the wisdom to be just and humane. But the problem cannot be longer sneered at as inconsequential. It is no longer local; it affects and threatens the entire body politic. Three years ago one of the most eminent divines in America declared that there was no poverty to speak of in this Republic. To-day no thoughtful person denies that this problem is one of grave magnitude. Last year, according to the court records, there were 23,895 warrants for eviction issued in the city of New York. In 1889 the published statistics show that over 7,000 persons died in the work-houses, insane asylums, and hospitals of the same city. More than one person in every five who passed from life died in some public institution. 3,815, or almost one person in every ten who died found his last resting-place in the Potter's Field. In 1890 there were 239 suicides officially reported in New York City. The court records are burdened as never before with cases of attempted self-slaughter. "You," said Recorder Smyth, recently addressing a poor creditor who had sought death by leaping into the East River, "are the second case of attempted suicide that has been up in this court this morning, and," he continued, "I have never known so many attempted suicides as during the past few months." In a recent issue of one of the great New York dailies we find the following suggestive statement which is doubly impressive when we remember that with the facts in their possession the great daily press of America, which to so large an extent reflects public sentiment, makes little more than passing reference to the widespread wretchedness and rapidly increasing poverty of our day. "The

* In these papers I wish in an informal way to notice some of the general aspects of this question and if possible to make some suggestions of a practical nature.

fact that 20,000,000 people are starving in Russia," says the metropolitan daily above referred to, "is, indeed, a terrible incident in this wonderful year, but to us the fact that in this city 150,000 people go to bed every night guests of charity, not knowing where a morning meal is to come from, with nothing whatever to do, hope even being dead, is a much graver factor in the problem of our to-day."

The board of health of New York recently published the details of a census of tenement houses taken last September. The facts furnish a melancholy confirmation of oft-repeated status by thoughtful persons who personally investigated this problem; in brief they show in round numbers 35,000 front tenements, 2,300 rear tenements, 276,000 families, 1,225,000 inhabitants (an increase of 141,000), 7,000 adult home workers, 250 child home workers. There were 850 stables and 4,360 horses in the districts to pollute the air. What is true of New York is true to a certain extent of every great city in America. The night is slowly but surely settling around hundreds of thousands of our people, the night of poverty and despair. They are conscious of its approach but powerless to check its advance. "Rents get higher and work cheaper every year, and what can we do about it?" said a laborer recently while talking about the outlook. "I do not see any way out of it," he added bitterly, and it must be confessed that the outlook is dark if no radical economic changes are at hand, for the supply is yearly increasing far more rapidly than the demand for labor. "Ten women for every place no matter how poor" is the dispassionate statement of an official who has recently made the question of female labor a special study. "Hundreds of girls," continues this writer, "wreck their future every year and destroy their health in the stuffy, ill-ventilated stores and shops, and yet scores of recruits arrive from the country and small towns every week to assume the places vacated by the victims of greed." Then, again, the poor as a rule have large families; while a third element which contributes a large quota to the ever-increasing army of strivers for bread, is found in the constant stream of emigrants who pour into our great cities, which are already congested with suffering thousands. Within cannon-shot of Beacon Hill, where proudly rises the golden dome of the capitol, are hundreds of families slowly starving and stifling; families who are bravely battling for life's barest necessities, while year by year the conditions are becoming more hopeless, the struggle for bread fiercer, the outlook more dismal. In conversation with one of these toilers, he said, with a certain pathos and dejection, which indicated hopelessness or perhaps a deadened perception which prevented his fully grasping the grim import of his words, "I

once heard of a man who was put in an iron cage by a tyrant, and every day he found the walls had come closer and closer to him. At last the walls came so close together that every day they squeezed out a part of his life, and somehow," he said, "it seems to me that we are just like that man, and when I see the little boxes carried out every day, I sometimes say to my wife, there's a little more life squeezed out; some day we will go too." I felt at the time, standing as I was in the midst of that commonwealth of misery and want, that no more graphic description of the condition of this vast and rapidly increasing multitude had been given, save, perhaps, the terrible thought thus vividly expressed by Sidney Lanier : —

The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand
 Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand,
 Against an inward-opening door
 That pressure tightens evermore ;
 They sigh monstrous, foul-air sigh
 For the outside leagues of liberty,
 Where art, sweet lark, translates the sky
 Into a heavenly melody.
 " Each day, all day " (these poor folks say),
 " In the same old year-long, drear-long way,
 We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,
 We sieve mine-meshes under the hills,
 To relieve, O God, what manner of ills ? —
 The beasts, they hunger, and eat, and die ;
 And so do we, and the world's a sty."
 Silence, fellow-swine ; why muzzle and cry ?
 Swinehood hath no remedy
 Say many men, and hasten by.
 But who said once, in a lordly tone,
 Man shall not live by bread alone,
 But all that cometh from the Throne ?
 Hath God said so ?
 But Trade saith No ;
 And the kilns and the curt-tongued mills say Go :
 There's plenty that can, if you can't, we know ;
 Move out, if you think you're underpaid,
 The poor are prolific ; we're not afraid ;
 Trade is trade.

One afternoon recently I visited more than a score of tenements where life was battling with death ; where, with a patient heroism far grander than deeds of daring won 'mid the exulting shouts of the battle-field, mothers and daughters were ceaselessly plying the needle ; in several homes I noticed bedridden invalids, whose sunken eyes and emaciated faces told too plainly the story of months, and perhaps years of slow starvation amid the squalor, the sickening odor, and almost universal filth of the social cellar. Here one becomes painfully conscious of more inmates than are visible to the physical senses. Spectres of hunger and fear are

ever present. A life-long dread weighs upon the hearts of these exiles with crushing weight. The landlord, standing with a writ of dispossession, is continually before their mind's eye. Dread of sickness haunts every waking moment, for to them sickness means inability to provide the scant nourishment which life demands. The despair of the probable future not infrequently torments their rest. Such is the common lot of the patient toiler in the slums of our great cities to-day. On most of their faces one notes an expression of gloomy sadness, or dumb resignation. Sometimes a fitful light flashes from cavernous sockets, a baleful gleam suggesting smouldering fires fed by an ever-present consciousness of wrongs endured. They feel in a dumb way that the lot of the beast of the field is happier far than their fate. Even though they struggle from dawn far into the night for bread and a wretched room, they know that the window of hope is closing for them in the great throbbing centres of civilized Christendom. Sad, indeed, is the thought that at the present time when our land is decked as never before with stately temples, dedicated to the great Nazarene, who devoted His life to a ministry among the poor, degraded, and outcast, we find the tide of misery rising; we find uninvited poverty becoming the inevitable fate of added thousands of lives every year. Never was the altruistic sentiment more generally upon the lips of man. Never has the human heart yearned as now for a truer manifestation of human brotherhood. Never has the whole civilized world been so profoundly moved by the persistent dream of the ages—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. And yet, strange anomaly! The cry of innocence,—of outraged justice,—the cry of the millions under the wheel rises to-day from every civilized land as never before. The voice of Russia mingles with the cry of Ireland. Outcast London joins with the exiles of all great continental and American cities in one mighty, earth-thrilling demand for *justice*. He who takes the trouble to look beneath the surface will see the explanation of this apparent contradiction. The noblest lives in every walk of life have entered a protest against time-honored wrongs and conditions, and this has given hope to the sinking millions of civilization's exiles, and like a man overboard who sees the coming life-boat, they cry, where a few years ago, seeing no gleam of hope, they were dumb. Increased intelligence also is rapidly changing the slave and vassal into a man who reasons and prepares to act. While on the other side, intrenched monopoly and heartless greed, beholding the rising tide of discontent and understanding its significance, in many instances grow more arrogant as well as more vigilant and subtle in their persistent efforts to prevent anything which looks toward radical reforms. The present is a transition period. The new is battling with the old.

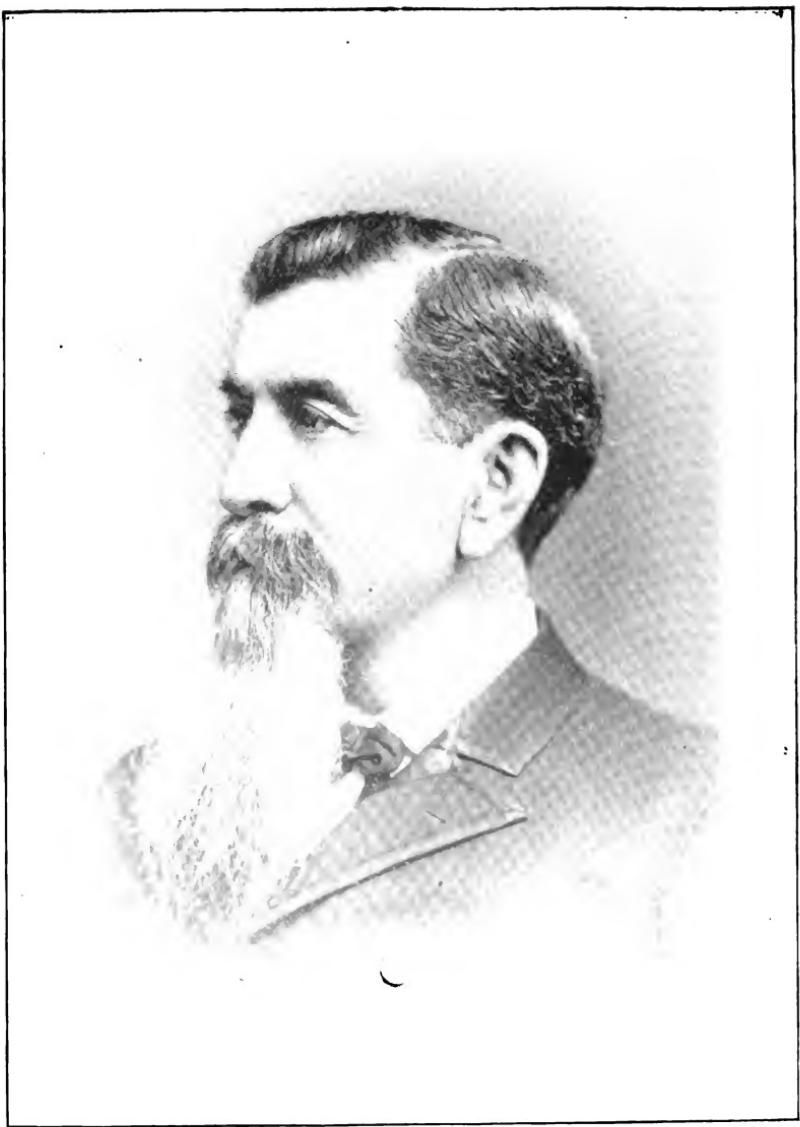
Humanity's face is toward a brighter day. The impulses of the race favor another step in the slow ascent of the ages, but ancient thought lies across the pathway; while intrenched power, monopoly, and plutocracy, are clinging to her garment in the vain hope of checking the inevitable.

BEHIND THE DEED THE THOUGHT.

A NEW era will dawn when society fully appreciates the significance of the fact that behind the deed stands the thought, and acting on this realization directs all educational influence from the cradle to the university, to thought-moulding and character-forming, for this vital truth holds impearled the potentiality of social regeneration and world transformation. In no other way will the heart-hunger, the divine yearning of the human soul, find satisfaction; in no other way can we hope to usher in that ideal dream of the ages, the reign of human brotherhood. Jesus struck the key-note of this truth when he boldly declared that "whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery already with her in his heart." The great Galilean beheld with clearer vision than even the noblest teachers of other ages, the spiritual or real man. The physical body to him was merely the temporal habitation, the cabin of the real self,—the sackcloth which enveloped the soul. It was not the effect of evil thought as manifested to the physical senses which held his gaze. He saw the cause and the real effect upon the soul long before the thought had reached its culmination in the deed of shame,—the thought which degraded, deformed, and warped the soul, before it possessed the power of expression through the physical body. In the fundamental truth implied in the solemn words of the Master lies the potential triumph of civilization. When parents and teachers become imbued with the vital meaning of the fact that back of every deed lies the thought, and from the cradle teach the young the true nature and potency of evil thought and the positive and elevating influence of pure and exalted contemplations, the whole front of civilization will be transformed as radically as the dawn changes the dark and frowning landscape into a panorama of glory.

Behind the deed the thought; herein lies the secret of the new education. This the "philosopher stone," which, when rightly understood and appreciated, will usher in a new heaven and a new earth, by leading the race from the lower zone or basement of being into the palatial hall of spiritual supremacy, the pure, radiant, and lofty attitude of life. Teach the child that an angry passion — a flash of hate — contains the germ of murder; every passion yielded to pushes him further on the road; that every im-

pure thought holds the seeds of contagion, which will surely develop into moral leprosy if not driven from the mind. Teach him that dishonesty, avarice, and all animal gratifications are hour by hour rendering loathsome his spiritual or real being. When he sees that the sin lies in the *thought*, that if he would be happy and loved, if his nature is to become radiant, if his soul — rich in fragrance — is to blossom in eternal beauty, it must be by driving out all unholy, ignoble, and sensual thoughts with that which is pure, unselfish, loving, and exalting. Right living and high thinking will become a part of his being. The supreme duty of parent and teacher is to make the young shun unworthy thoughts exactly as they would shun a smallpox hospital. It is important, however, not to dwell too much upon the evil, lest the plastic mind become morbid. Touch upon it only to emphasize its ultimate, and then turn the attention into the sunlit fields of divine spirituality, where thought of self is lost in that of others; where love exalts and purifies; where hunger for truth overmasters all thought of indulgence or gratification of passion; where manhood takes on the image of God, becoming the supreme master of the lower self, and fearlessly front eternity with soul unclouded by doubt, and with heart aflame with heaven-lit love.



L.L. Poer

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VITAL STATISTICS OF THE NEGRO.

BY FREDERICK L. HOFFMAN.

A PROMINENT writer has defined science as a knowledge and classification of *facts*, and it is in the sense of this definition that I propose to present the so-called race problem.

Statistics relating to the colored population are, however, difficult, and in many instances impossible to be obtained; and in consequence this attempt to present the race problem from the standpoint of vital statistics will necessarily be wanting in completeness.

The census office reports for the past year a total population of the United States of 62,622,250, of which 7,500,000 are stated to be persons of color. At the beginning of the present century, the colored element in the United States numbered about 1,000,000, and has consequently increased at an average decennial rate of a little over 700,000. The actual increase since 1880 has been in round numbers 1,000,000, and for the past 30 years this increase has been equal to nearly 3,100,000.

Seven eighths of the total colored element are to be found in the Southern States, and of these only the six Gulf States contain colored majorities or large colored minorities. In 1800 the Southern States contained 54,258 colored persons to every 100,000 of white population, while the count just completed states the ratio for the present decade to be 41,475 colored to every 100,000 white. The table below will clearly show the distribution of the two races in the ten States containing eight tenths of the total colored population. The District of Columbia is added merely for comparison. The ten States

cover nearly 500,000 square miles, being about one sixth of the total area of the United States exclusive of Alaska.

The total increase of the white element exceeds in round numbers the colored increase by 700,000, and shows a numerical relation of 58 white persons to almost 42 colored population.

TABLE A.—White and Colored Population of Ten Southern States and District of Columbia, Census 1890.

	WHITE.				COLORED.			
	Population 1890.	% of Total.	Increase Since 1880.	% of Increase.	Population 1890.	% of Total.	Increase Since 1880.	% of Increase.
Alabama, . .	830,796	54.91	168,611	25.46	681,431	45.04	81,328	13.55
Arkansas, . .	816,517	72.37	224,986	38.03	311,227	27.59	100,561	47.73
Dist. of Columbia, .	154,352	66.99	36,346	30.80	75,927	32.96	16,331	27.40
Florida, . .	224,461	57.35	81,856	57.40	166,678	42.58	39,988	31.50
Georgia, . .	973,462	52.98	156,556	19.16	863,716	47.01	138,583	19.11
Louisiana, . .	564,712	49.59	99,758	21.93	562,893	50.32	79,238	16.38
Mississippi, . .	539,703	41.85	60,306	12.58	747,720	57.98	97,429	14.98
North Carolina, .	1,049,191	64.82	181,949	20.98	567,170	35.06	35,893	6.76
South Carolina, .	458,454	39.82	67,349	17.22	692,503	60.16	38,171	14.59
Tennessee, . .	1,332,971	75.42	194,140	17.05	434,300	24.57	31,149	7.73
Virginia, . .	1,014,680	61.27	133,822	15.19	640,867	38.70	9,251	1.46
Total and average,	7,949,299	57.95	1,405,678	25.07	5,744,432	41.09	717,922	18.29

Thus the predicted phenomenal increase of colored population has actually proven to be a decrease from 46,000 in 1880 to 41,500 to every 100,000 white in 1890, much to the disappointment of that class of writers who for the past ten years have been frightening the Southern people with the prospect of an early negro supremacy. To show the misconception and utter absurdity of some of these predictions as to the future increase of negro population, I will quote the calculations of Mr. Darby, placing the same side by side with the census figures, and also the estimate of Mr. De Bow, superintendent of the seventh census. The first column of figures shows the *actual* condition; the second, guesswork, and the third, a scientific estimate, almost equal to absolute accuracy.

TABLE B.—Colored Population of the United States.

	United States Census.	Darby's Estimate.	De Bow's Estimate.
1860,	4,441,800	7,860,000	4,319,000
1870,	4,880,000	10,600,000	5,296,000
1880,	6,580,000	14,000,000	6,494,000
1890,	7,500,000	19,000,000	7,962,000

Mr. Darby over-estimated the probable increase of the colored race, but almost correctly calculated the increase of the white element. Arguments like those of Mr. Tourgee in his "Appeal to Cæsar" and of the author of an "Appeal to Pharaoh" are only guesswork, and are proven such by an appeal to facts and to history.

Professor Gillian some years ago, as quoted by Mr. Tourgee, estimated the colored element in the United States for 1980 at 192,000,000, and the total population at 528,000,000; whereas the highest *reliable* estimate places the total population for 1980 at 296,000,000, or just about 130,000,000 less. A writer in the *American Statistician* for 1891, a San Francisco publication, calculates the probable colored element of the total population for 1920, only thirty years hence, at 50,000,000; when it could, in all human possibility, hardly exceed 15,000,000. The *American Statistician* goes even higher in its estimate than Mr. Darby, whose estimate for 1920 is 47,000,000.

The principal factors in the miscalculation of the probable future colored population have been the *over-estimate* of the birth rate and the *under-estimate* of the death rate. Again, most writers on this subject have ignored the important fact that the colored population of the United States is an isolated body of people, receiving no addition in numbers by immigration, and in consequence present conditions essentially different from those of other races and nationalities that have settled on American soil. The Indian is on the verge of extinction, many tribes having entirely disappeared; and the African will surely follow him, for every race has suffered extinction wherever the Anglo-Saxon has permanently settled.

Up to the year 1830, the negro increased at a greater rate than the white race of the South; but since then the white race has been slowly gaining on the colored element, and this gain has been due to the *natural* increase of population, and not, as may be argued, to Northern settlers or European immigration. But for the enormous losses sustained by the Southern people during the late war, the result for the past thirty years would have been still more astounding.

For some generations the colored element may continue to make decennial gains, but it is very probable that the next thirty years will be the last to show total gains, and then the decrease will be slow but sure until final disappearance.

Vital statistics of the colored race are, perhaps, the most difficult body of facts to collect in the United States. It would be a comparatively easy matter to collect a body of figures and facts relating to horses or mules, and to show the prevalence of the most fatal diseases among them, for there is not a Southern State without a bureau of agriculture; but on the other hand, there is but *one* Southern State, Alabama, in possession of a State Bureau of Registration of Vital Statistics; and it is to the cities we shall have to turn for the material necessary to gain an understanding of the conditions as they exist to-day. Such figures as may be introduced in the following tables, have been principally obtained from the registration reports of the Southern cities. The State of Alabama is the *only* Southern State in which a fairly successful attempt is being made to collect vital statistics; and in course of time the present State Board of Health, under the superintendence of its efficient health officer, Dr. Cochrane, of Montgomery, will undoubtedly succeed in accomplishing exceptionally valuable results.

In Florida and North Carolina attempts are being made to secure registrations of births and deaths, and the respective States deserve much credit; but what can be said of a State like Tennessee, where a Bureau of Vital Statistics in successful operation was abolished by its own Legislature? In all discussions of the race problem from the standpoint of population statistics, the birth rate of the negro is usually held out as the most conclusive proof of a probable future numerical negro supremacy; yet, notwithstanding the most earnest effort, I have failed to secure reliable data from a *single* State or city from which to arrive at anything like a birth rate of the colored population.

The fact is, in most instances no record of births is required; and when such registration is attempted, the returns seldom exceed more than half of the actual births for both races. To show how misleading such statistics may be, I will quote the white and the colored birth rates of the State of Alabama, which for the year 1889 is stated to be 26.47 per 1,000 for the white race, and 21.53 per 1,000 of the population for the colored race, showing an actual excess of white births,—a result no one familiar with the actual conditions would for an instant consider a possibility. Thus a consideration of a colored birth rate is out of place; but we can arrive at proper

conclusions in regard to the future of the colored race by a *thorough* examination of the mortuary reports of the Southern cities, and in this respect we have access to considerable statistical material of great value. The great prolificness of a race means absolutely nothing, unless it be counterbalanced by a correspondingly low death rate; for it is not so much the number of children that are born, as the number that maintain individual life, on which depends the future of a race. It matters not how many are born if most of them die. What is the result? There is an old saying that "it is not what a man earns, but what he saves, that makes him rich."

An examination of the mortuary statistics of the South for both races will convince the most superficial reader that the death rate of the negro is out of all proportion to the rate of mortality of the white race. The table below exhibits the comparative mortality of whites and blacks in eight different Southern municipalities.

TABLE C.—*Annual Rate of Mortality per 1,000 of Living Population, by Race.*

	WHITE.	COLORED.
	Rate per 1,000.	Rate per 1,000.
Birmingham, Ala.,	14.85	26.64
Washington, D. C.,	17.25	32.87
Atlanta, Ga.,	15.71	36.28
New Orleans, La.,	21.27	30.93
Wilmington, N. C.,	13.90	28.50
Charleston, S. C.,	19.05	43.66
Memphis, Tenn.,	19.33	26.15
Richmond, Va.,	19.53	27.81
Average,	17.61	31.60

The eight cities from whose annual registration reports I have compiled this table, are representative centres of the colored population of the regions embraced under the table of population statistics at the beginning of this article. From Arkansas, Florida, and Mississippi, I found it impossible to obtain returns.

It will be seen by the above table that in not a single instance does the negro mortality come anywhere near the white race, but almost without exception exceeds it by from 30 per cent to 100 per cent. In Washington, D. C., the colored mortality exceeds that of the white by 15.6 per 1,000 of

living population, and in Charleston, S. C., by over 130 per cent. The average rate for the eight cities is 17.61 for the white and 31.60 for the colored race, an excess of about 79 per cent on the part of the latter. The colored race is certainly in need of a high degree of prolificness, to make good a loss of nearly *two* deaths to every *one* of the white race.

It cannot be argued that these conditions do not apply to the country population, for then the white race would certainly enjoy the same favorable circumstances as the blacks, and thus the relations would be substantially the same. Again, it must not be forgotten that the drift of the colored population is into the cities; and the increase in urban population of the South, during the past ten years, has been principally due to an influx of colored country population. Already colored farm labor is becoming scarce in certain sections of the country, and the loss of the farmer or planter will be the gain of the undertaker, for the drift of the negro into the cities is usually a drift into an early grave. If we seek for the causes of this frightful rate of mortality, the data are not wanting.

The colored population is placed at many disadvantages it cannot very well remove. The unsanitary condition of their dwellings, their ignorance of laws of health, and general poverty are the principal causes of their high mortality; but there are a few specific causes which a careful analysis of death returns clearly demonstrates, and it is with these we shall principally concern ourselves. There are *two* main causes of mortality among the adult negro which cannot but be of the most momentous influence upon the future generations; these are venereal diseases and deaths from consumption. Any physician who has practiced among colored people will bear me out in my statement that at least three fourths of the colored population are cursed with one kind or another of the many diseases classified as venereal. The gross immorality, early and excessive intercourse of the sexes, premature maternity, and general intemperance in eating and drinking of the colored people are the chief causes of their susceptibility to venereal diseases; and the want of proper medical attendance makes him, in most cases, a victim for life. They have a common habit of drugging, and usually take the reverse of what they ought to have taken to effect a cure.

The following table will show the relative percentage of

deaths due to consumption, out of the total mortality. Consumption is becoming more and more a constitutional disease of the negro; and if the deaths from pneumonia and other lung troubles were added, it would be found to constitute the major portion of fatal diseases.

TABLE D.—*Mortality of Whites and Blacks by Consumption.*

	WHITE.			COLORED.		
	Total Deaths.	Deaths from Consumption.	% of Total.	Total Deaths.	Deaths from Consumption.	% of Total.
Washington, D.C., .	2,713	305	0.11	2,439	392	0.16
Atlanta, Ga., .	708	80	0.11	907	136	0.15
New Orleans, La., .	3,925	463	0.12	2,150	369	0.17
Charleston, S. C., .	516	43	0.08	1,431	213	0.15
Memphis, Tenn., .	638	76	0.12	706	126	0.18
Richmond, Va., .	1,094	113	0.10	1,224	133	0.11
Average, . . .	-	-	0.10 ⁷	-	-	0.15 ²

The average percentage of white deaths due to consumption in the six cities furnishing available returns, will be found to equal 10.7 per cent of deaths from *all* causes; the colored percentage of the *same* causes will be found to reach 15.1 per cent of total deaths, being nearly 50 per cent in excess of the white ratio. The reports from the six cities show a singular similarity of returns; and they seem to prove, more conclusively than any other argument, the fearful predominance of this deadly malady among the colored population. The figures show also indisputable facts as to the inferior constitution and vitality of the colored race. Something must be radically wrong in a constitution thus subject to decay. Aside from consumption, nearly all of the other fatal diseases will be found to be more fatal to the negro than to the white man. Thus to malarial and other fevers from which the colored race is commonly supposed to be exempt, the negro of to-day is as much, if not more, subject than the whites. Under the heading of "Zymotic Diseases," the figures given below for six cities will show an almost equal ratio with the white population.

If it is argued that, granted the same conditions and the same opportunities as the white race, the colored race would prove itself of a more enduring vitality, the proof can be furnished that even if he be placed on equal grounds he

still will exhibit what an eminent writer calls "his race proclivity to disease and death."

TABLE E.—*Mortality of Whites and Blacks from Zymotic Diseases.*

	WHITE.			COLORED.		
	Total Deaths.	Deaths from Zymotic Diseases.	% of Total.	Total Deaths.	Deaths from Zymotic Diseases.	% of Total.
Richmond, Va., .	1,094	438	0.40	1,224	326	0.27
Washington, D.C.,	2,934	678	0.23	2,630	670	0.25
Charleston, S. C., .	492	100	0.20	1,375	230	0.17
New Orleans, La.,	3,925	601	0.15	2,150	300	0.14
Knoxville, Tenn., .	356	115	0.32	213	50	0.23
Nashville, Tenn., .	581	123	0.21	640	98	0.15

The experience of the army during the war and its twenty years' experience of peace and normal condition since 1870, will furnish the proof that the colored race, even under the most advantageous conditions, will fail to hold its own against the white race.

I have compiled from the "Medical and Surgical History of the War" the figures given below, to show the fatality of four principal diseases for each race. The figures in the first column state the total number of cases of each disease; the second column contains the total number of deaths resulting; the third column shows the percentage of deaths to cases, affording an easy means of comparison between the two races.

TABLE F.—*Disease and Mortality in the United States Army during the War.*

	WHITE.			COLORED.		
	Total Cases.	Deaths.	%	Total Cases.	Deaths.	%
Consumption, . . .	13,490	5,286	0.39	1,331	1,211	0.91
Typhoid Fever, . . .	75,308	27,050	0.36	4,094	2,280	0.56
Chronic Diarrhoea, . .	170,488	27,558	0.16	12,098	3,278	0.27
Inflammation of Lungs,	61,202	14,738	0.24	16,136	5,233	0.32
Average, . . .	-	-	0.29	-	-	0.51 ⁵

It will be seen from this table that the liability of the negro to death is almost double that of the white race. Even if under the same treatment, under the care of the same physician, and in the same hospital, negroes die almost two to

one of the white element of the army. In his liability to death when attacked with consumption, the negro will rarely be found to escape at all, and in not a single instance does he exhibit anywhere a vitality or power of resistance equal to the white race.

The records of the United States Army for the past twenty years tell the same story, exhibit the same relative proportion of deaths to disease, and increased mortality over the white portion of the army. The surgeon-general, in his annual report for 1889, refers to the matter in the following language: "The death rate of the people of African descent is always higher than that of the whites living in the same settlement. This is ascribed, for the most part, to the comparative poverty of the colored people, which crowds them into dwellings in the less desirable parts of the locality. It would seem, however, from the records of the army, that there is a race proclivity to disease and death; for although the colored troops are in all respects subject to the same influence as the white troops at the same station, the cases of sickness, and notably the death rates, are greater among them than among the whites."

The average rate of mortality, for the past twenty years, of white and colored troops, according to statistics furnished me by the War Department, was 14.36 per 1,000 of mean strength for colored troops and 11.50 per 1,000 of mean strength for the white troops. The rate of mortality due to consumption was 0.66 per 1,000 for the white and 1.19 per 1,000 for the colored element of the army. This agreement of facts and figures shows whither the colored race is drifting. We have seen that the average total mortality and the ratio of death due to consumption exceed that of the white race by a very high percentage. We have also seen that, even under the same conditions, the negro exhibits the same excessive tendencies to disease and death.

Thus we reach the conclusion that the colored race is showing every sign of an undermined constitution, a diseased manhood and womanhood; in short, all the indications of a race on the road to extinction. Additional proofs, more convincing still, are furnished by separating the death returns of the two races according to age and sex.

If in the beginning it was shown that the average total *mortality* of the colored race exceeded that of the white race,

the following table will show that the *average age* of the colored element is much below that of the white. In Washington, during a period of eleven years, the white population maintained an average age of thirty-two years and nine months, exceeding the colored average of twenty-one years and eleven months by nearly ten years.

Since the average ratio of deaths by age is so much alike in the several cities embraced under Table G, we may well assume the difference in the average duration of life to be the same for the two races in other portions of the South. Thus the percentage of deaths under twenty years for Savannah and Charleston is almost equal to the 56 per cent of Washington.

A close examination of Table G will show a similarity of conditions astonishing to one unacquainted with comparative mortuary statistics. We find but slight variation in the colored returns; and with the exception of the low rate of early deaths for Savannah, we have a corresponding agreement of returns for the white race.

TABLE G.—*Mortality of Whites and Colored, according to Age.*

	WHITE.						COLORED.					
	Total Deaths.	Still-Births.	% of Total.	Deaths Under 5 Years.	% of Total.	Deaths Under 20 Years.	% of Total.	Total Deaths.	Still-Births.	% of Total.	Deaths Under 5 Years.	% of Total.
Washington, D. C., 1890,	2,934	183	0.06	895	0.31	1,113	0.38	2,630	288	0.11	1,172	0.45
Memphis, Tenn., 1890,	638	32	0.05	157	0.25	219	0.34	706	49	0.07	244	0.35
New Orleans, La., 1889,	4,122	285	0.07	1,401	0.34	1,709	0.41	2,179	223	0.10	723	0.33
Savannah, Ga., 1889,	479	34	0.07	145	0.30	182	0.38	870	116	0.13	372	0.43
Charleston, S. C., 1889,	516	40	0.08	158	0.31	191	0.37	1,431	153	0.11	502	0.42
Richmond, Va., 1890,	1,094	72	0.07	332	0.31	430	0.39	1,224	142	0.12	496	0.41
Average,	-	-	0.07	-	0.30	-	0.38	-	-	0.11	-	0.40
												0.51

According to these tabulated returns of six Southern cities, but one third of the white deaths occur under twenty, against a colored ratio of more than one half. In not a single instance does the white race reach even the lowest ratio of the colored; and even the high ratio of New Orleans, of 41 per cent, is 3 per cent less than the lowest colored mortality, under twenty, reported from the same city. The infantile mortality, or deaths under five years, for the two races presents the same condition of an excessive ratio on the part of the colored element.

The rate of ante-natal to the total mortality of the two races, one of the most important features in population statistics, places the colored element at still more fearful odds to the white, being everywhere in excess by from 30 to 200 per cent.

It now only remains for me to present the mortality of the two races according to sex; and it is here that one of the strongest points, as to the future of the colored race, will find its basis.

The white population, as will be seen by the figures under Table H, shows a male ratio of mortality higher than that of the female portion of the population. Taking figures at random from States and cities in America and Canada, as the following table will show, these relations are commonly prevailing.

TABLE H.

		Male Deaths.	Female Deaths.
Massachusetts,	1880,	29,017	28,042
Brooklyn, N. Y.,	1880,	9,805	8,875
Philadelphia, Penn.,	1888,	10,586	9,806
St. Louis, Mo.,	1890,	4,811	3,798
Toronto, Can.,	1889,	1,609	1,323
Hamilton, Can.,	1889,	365	309
Total,		55,773	52,153

No additional argument is needed to assure the reader of the correctness of the assertion that the *white* female mortality never and nowhere, under normal conditions, exceeds that of the other sex, but, on the contrary, usually falls considerably below. In Massachusetts this excess of male deaths is on an average 1,000 per annum, and has been the same, according to registration returns, for the past twenty years. We can therefore safely lay it down as an axiom that the white race depends on the maintenance of this favorable ratio for its natural increase, and we may assume the same to hold good for the colored race, whose future will therefore depend on its ability to maintain existence under the condition that its female mortality be less than its male. But proofs are not wanting to show that just the reverse is its present and inevitable future condition.

As will be seen from the data compiled under Table I,

the colored female mortality is in excess, in many instances, against a male excess of the white. In not a single instance does the white male mortality exceed that of the white female, but in *nearly every* instance does the male negro mortality fall below that of its female.

TABLE I.—*Mortality by Color and Sex.*

	WHITE.		COLORED.	
	Male.	Female.	Male.	Female.
Charleston, S. C., . . .	275	251	526	676
New Orleans, La., . . .	2,225	1,700	1,057	1,093
Atlanta, Ga., . . .	423	370	522	520
Memphis, Tenn., . . .	386	252	380	326
Nashville, Tenn., . . .	304	277	325	315
Washington, D. C., . . .	1,631	1,303	1,292	1,338
Richmond, Va., . . .	557	537	604	620
Baltimore, Md., . . .	3,249	3,105	1,047	1,125
	9,050	7,795 F. 0.46%	5,753	6,013 F. 0.51%

This comparative exhibit of mortality by race and sex demonstrates the inferiority of the constitution of the colored female; and this being true, the whole body politic of the colored race is undermined and finally doomed. Additional evidence of the deteriorated physique of the colored female is gained by an investigation of the comparative ratio of still-births prevailing among the two races. The high rate of female mortality, together with the high rate of still-births, is a convincing proof of an inferior womanhood. The enormous losses sustained by the colored population from these causes may be better understood when we add together the losses for a number of years.

During the period 1880 and 1890 the colored still-births numbered in Richmond, Va., 1,265, and in Washington, D. C., for the same period, nearly 3,000. In the latter city during the last decade, the rate of illegitimate to total births was equal to 21.34 per cent, against a white rate of only 3 per cent.

If a high rate of still-births is a proof of a weakened female constitution, a high rate of illegitimate births proves the cause of this growing debility and frailty of the colored female. The laws of morality can no more be violated than the physical laws of nature; and the whole life of the negro is a

constant violation of both. The penalty paid by the unfortunate and ignorant is premature death.

The female deaths form 46 per cent of the total white mortality, whereas the colored rate of female deaths is 51 per cent. The white female, embraced under Table J, gained in total numbers 1,257 on the white males, whereas the colored female shows a net loss of 260. The three cities, New Orleans, Baltimore, and Washington, report, for a combined total experience of twenty-three years, a white female gain of nearly 5,000, against a loss on the part of the colored female of nearly 1,300, a difference in favor of the white race of 6,300 females in these three cities alone.

What else but final extinction can be the future of the negro, thus presenting all the evidences of a vanishing race? What fears need we entertain when we take into consideration the fact that for the white race the indications point in the opposite direction?

Such are the conditions of to-day, and this statistical review of the race question will prove that no one need fear a possible negro supremacy, impossible under the prevailing conditions.

In conclusion I will present some data comparing the conditions of the past with those of the present, illustrating the changed conditions affecting the life and well-being of the colored race. The following statistical exhibit is taken from the mortality report of the Seventh United States Census, showing the relative mortality of males and females of nine Southern cities.

TABLE J.—*Mortality Statistics, by Sex and Color, for 1850.
U. S. Seventh Census.*

	WHITE.		SLAVES.	
	Male.	Female.	Male.	Female.
Baltimore, Md., . . .	1,567	1,376	299	244*
Charleston, S. C., . . .	189	131	54	34
Louisville, Ky., . . .	494	337	77	54
Memphis, Tenn., . . .	205	112	50	40
Mobile, Ala., . . .	310	163	77	73
New Orleans, La., . . .	2,666	992	243	171
Norfolk, Va., . . .	102	98	54	38
Richmond, Va., . . .	175	139	61	37
Wilmington, N. C., . . .	48	33	35	27
Total,	5,756	3,381	950	718

* Free colored population.

It is fortunate that we possess at least some statistics relative to the negro antedating the war. A comparison of the past with the present affords us the most valuable clue as to the future tendency of the race. According to De Bow, superintendent of the seventh census, the mortality of Charleston, S. C., for the period 1830-45, was, on an average for the white race, one death to every forty-three living, and one to every fifty living on the part of the colored. For the past ten years this ratio has been among the white population one death to every forty-seven living, and among the colored, *one to every twenty-two living*, showing a decrease of the white mortality and an increase of the colored mortality of over 100 per cent. It seems almost as if the period could be calculated when the death rate will be *one death to every one living*. If it has increased from one to every fifty living to one to every twenty-two or twenty-eight living, in forty-five years, may we not conjecture what it will be forty-five years hence?

No one can foretell the probable future of the colored population of the United States with any degree of *absolute* accuracy, but the facts presented in this article indicate tendencies which warrant us to believe that the time will come, if it has not already come, when the negro, like the Indian, will be a vanishing race.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

BY HON. JOHN DAVIS, M. C.

MONEY is an important factor in modern civilization. Some writers claim it to be the most important of all. The United States Monetary Commission of 1876 mentions the importance of money in modern society as "The great instrument of association, the very fibre of social organism, the vitalizing force of industry, the protoplasm of civilization, and as essential to its existence as oxygen is to animal life. Without money, civilization could not have had a beginning; with a diminishing supply it must languish, and, unless relieved, finally perish."

Sir Archibald Alison, England's great historian, speaks of money as "This mighty agent in human affairs." Mr. Alexander Del Mar, formerly director of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States, member of the United States Monetary Commission, and an able writer on the finances, describing the operations of this factor in the affairs of nations, says: "Unheard, unfelt, almost unseen, it has the power to so distribute the burdens, gratifications, and opportunities of life that each individual shall enjoy that share of them to which his merits entitle him, or to dispense them with so partial a hand as to violate every principle of justice and perpetuate a system of social slaveries to the end of time."

The late Senator Plumb, speaking of the money question in 1888, said: "We are dealing with a question which has more to do with the welfare of the United States, which is of more concern to them, than any other thing that is pending, or that can be pending," etc.

Money, strictly speaking, is not a material thing. It is a function created by law; and by law, this function may be attached to any proper material. It is an office or function, as is the office of sheriff. A man, naturally, is not a sheriff or other public officer; but when the office or legal function has been attached to the man, he is then a public officer, and as such can do many things and perform many acts which he

could not do or perform as a mere man. When the money function has been legally attached to a material thing, then that material thing becomes tangible money. In rude societies the money function may grow up by custom, and by common consent it becomes attached to a material thing. In this way, cattle, copper, gold, silver, tobacco, and various articles of commerce have become tangible money by reason of their endowment by custom or law with the money function. The various commodities of commerce have never proven themselves entirely satisfactory money, because of their unwieldiness and frequent scarcity.

A proper material for use as money should possess certain attributes: First, cheapness of procurement, that its acquisition may not prove a burden on society; second, reasonable durability; third, ease of transportation; fourth, convenience in handling in large and small amounts; fifth, ease of concealment; sixth, difficulty in counterfeiting. All things considered, no material seems so well adapted to practical business purposes as well-executed paper notes. The material is easy of procurement, reasonably durable, and easy to transport, count, and handle in large or small amounts. It is easy to conceal about the person, being small of bulk and light of weight; and, above all, when executed in the highest style of art, it is the most difficult, perhaps, of all moneys to counterfeit. On this latter point, Mr. Alexander Del Mar, in his able work on "The Science of Money," says: "The silk-threaded, distinctive-fibre paper, the water marks, the printing in colors, the highly artistic vignettes, the geometrical lathe-work, the numbers, signatures, and other mechanical safeguards of the modern paper note render it far more difficult to imitate than coin."

The importance of having a money above the arts of the counterfeiter is seen when we contemplate a few facts of history. All agree that money is valuable in proportion to limitation, and that an unlimited money must be, ultimately, a worthless money. A money that is easily counterfeited is practically an unlimited money. As examples in point, I mention the continental currency of the American revolution and the assignats of France. Both were largely counterfeited by the British government. In each case the counterfeits are said to have far exceeded in amount the genuine notes, when the point of worthlessness was reached.

The issuing of money is an act of sovereignty, and, as such, ought not to be delegated to individuals or to corporations. All money should be issued by the sovereign power of the nation. When so issued it is in effect a check on society for value, and, like all checks, it must be redeemed. All money, whether metal or paper, must be redeemed. That is what money is for. It rests on the value that is behind it. But let us not be mistaken—let us not be misled by terms. Swapping dollars is no redemption. The first and primary redemption of money is receivability by the issuing power. It must be receivable in the revenues of the issuing government. That is primal redemption. A money so received in the United States and Great Britain, has been and is uniformly good money. This primal redemption is like a man accepting his own checks in payment of dues to himself when he transacts business.

But there is a wider and more general redemption, which arises from the quality of legal tender. All perfect money is endowed with this necessary quality; and when so endowed, all men advertise their eagerness to redeem such money with value. In effect this is basing money, not on gold, not on silver, nor on any single commodity, but on all commodities. A money so based is precisely as good as the issuing government—no better, no worse. A money so based, though made of paper, never falls below coin while the issuing government remains intact and continues to collect and disburse revenues. This rule has no exceptions. A paper money so founded and redeemed is always preferred to coin. Intrinsic or commercial value in the material which is endowed with the monetary function is not only unnecessary, but it should be further stated that such intrinsic value is a great and sometimes a fatal objection to the money material. It gives the owners of the valuable money material a monopoly of the money of the country. If gold alone is used as money, then the amount of money in a given country cannot exceed the amount of gold available in that country; and the holders of gold, by making money scarce or plenty at will, become masters of the situation. They occupy the position described by Mr. Garfield when he said: "Whoever controls the volume of the currency is absolute master of all industry and commerce." Senator Benton, speaking of the same dangerous class of men, said: "All property is at their mercy."

Money has often been defined as a "measure of value." This is not strictly true. Values are measured by the combined judgments of the parties concerned, influenced by surrounding circumstances and conditions. In other words, "values are measured with brains." But money is a unit of account, and values are expressed in the money units. In the United States the dollar is the unit of account, and values are expressed in dollars and fractions of a dollar. Values having been fixed by the combined judgments of the parties in interest, then it is the office of money to settle the account between the parties as a medium of exchange, or means of payment. When I pay a man money for service, I give him a general check on society for value. So far as I am concerned he is paid, but in fact he has not yet received anything which satisfies his ultimate wants. He has only received a check on the general wealth of the country for what he desires. This check must be redeemed, and society is eager to redeem it with all the values of the country that are for sale. Hence, the man to whom I paid the check is better paid than if I had given him some form of value which he did not specially need. If I had given him a horse or a cow, when he needed a coat and vest, it would have been less satisfactory to him than the money, though of the same or even greater value. Though money may be without intrinsic value in itself, and should be so, yet when fairly treated by law, it stands for all values; and the holder of it has a check or order on the entire country for his choice of all property that is for sale, to the extent of the value mentioned in his check or order, and all men are eager to accept or redeem his check, and give him choice of the values in their possession.

Money is a labor-saving machine. It is a book-keeper and accountant, saving much time and expense when it floats in proper volume. For this purpose the material of money need not have value. If A owes B ten dollars, and B owes A ten dollars, the accounts balance, the parties shake hands, and the transaction is ended. If A owes B ten dollars, B owes C ten dollars, and C owes A ten dollars, the parties, being together, may still see through the matter. The case is more complicated than before, yet the opportunity for cancellation exists, and the parties may shake hands, as before, without money payment. But suppose fifty men are involved. Then

money must be used in some form, either to pay the entire debts or to settle balances. Each owes another ten dollars, but all are not aware of the facts. Let the parties be together with no money in their pockets; but looking on the ground, one of them finds a ten-dollar note. He asks for a claimant or owner of the money, but finds none. He then pays a debt of ten dollars to his neighbor, standing near. His neighbor pays the money to another, to whom he is indebted. Debt paying is the order of the day until fifty debts have been paid, when the money finally stops in the hands of the finder, who, owing no one present, puts the note in his pocket. I inquire, Are those debts paid? Plainly they are. But suppose the holder of the money should drop it into the fire, and it should be consumed. Would that make any difference? Surely not. Whatever may become of that note, the debts are paid. But let us suppose that the holder of the bill, instead of dropping it into the fire, should carry it to a bank for deposit, and there find it to be counterfeit. Now are the debts paid? Let each reader decide for himself. Evidently it was a case of cancellation; and if the parties had known of the facts and relations of each to each, they might have clasped hands, and the debts would have been settled, cancelled, or paid, without the use of money.

Now let us suppose that fifty men are present in a clearing-house. The first man, A, hands his personal check to B, his creditor. (This is not final payment, as money is. A personal check may be called money of conditional payment.) The second man, B, owes C forty dollars. He hands to C a ten-dollar check, received from A, and his own personal check for thirty dollars. And so the payment continues until all are paid with these checks of conditional payment. Then comes cancellation and the payment of balances. In practice it is found that checks do not balance and cancel each other in full, as men do not owe each other the same amounts, but that there must be used in every clearing-house some money of final payment; that is, money or general checks on society at large, issued by the sovereign government or society in the concrete, which all are willing to accept as money of final payment. By the records of clearing-house business for long periods, it is found that, on the average, the amount of money of final payment necessary to settle balances is about five per cent of the business done. This is not much,

but it is absolutely necessary to prevent bankruptcies. Ninety-five per cent of the business is done with individual checks and drafts, five per cent with money of final payment. In view of these well-settled facts, some flippant writers and speakers have taken the ground that all business may be done with individual checks and drafts, and that the volume of actual money cuts no figure. This is not correct. The five per cent of actual money is small, but it is absolutely necessary to prevent bankruptcies. The entire business is based on this five per cent; and for every dollar of this money which may be withdrawn from circulation, twenty dollars of business must stop. This shows the importance of watching closely the volume of money of final payment. Even a small contraction deranges business, causes bankruptcies, and reduces the volume of the business of the country.

Money is a war power. There are two great war powers known among civilized nations—the sword and the purse. By the sword is meant that physical force which overcomes the enemy in the field. The purse is that power which equips, aliments, recruits, and pays the fleets and armies. Among savages there is much of the sword and little of the purse. As a rule, the purse power increases among nations as civilized methods are adopted, until ultimately most of the purposes of war may be attained with only a show of physical force. Money, as a war power, need not have intrinsic value. It has been proven time and again that modern wars cannot be prosecuted with intrinsic money as a support to the armies. I do not speak at random. A senator of the United States has discussed this subject as follows:—

No people in a great emergency ever found a faithful ally in gold. It is the most cowardly and treacherous of all metals. It makes no treaty it does not break. It has no friend it does not sooner or later betray. Armies and navies are not maintained by gold. In times of panic and calamity, shipwreck and disaster, it becomes the agent and minister of ruin. No nation ever fought a great war by the aid of gold. On the contrary, in the crisis of the greatest peril, it becomes an enemy more potent than the foe in the field; but when the battle is won and peace has been secured, gold reappears, and claims the fruits of victory. In our own civil war it is doubtful if the gold of New York and London did not work us greater injury than the powder and lead and iron of the rebels. It was the most invincible enemy of the public credit. Gold paid no soldier or sailor. It refused the national obligations. It was worth most when our fortunes were the lowest. Every defeat gave it increased value. It was in open alliance

with our enemies the world over, and all its energies were evoked for our destruction. But as usual, when danger has been averted, and the victory secured, gold swaggers to the front, and asserts the supremacy.—*J. J. Ingalls' speech in the U. S. Senate, Feb. 15, 1878.*

To show that the senator was right, we need only to refer to the examples of history. The history of the republic of Venice is a history of continual warfare on land and sea. The republic of Venice was the great commercial nation of the earth for centuries, and its maritime wars were necessary for the protection of its extended commerce in every quarter of the known world. In the year 1171, intrinsic money utterly failed to meet the monetary requirements of the republic, and a book credit or inscription money was adopted. This inscription money had no material value whatever. It was not redeemable in coin or bullion, and there was no pretence that it would be so redeemed; but it was receivable in the revenues of the government, and legal tender for all debts. That legal tender quality, in the language of Dr. Franklin, was "greater advantage" than coin redemption. For six hundred years that paper-credit money ruled twenty per cent above coin. During all that time there was not a money panic in the country. Venice became and remained the centre of commerce and the clearing-house of the world. There is not a line on record that any citizen of Venice was dissatisfied with their financial system. This is the longest and most satisfactory continuous financial experiment recorded in history, and it proves very conclusively the superiority of functional, or fiat money, over intrinsic money in times of war.

At the beginning of the American Revolution, coin, or intrinsic money, failed to materialize. It was not to be had. It was an utter failure. Our fathers had no resource but paper. They had no government capable of issuing a proper money of any sort, but they did the best they could. They could print paper and call it money, but they could not receive it in the revenues of the government, because the old confederacy did not collect revenues. They could not endow it with the quality of legal tender, because the old confederacy was not a sovereign government. They could not even make it redeemable in coin, as there was no coin to be had. Coin is always absent when most needed. But the patriot fathers had wit as well as patriotism, and they issued the best money

they could. It was rudely executed and easily counterfeited, hence in practice must be unlimited in amount. People were expected to take it as a matter of patriotism. This was the only foundation of that continental money; yet for five years it met the requirements of the country, and Mr. Albert Gallatin afterwards spoke of it as follows: "The paper money carried the United States through the most arduous and perilous stages of the war, and, though operating as a most unequal tax, it cannot be denied that it saved the country." If the American colonies had depended on coin money as a war power, they would have remained subject to the tyranny of King George. American liberty would never have been born.

In the year 1797 coin money of intrinsic value failed in Great Britain. The bank paid out its last silver sixpence, and the nation was on the verge of ruin. A paper money not redeemable in coin was adopted, which met every monetary requirement for twenty-five years, through all the terrible trials of the wars of Napoleon. It carried the country triumphantly through every crisis, conferring on the empire a prosperity and glory unequalled in ancient or modern times. On this subject Sir Archibald Alison says: "It is in these moments of public and private suffering that the paper circulation steps in to sustain public and private credit during the interval when national industry has been paralyzed by the disappearance of the precious metals from circulation. . . . But for its aid the empire would certainly have been destroyed. . . . Had bank notes been rendered scarce when gold disappeared, the nation and all its trading classes would have been bankrupted, and we should long since have been a province of France."

In the year 1813, during the wars of Napoleon, coin utterly failed to meet the needs of the Allied Armies on the continent of Europe. England, Russia, and Prussia issued a joint paper money, which supported the armies, broke the power of Napoleon, and saved the continent. The late Judge Martin, in his work on "The Money of Nations," says: "It met the emergency as coin could not." Mr. Alison says: "It passed as cash from Kamtschatka to the Rhine, and brought the war to a successful issue. . . . Without this paper money, the vast armaments of the Allies would have been dissolved for want of funds for their support."

During our war of the rebellion there were three kinds of war money which stood the shock of arms to the end. None of them were coin. Coin left the field within the first six months. The revolutionary government of the South issued the best paper possible for such a government. It was precisely as good as the issuing power — no better, no worse. It was a brave money — far better than cowardly coin. It stayed with the armies, and fought with them to the bitter end, and went down with them on the field of battle. That paper money of the South was rudely executed and easily counterfeited. This, of course, made it practically impossible to limit the volume in circulation ; and as already stated, an unlimited money is a worthless money. Money is valuable in proportion to limitation. If it is possible, the counterfeiters will inflate the money to the point of worthlessness, as in the case of our continental currency and the French assignats. In the North there were two sorts of paper money. The first sixty millions were receivable in the revenues of the government the same as coin, and legal tender for all debts. That money was preferred to coin during the war, and as long as it circulated. Another class of paper money issued during the war, known as greenbacks, was not receivable for duties on imports nor for interest on the public debt. It was like any other useful machine with a number of important bolts left out. It went below par as compared with coin, or as compared with paper without these legal disabilities. It sometimes went below fifty cents on the dollar, because of its legal disabilities and from no other cause. Yet, such as it was, all the Shylocks and the armies of the South were beaten by it at one and the same time. All agree that the greenback saved the life of the nation. With gold only, the armies would have been paralyzed, and anarchy would have prevailed. It would have been a contest of swords, after the manner of savages, with little union or adhesion on either side. Money is the instrument of association. Without money there is no cohesion, and disintegration must ensue. A perfect money will remain at its post in times of danger. Intrinsic money will not do this.

Thus far I have discussed the power of the purse when supporting the sword. But these two war powers may and do act separately. Among savages the sword power acts without the purse. In other cases the purse is seen to act

alone, with tremendous effect, far exceeding in results the conquests of the sword. Let me illustrate: Suppose Great Britain should send an iron-clad to the coast of New Jersey and capture a bit of sandy beach on which to erect fortifications, and over which to float the British flag. How our American blood would boil. That bit of worthless sand would be reclaimed if it cost the life of every able-bodied man in America. But on the other hand, British landlords have sent that other war power, the purse, into the very heart of this nation, and have captured many thousands of acres of the best lands on the continent, without boiling our American blood, to any alarming extent. Why would Great Britain capture this country with the sword? The answer is plain: That she might levy tribute on our people. Why do British landlords capture our lands with the purse? The answer is equally plain: That they may levy tribute on our people.

Let us examine a few facts as they exist to-day, black and portentous, in this land of boasted freedom. One William Scully, a British landlord, has sent his purse to America, and has actually captured some ninety thousand acres of the richest lands in the State of Illinois; and it is said that the American citizens living on those acres are compelled to pay two hundred thousand dollars per annum to that British landlord for the privilege of cultivating the American soil on which they and their children were born. That is a greater tribute than King George expected to exact by the sword, in the days of 1776. That same landlord, William Scully, of London, has captured seventy thousand acres in Marshall County, Kansas, and other thousands of acres in other parts of that State. All this is done by that war power known as "the purse." It is done that Mr. Scully may levy tribute on the people of America; that his children may levy tribute on our children, and that his grandchildren may levy tribute on our grandchildren, and so on down to the latest generation. What more could Mr. Scully do with the sword, if he had all the armies of Europe at his back? In some parts of Colorado the people of that State are paying tribute to European landholders for every blade of grass cropped by their cows and other animals which are necessary for the support of their families.

The public highways of a nation are said to be the property of the people. Their ownership is deemed so

important that wars are often waged for their possession. The United States originally paid millions of dollars for the possession of that highway known as the Mississippi River. At a later date the country spent hundreds of millions of treasure, and poured out blood like water, in order to retain that great public highway of travel and commerce. I mention these facts to show the high estimate that is usually attached to the possession of the great public highways of the country. Yet, strange as it may seem, we have in this country one hundred and sixty thousand miles of the most valuable and indispensable highways known to man, which are bought and sold as commodities of commerce. The railroads of this country are bonded and stocked to an aggregate of about ten billions of dollars. The owners of that capitalization are called the owners of the roads. They have entire control of the roads, and of the travel and traffic of this great country. The longest purse takes the pile (or a controlling interest in it), and becomes master of the situation, "levying tribute at will on all our vast industries." There is ample evidence to prove that, at this moment, a controlling amount of the capitalization of our American railroads is held in the city of London, and that the freights and fares paid by Americans are fixed by a British directory. Such a statement is humiliating, but it is, nevertheless, true.

I have now shown the nature and power of money, both for good and evil. The question next arises, How can we enjoy the good without suffering the evil? I reply, We must nationalize the money. We must, as much as possible, keep it in the hands of the people and under their control. We must not permit its issue by individuals nor by corporations. The issuing of money by the government is a prerogative of sovereignty. The money must be maintained in ample, even, and unfluctuating volume. To do this it must be free from a single commodity basis. It must rest on the broad basis of government revenues and on all commodities. Its even distribution in society must be favored in every practical way. This may be done by the arrangement of taxation, so that the burdens will fall heaviest on those best able to pay; not on the poor nor on the products and creations of industry, but on the large incomes, the large legacies, and the large landed estates of the rich.

All this can be done by and through the finances; and it

is much. But we must go further. We must free the lands of the country from capture by the purse of the monopolists. The homes of our people and the heritages of our children must not be exposed to the depredations and spoliations of the money power of the world. Land must not be treated as a common article of traffic in the world's commerce. We must move in the direction of that happy day when the poorest man will have and hold his small home free from the invasions of the sheriff and the tax collector; and when "occupation and use" will be recognized as necessary ingredients in title to land. We must move in the direction of that just and safe era of public repose when neither the lands of the country, nor the public highways, nor any other necessity of society will be exposed to the conquests of either the sword or the purse. Both are fatally dangerous, the latter especially so, because of its secrecy, power, and merciless cruelty. It is like the beast in the Apocalypse: it has the horns of a lamb, but the speech of a dragon. With innocent guise, it is endowed with the venom and savagery of the serpent. This, then, is "The Money Question." It is the blood or the bane, the life or the death, of civilization.

The changes in the volume of money, the expansions and contractions of the currency of a nation, cannot be properly discussed within the limits of this paper. That part of the subject is worthy of a separate consideration. There is a power in money which no human agency can resist, merely through changes in its quantity. There is no engagement, national or individual, which is unaffected by it. The enterprises of commerce, the profits of trade, the arrangements in all the domestic concerns of life, the wages of labor, the transactions of the highest and lowest amounts, the payment of debts and taxes, are all affected by the quantity of money in circulation. There resides in money the most enormous power known to man. It is the tide in human affairs upon which all things must rise or fall. It is as irresistible as the wings and wheels of commerce on the high seas and the broad continents. More powerful than the thunder blasts of armadas that throb upon the ocean, or the tread of continental armies; and this mighty force is self-acting in all the large and small transactions of men. This is the concurrent testimony of the ablest writers. Such a subject deserves

attention. Nevertheless, to prevent its study, the "communism of capital" is arrayed in solid phalanx. The Shylocks well know, if the people come to understand its import and its simplicity, their trade will suffer damage. The owners of gold will be shorn of their power over nations and men. The great Temple of Diana will be shaken by the ground-swell of rising humanity asserting its rights, and her votaries will cry out in behalf of their vocation. They will mystify the subject with every art and device of Satan, and blacken the names of the people's teachers with all the lies and epithets so familiar to them. Yet, in spite of their rage and terror, "The Money Question" remains a leading factor in the problem of civilization, and it must be taken into account by all peoples and nations engaged in solving that important problem.

VOLAPÜK.

BY ALFRED A. POST.

AMONG the somewhat rare possessions of the Boston Public Library is a seldom-read quarto volume* of the seventeenth century: a work by Bishop Wilkins, in which is given in wearisome detail the plan of his universal language. Less ponderous but no less impracticable systems of contemporaneous writers upon the same subject are those of Becker, Leibnitz, and Descartes; while in the eighteenth century are works having similar purpose by Berger, Chambry, Kalmar, and the Abbé Sicard; and undaunted by their predecessors' failures, Niethammer, Nasher, Stein, and Schmied essayed, in the early years of the present century, to solve the problem of universal speech, and had *their* successors in the same fruitless efforts in Para, Bachmaier, Sudre, Holmar, Ochando, Pizo, Letellier, Caumont, Maldant, and that erratic universologist, Stephen Pearl Andrews, whose "Alwato" is already an almost un procurable pamphlet.

It is apparent, from the foregoing, that the importance of possessing an artificial language for international use has been a tenet of the philosophic world for upwards of two hundred years; and the presumptive evidence of this importance is emphasized by the high character and profound learning of those who have occupied themselves with the effort to produce such a language.

It is equally apparent that the conception of the need of a universal language and the invention of a satisfactory language to meet that need have not been concurrent in the two centuries of effort. Not a single one of the numerous inventions cited, or of over two hundred attempts to which reference has not herein been made, has had any practical value in the direction of solving the vexatious problem.

Perhaps the most striking intellectual characteristic of the nineteenth century is the practical bearing which its discoveries and inventions have upon the conditions with which

* "Essay towards real Character and a Philosophical Language."

they have dealt. In respect to the problem of universal language this characteristic is significant. On the 18th of July, 1831, in Ober Landa, Baden, was born a boy who was baptized John Martin Schleyer. Early in life he was impressed with the importance to mankind of a common language. The thought of the desirability of such a language was followed by a determination to produce it. By occupation a clergyman, his training had been intellectual, and his predilections were in the direction of language study. Quick perception, retentive memory, and untiring industry enabled him to master, during thirty years of study, the grammatical structure of over fifty languages and dialects; and his analytical mind was ever busy with the assortment of these languages into relations of correspondence in their features of vocabulary, construction, inflection, and power of expansion. He early conceived the thought that to be practicable, a world language must be easy of acquirement in its pronunciation, simple in its construction, regular in inflection, comparison, and conjugation, logical and expansive in its derivation, and must embody in its method the best features of synthesis and analysis.

But a correct conception of what was needed by no means sufficed to produce the desired result. The mass of material brought together by Schleyer became unwieldy and irreducible. In part it was chaotic. The pieces were there, but they were the pieces of a puzzle. The heterogeneous parts were so numerous that selection from them to form a homogeneous whole caused a wearisome work, ending in frequent and ever-changing confusion. One night—a night memorable enough to warrant record of the date, March 31, 1879—this patient student retired for sleep. That sleep knew a vision. Before him, in orderly array, trooped the necessary characters, forms, and processes out of the bewildering assemblage of the fifty languages which had confused his waking thoughts. The vision ended; he rose from his bed, found light and paper and pen, and recorded, on a single sheet of note paper, his language, which to-day is substantially what was revealed to Schleyer on that night of vision. Such was the man, and such the origin of Volapük.

While this article is intended to show what Volapük is, and what has thus far been its accomplishment, the purpose of a world language should be clearly before the mind as a condi-

tion precedent to expecting an adequate interest in its existence. The necessity of a common international language for diplomatic relations has always been recognized; and the use, successively, of Latin and French as this common intermediary is well known. Thoughtful people have long since discerned, and hence the effort after universal language, the immense advantage that would follow the general adoption of the same language as the medium of international intercourse in commerce, scientific interchange of thought, travel, and many other relations in which language is an essential factor of convenience and benefit. The objections to natural languages, for the purposes indicated, are manifold and insuperable — inherent difficulty and national rivalry being the prominent objections. But the often-heard statement, that the purpose of a universal language is to supplant all existing languages, or any of them, is the outcome of a misconception. The true purpose of a world language may be clearly understood by the following quotation from the utterances of Colonel Charles E. Sprague, of New York City:—

“Those who advocate Volapük have no expectation that it will ever supersede the languages of the earth, or even a single one of them. Its aim is not to supersede but to supplement; to provide a means by which the races of mankind may become intelligible to each other while retaining their mother tongues. This is merely to extend the clearing-house idea to matters of language. When the banks were few and their transactions limited, each bank had to send daily its messenger to every other bank to collect checks there payable. If this were now the case (taking New York for illustration), each of sixty-three banks would be compelled to send every day to sixty-two others — sixty-three times sixty-two journeys, or three thousand nine hundred and six in all. Now they send to a central institution, where the exchanges of millions of dollars are made in a few minutes. In the same way an international language, studied by every educated person in the world, will be a clearing-house for ideas: two persons not natives of the same country would unhesitatingly address one another, whether orally or in writing, in this international medium, with the certainty of being understood.”

Reverting to the discovery of Volapük, its subsequent history may be followed. The influence of previous abortive

attempts was felt in preventing an impartial investigation of its merits, and for several years it was either ignored by the world of learning or spoken of with ridicule. Then some learned men in Vienna gave it a candid consideration, discerned its merits, and commenced its propagation. Its next favorable impression was made in Paris, where Dr. Auguste Kerchoffs, director of technical instruction in the schools of Paris, championed it, and soon had twenty-five hundred pupils enrolled as students of Volapük.

Its next strong foothold was in Russia, where it found the approval of Professor J. Henry Harrison, supervisor of English instruction in the schools of St. Petersburg. It spread rapidly to Sweden and Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Italy, and Spain, crossed continents and oceans, and set up its standard in China and Japan. Within two years from the impulse given it in Vienna, every civilized nation of the globe had accepted Volapük. In 1885 an academy was founded to supervise the interests of the language, and this academy was made international in 1887, in which year was held the first International Volapük Congress, the place of convening being Münich. In 1889, during the great *Exposition Universelle*, a second congress was held in Paris in the Eiffel Tower, and the deliberations of that congress were conducted in Volapük. It was at the adjournment of this congress that Professor Alexander John Ellis, president of the London Philological Society, said: "That settles it; Volapük is no longer an experiment; it is a living, spoken tongue!"

The capability of Volapük to express ideas* has been demonstrated variously. Of one of its scientific works Dr. M. W. Wood says: "Before me lies an article in Volapük, *on the necessity of isolating sick persons*, written by the director of a large general hospital in Vienna. This article proves beyond the peradventure of a doubt the adaptability of the language to scientific purposes." But the expressiveness and inerrancy of Volapük were most signally educated by Dr. Böger of Hamburg. He requested the *Echo*, a journal published in Hamburg, to select an article from its columns. This he translated into Volapük, and sent the translation to a Volapükist in each of sixteen countries,

* Volapük's vocabulary is immense,—over thirty thousand words,—and covers scientific, philosophic, and technical terms.

and each made a translation into his own language. Each of these translations, without its Volapük equivalent, was then sent to a native of the country in whose language it was written, and was by him rendered into Volapük. These sixteen Volapük translations were then compared by Dr. Böger with his own Volapük rendering and were found to be almost indentical with it, in no instance showing the slightest difference in sense. It is doubtful if such a test with any other language would show a similar result. The details of this test are published in a small volume * which shows all the translations and re-translations.

The history of Volapük in the United States dates from 1887, when Colonel Charles E. Sprague, a prominent New York banker and an able scholar in languages, who had early mastered Volapük, became zealous in approving and explaining it. Professor Samuel Huebsch, of the College of New York, also advocated it, and subsequently translated into it from the original Hebrew the Proverbs of Solomon, a translation now world-famous. Dr. Klas August Linderfeldt, the scholarly librarian of the Milwaukee Public Library, Professor Leopold Simonson, of Hartford, Conn., and Professor J. Hanno Deiler, of the University of Tulane, at New Orleans, La., are among well-known learned educators who have approved Volapük and are authors of works concerning it. Edward Everett Hale, Miss Lucretia P. Hale, and Oliver Wendell Holmes may be mentioned among the prominent persons whose interest in the language has been repeatedly expressed.

Clubs and classes for the study and propagation of Volapük were formed in Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and very many other cities. Advertisements expressed in Volapük appeared from time to time in newpapers in various parts of the country. Three public highways of Contra Costa County, California, are named respectively Flumaveg (River Road), Glenaveg (Produce Road), and Pomaveg (Fruit Road), these names by no means suffering in sweetness of sound in their transformation. Even in remote and little-known localities the language showed its existence, as may suffice to show the prospectus of an educational lecturer with headquarters at *Jug Tavern*, Georgia,

* Eine Probe auf die Leistungsfähigkeit des Volapük, von Rudolf Böger, Hamburg, 1889 Herold'sche Buchhandlung, Rathhastrasse, 5.

who includes Volapük among the eight subjects which he offers to teach to the people of that locality.

In 1889 a North American Volapük Association was organized, and held its first annual convention in Boston in August, 1890. Following this was an increase of club organizing all over the United States, a club in Hartford, Conn., formed by Professor Simonson, enrolling no less than two hundred and fifty members. The second annual convention was at Chautauqua in August, 1891.

Volapük was made an elective study in the Boston evening high school in 1889, the class then formed numbering one hundred persons and graduating ninety-two in number. A class completed the course in 1890, and a class is now under tuition, making the third year of Volapük in the Boston evening high school. In Chicago there has been recently organized a *Circle of Volapük Speakers*, whose avowed purpose is the acquirement of a fluent use of the language, in order to welcome and entertain in it the foreign Volapükists who shall attend the Columbian Exposition.

The literature of Volapük is to some extent a measure of its availability and success. The number of titles in its bibliography approaches fifteen hundred. Every field of literature is embraced: poetry, science, travel, history, drama, and religion. Of American contributions to this literature the most prominent are; Professor Huebsch's Proverbs of Solomon; the Declaration of Independence, by the same author; the Constitution of the United States, by Dr. M. W. Wood; Black Beauty, by Mrs. Louise Dow Benton, a daughter of Neal Dow, and a selection of American Lynics of prominent poets, edited by Alfred A. Post, who, with other Americans, and with the approval of the poets Aldrich, Lowell, Stedman, and others, has made the translations into Volapük verse. The two works last named are in course of publication. Beside these, numerous American text-books of Volapük have been published.

There are, in various countries, forty-seven Volapük periodicals, representing twenty-seven places of publication, some of the periodicals showing an uninterrupted issue during eight to ten years.

The numerical following of Volapük is not reliably known. The only attempt at a summary of it with which I am familiar is in an article in the Mühlheimer *Zeitung* (Mühl-

heimer am Rhein) of Dec. 18, 1890, where the number is stated at thirty-one hundred thousand. But there are some reliable figures to prove the marvellous currency which the language has attained in its brief history. Over seven hundred and fifty clubs for studying and fostering Volapük are registered; over four thousand persons have received diplomas from the inventor for special proficiency; over a thousand commercial houses employ Volapük as a business medium; more than five million grammars of the language have been sold. It has been made a compulsory study in many schools in foreign lands, and regular courses of instruction in it have been given in the old universities of Halle and Münich.

Considered from some standpoints, the availability of Volapük as a world language has been questioned. Considered from the view of fact, it is beyond question; for as has been shown, it *is* already a world language. It may, however, be interesting to examine somewhat the theory of the subject and the relation in which Volapük stands to that theory.

As a standard for an international language, the American Philosophical Society formulated in 1888 nine requisites, and admitted that Volapük measured up to six of the nine, the three unfulfilled ones being:—

1. Letter sounds to be common to all the leading *Aryan* languages.
2. Limitation of vowels to the five pure vowels, *a, e, i, o, and u.*
3. Freedom from diacritical marks, even crossing of *t* and dotting of *i.*

It will be seen that the respects in which Volapük fails to comply with this theory are few and of least importance. The simplicity of the language is such that language scholars master it in an hour, and the time required to learn it by the average school-bred person is but two or three weeks. Absolute phoneticism, perfect regularity, singleness of declension, comparison, and conjugation, and ease of enunciation by people of all nations reduce to a minimum the difficulties of learning and using Volapük.

As the world suitableness of Volapük manifested itself, several rival inventions of languages set up claims for consideration. The most prominent of these are Esperanto's

language, and Spelin, by Professor George Bauer, both inventions of the year 1888, and neither having attained any literature or secured any practical following.

In the same year with these inventions, the American Philosophical Society addressed a letter to the London Philological Society, in common with other learned bodies, asking the appointment of delegates to a congress for consideration of the "perfecting of a universal language for learned and commercial purposes." This came before the London Philological Society on the 18th of June, 1888, and the "transactions" of that society contain a paper on the subject prepared and read by Professor Alexander John Ellis, in which he thoroughly reviews the proposal of the American Philosophical Society in the light of the numerous attempts for a universal language and the attained success of Volapük. This paper closes with (§18): "A summary of reasons for declining the invitation of the American Philosophical Society," wherein Professor Ellis says: "I recommend the Philological Society not to accept the invitation of the American Philosophical Society to take part in their proposed congress.

"First, because the subject is not one that can be properly dealt with in a congress, even if a complete programme were laid before it for consideration.

"Secondly, because the invitation is one-sided; and while it is by no means clear from the report what is meant by the Aryan vocabulary and grammar in their simplest forms, it is also by no means clear, *a priori*, that an Aryan basis is desirable. . . .

"Thirdly, because there already exists a universal language, Volapük, which has a large number of adherents in all countries of the world, and which is completely elaborated in grammar and vocabulary. . . .

"And lastly, because the whole value of a universal language consists in its general acceptance, while the attempt to form an opposition scheme by the aid of all learned societies, upon an incompatible basis, would, if in any respect successful, materially impede the progress of Volapük, and would possibly altogether defeat its object."

This recommendation, which was unanimously passed, and ordered to be printed and widely circulated, seems to have ended the efforts of the American Philosophical Society to

call into existence a rival language to Volapük, which has since continued its victorious march throughout the world, and is steadily increasing in popularity, and constantly enlarging its opportunities and beneficent influences.

A new impulse to the popularity of Volapük in North America has been given by a series of newspaper lessons in the world language, which was commenced on October 10 last, and are published simultaneously, weekly, in over four thousand newspapers in the United States, Canada, and the Maritime Provinces. The ready acquiescence of so many newspapers in the plan is highly commendable. Convenient to the points of publication of these newspapers are designated Volapükists who receive, annotate, and return to the senders the exercises which are written out by the students. An immense number of people of varying ages and both sexes are following these lessons with systematic zeal, and the increase of familiarity with Volapük thus arrived at is destined to be considerable.

This article would imperfectly fulfill its object of presenting the nature and purpose of Volapük if it should omit to treat of the utility of the language as a factor in education. It is the opinion, repeated by men prominent in educational work in England, France, Germany, and America, that for the disciplinary value of the bilingual study of language, Volapük is as good an alternative language as is any natural language; and in some respects better than any natural language, with this advantage always in its favor, that it is easily learned, and therefore economical in respect of time occupied.

On the culturing offices of Volapük I can hardly do better than to quote freely from a valuable paper read before the recent convention of the North American Volapük Association, a paper submitted by Professor Herbert C. Creed, A. M., of the Provincial Normal School of Fredericton, New Brunswick. Professor Creed writes: "I argue for the study of Volapük in schools.

"First, *as a means of learning English more perfectly*. . . . Comparison is an almost indispensable means of gaining a true knowledge of anything. This holds true of a language. One cannot fully know one's mother tongue, until he becomes acquainted with at least one other tongue, with which he may compare its structure and methods. Any of

us who understands French or German or Latin well can testify that he knows English the better for it ; and herein is one of the reasons for teaching these languages in the schools. Latin and Greek are of very little benefit to the majority of those who study them, so far as the knowledge of the Latin and Greek themselves is concerned. The value is found chiefly in the special forms of mental exercise and culture afforded by their study, and the aid they give to the study of our native speech. . . . But few boys and girls study these languages ; still fewer attain facility in reading and writing them, to say nothing of speaking. There is but little time in school for any one subject,—such is the multiplicity of branches taught. Many pupils leave school before they have had time to go beyond the rudiments of any ordinary language. From these and other causes, there is seldom any great enthusiasm in the study.

“ Substitute Volapük as the language to be learned after the mother tongue, and very soon all this will be changed. It will become known how easy and pleasant the study is, and in time the majority of the pupils will desire to take up this branch. They will begin early, and obtain a good knowledge of the language before leaving school. Having in view merely the general benefits of knowing a language other than one's own, a strong case can be made out in favor of introducing the international speech. Moreover, Volapük has one of the advantages possessed by the much more difficult Latin and Greek, as compared with French or even German as a study : it is more strictly inflectional, affording a marked contrast to our English, in which prepositions and auxiliary words are so much more largely employed. Canon Farrar, in his work on ‘Families of Speech,’ speaking of Greek as compared with other languages of the Aryan stock, says :—

“ ‘ It has preserved with extraordinary fidelity . . . the most delicate refinements of verbal inflection ; and while maintaining a perfect mastery over the power of compounding words, it has kept this synthesis from degenerating, as it does in Sanscrit, into immeasurable polysyllables.’

“ These words, with slight modifications, may, in my judgment, be truly applied to Volapük.

“ My second point is that the acquisition of a systematically

constructed language like Volapük is an excellent preparation for the study of any one of the historically and accidentally developed languages of the nations. Some persons will say that if they are to study or to teach a language they prefer to select one which will be of some service in reading foreign literature, or in foreign travel, or in correspondence with foreign countries, rather than this new one, which is nowhere, so far as they know, in actual use. But even if Volapük were not a living tongue, as it is, it is possible that to learn it before any other language may effect a saving of time. Each language learned is a great aid to the acquirement of others. If six months devoted to Volapük will save but four months out of the years to be devoted to the study of German or Latin, there will be in it no small economy. Seeing that two languages will be learned instead of one, each will be known more perfectly on account of the comparisons and contrasts made, whether consciously or unconsciously, and the study of languages will probably be rendered more agreeable to the student."

There remains one thought to be presented, a thought that was prominent in the mind of the inventor of Volapük, and that those who have the fraternity of mankind at heart never place in the background when discussing Volapük. If it is true that English unites the English, German the Germans, and each language those who use that language, the legitimate influence of Volapük is to bind all the nations together in common brotherhood; and already that influence has been felt in significant measure in the international correspondence, which, as a means of practice of the language, has been availed of, with the result of bringing into amicable association millions of people of every race and clime.

THE SPEAKER IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BY HENRY GEORGE, JR.

A SPEAKER is one who speaks. Why, then, is it that in our national House of Representatives, and in the similar legislative bodies of our States, the one member who does not speak on any question before the House is the Speaker, usage requiring him, should he wish to speak, to leave the chair, and temporarily abrogate his functions as Speaker?

For an answer to this question we must go back to the body on which the legislatures of all the English-speaking countries have been modelled: the British Parliament, where it is a primary function of the presiding member of the House of Commons to speak for the Commons in addressing the Crown. As early as Edward the Third's time, this spokesman for the House came to be addressed as "Mr. Speaker." To-day, in England, the original significance of the title is clearly to be seen. At the meeting of a new Parliament, Her Majesty, through the lords commissioners, summons the members of the House of Commons to the bar of the Peers, and signifies her pleasure that the Commons choose a Speaker; that is, one who may speak for them in matters on which she may wish to address them. The Commons forthwith return to their chamber, and proceed to the election of such a Speaker. On the following day the Speaker-elect, with the Commons, is summoned to the Peers, and one of the lords commissioners signifies Her Majesty's approbation of the selection, whereupon becomes Mr. Speaker. Then, speaking in the name of the Commons of the United Kingdom, Mr. Speaker lays claim to their "ancient and undoubted rights and privileges, and especially to freedom from arrest and molestation for their persons and servants; to freedom of speech in debate; to free access to Her Majesty whenever occasion may require it; and that the most favorable construction may be put on all their proceedings." The House of Commons being returned to their chamber, Mr. Speaker reports that the Commons have been in the House

of Peers; when Her Majesty was pleased, by her commissioners, to approve of the choice the Commons had made of him to be their Speaker; and that he had in their name, and on their behalf, by humble petition to Her Majesty, laid claim to all their ancient rights and privileges, which Her Majesty had confirmed to them, "in as full and ample a manner as they have heretofore been granted or allowed by Her Majesty or any of her royal predecessors."

Adopting, as we did in the beginning, the forms of legislative procedure that had grown up in the mother country, we adopted with them the title of "Mr. Speaker"; and to the title we have clung, though its original meaning has gone, since the Speaker with us has no need for functions which the English Speaker still retains. Nor is this the only divergence. Indeed, there is to-day a wide difference in the powers wielded by English and American Speakers.

Aside from his authority to speak for the House in *pro forma* audiences with the Crown, the English Speaker is simply a presiding officer. He has no power to appoint committees, that being done by the House itself. He has no power to advance or to stifle bills, and can neither promote nor retard legislation. He is so entirely without such influence that in case of a tie it is usual for him to give the casting voice in such a manner as not to make the decision final, thereby leaving the matter to be decided by the House itself at a subsequent vote. He must take cognizance only of forms, orders, and rules. He cannot, if he would, ignore a new member, but must, under the rules, recognize a member who has not yet spoken in the House, in preference to other members rising at the same time. He must be rigidly just, knowing no party, and on his assumption of the chair must abandon all partisan affiliations. For instance, the present Speaker, Mr. Peel, who was formerly a Liberal member and was elected to the speakership by the last Liberal House, has since, as a matter of course, been re-elected by the Conservatives; and during the six or seven years of his speakership, embracing the most exciting debates, his rulings have not been questioned half a dozen times. The English Speaker, in short, is simply a presiding officer, but a presiding officer so impartial that much questioning of his decisions would scandalize all England.

The American Speaker, on the other hand, is far more than

a presiding officer. He appoints the committees through which all business must pass, and in which any measure he objects to may be blocked. Through the committee on rules he can largely define how the House shall be governed in its procedure, and by the exercise of his discretion he can overlook or refuse to recognize a member whom he does not wish to have speak. His influence reaches to the most trivial matters, and affects the whole business of the House. He is more potent in legislation than the vice-president, not merely by custom and rule, but by law, having through the committees the shaping of the taxation bills, which the Constitution requires shall originate in the House of Representatives. He is, and necessarily must be, a partisan of the most pronounced kind, the recognized leader of the dominant party in the House, chosen under the caucus system by a majority of the majority. His great purpose is to promote the policy of his party. He is impelled to take advantage of every possible circumstance, and construe every possible point in his party's favor. His decisions often excite violent opposition; but this he can put down by the vote of his supporters, who number a majority on the floor. He is, in fact, the governor, almost the master, of the popular and stronger branch of the national legislature—the next man in power to the president, and in some respects more powerful than he.

Besides the wide difference in essentials between English and American Speakers, there are differences quite as wide as to externals: as to their dress and official actions; as to the idea of the dignity attaching to their respective offices; as to the style in which each lives; and as to the fortune attending each after the service of his speakership is ended.

The English Speaker, notwithstanding his small power, affects much show and pomp. His entrance into the House to open daily business is with form and state. He enters by the main lobby, heralded by criers warning all bystanders to uncover and be silent. In advance are the high officers of the House in wigs and ancient costume—the clerk, with sword at side; the sergeant, carrying over his shoulder the great golden mace, surmounted by a crown; the legal advisor, and the chaplain. The Speaker comes last, clad in a wig, black satin breeches, and a long black robe, the train of which is carried by a page. Costumed attendants bring up the rear. The procession enters the House at the main

door, and traverses the whole length of the chamber to the chair. Arrived there, the doors having been locked, and no strangers having been observed in any part of the House, the chaplain is requested to read the statutory prayers of the Church of England, after which the doors are opened and the Speaker takes up business.

In contrast to this ancient and imposing ceremony is the simple manner in which the American Speaker, having far greater power, opens the House of Representatives. Wearing no peculiar dress, he enters the House precisely as any other member. At the appointed hour he quietly mounts to the chair, and with one rap of the gavel calls the House to order. He then asks the chaplain to deliver prayer, after which business commences.

There is, however, in our national House of Representatives, one sole survival of the ceremony of the English House of Commons. As the Speaker calls the House to order, the sergeant-at-arms raises a silver emblem — the Roman fasces, carrying, however, an eagle instead of an axe,—and sets it in a marble column at the Speaker's right hand, where it remains while the House is in session, as the English mace lies before the English Speaker. This is the American survival of the English mace; of that "bauble" which Cromwell, in breaking up the Long Parliament by force, contemptuously ordered to be taken away; and the effect that it produces when, at the order of the Speaker, the sergeant-at-arms carries it before him to quell any turbulence in the House, is a striking evidence that old forms are not without potency even in new America. For the effect the silver emblem thus produces, suggests that of a Bambino amid a Sicilian rabble or a sacred icon among Russian peasants.

Notwithstanding the show and pomp of the English Speaker and the modest simplicity of the American Speaker, the former is held in much higher respect than the latter. In the English House, not only would the slightest aspersion on the Speaker's actions or character be instantly and sternly reprobated, but not even the most hardy would dare transgress the etiquette that forbids any one to pass between the Speaker and a member speaking from one of the lower benches, or between the Speaker and the table, or between the Speaker and the mace, either when it is on the table or

in the hands of the sergeant-at-arms. So far is this respect for the dignity of his office carried, that in passing to and from their seats, members make obeisance to the Speaker.

In the American House there is no such deference to the Speaker. The members go in and out of the chamber, or move about it, without the slightest regard to him; and at times, at the rendering of a decision or in debate, when partisan feeling runs high, he is openly and bitterly assailed. He is to the minority on the floor, not the impassive, impartial presiding officer, but the powerful partisan, the leader of the majority; and he is, in consequence, often subjected to what, in the eyes of the English Speaker, would be brutal indignities.

With the view to raising their Speaker beyond personal interest in legislation, the House of Commons gives him a salary of thirty thousand dollars, that is paid, not by annual vote, which might give opportunity for debate, but, like that of the judges of the courts, out of the consolidated fund. He is, moreover, provided with a splendid official residence in the palatial Parliament buildings; and on his retirement, usually after many years of service, it is thought due to the dignity of the office he has filled, that he should receive a yearly pension of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars for the remainder of his life.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives receives little more than a fourth of the English Speaker's salary,—eight thousand dollars a year, only three thousand dollars more than other members,—which is paid, as is that of a doorkeeper, by annual vote. He has no official residence, nor is any allowance made for one, nor for any of his expenses. Custom gives him no claim to a re-election, even though his party remain in power; and he necessarily goes out when his party loses its majority. Neither is any provision made for his maintenance after he has laid down the gavel of his speakership. If he have no means of his own, and shall have discharged the duties of his office disinterestedly, shall have been strong to resist bribes and temptations sure to come from the tremendous powers in his hands, he goes out a poor man, with the struggle for daily bread still before him.

RATIONAL VIEWS OF HEAVEN AND HELL.

BY REV. GEORGE ST. CLAIR, F. G. S.

IN the imagination of the savage the future life is a pretty exact reflection of the present. The Algonquin Indian, who spends his time here in hunting the beaver and the elk, expects that his spirit will go to happy hunting-grounds where it will hunt the shades of those animals, walking on the shades of his snowshoes over the shade of the snow. The Zulu Kaffirs tell us of men who have gone down by holes in the ground into the underworld, where mountains, and rivers, and all things are like those here above, and where a man may find his kindred who have died, for the dead live in their villages, and may be seen milking their cattle, which are, in fact, the same cattle which were killed on earth and have come to life anew. In these fancies of savages about the future life, there is no heaven such as is ordinarily conceived of, and no hell of torment, but simply a second edition of the earthly life, without any more distinction of classes than exists in a primitive state of society on earth.

With the Greenlanders, fancy takes a different course. They have hard times of it here, through the cold of their severe winters, and they hope for perpetual summer, with a superfluity of birds and fish, and of seals and reindeer, to be caught without any difficulty. This is a kind of heaven for all, hoped for because all are so badly off as to seem to need it.

In a low state of savagery, men are pretty much alike, and differ comparatively little in condition and opportunities, so that we do not find among them the class distinctions which exist in civilized communities. But when society has begun to develop extremes of condition and comfort, and distinctions become marked between upper and lower, richer and poorer, educated and ignorant, religious and irreligious, the like distinctions are at first assumed in the theory of the future life. Slaves and their chiefs are translated by death from one world to another, but this does not alter their re-

lation : the slave is still a slave, and his master continues to rule over him. By and by the difference between the honored classes and the despised classes becomes even intensified ; for it is imagined that the aristocrats will be still better off, and the abject poor will be condemned to still greater misery. Among the Peruvians, the Incas were to dwell in the sun as a glorious abode, the upper classes of society were to reside in the happy upper world of rest, but the common people were to dwell in the dark underworld, or to inhabit the bodies of the lower animals. The heaven of that great people, the Assyrians — whose creed and ideas so greatly influenced the Jews during the period of the Captivity — was a heaven for kings, conquerors, priests, diviners, and other great men, a happy place for the strong and successful among mankind, and their hell was a place for the weak and conquered ones as well as for the wicked. That the wicked should be sent there at all, even when they were not abject captives and poverty-stricken toilers, shows, indeed, some advance in human ideas. It shows that goodness and wickedness had begun to be distinguished from one another, and to be considered worthy of reward and punishment. Goodness, however, could only mean the possession of the qualities best approved at the time, and its type would be sure to change, as nations advanced in civilization and humanity.

There comes, at length, a time when men begin to revere virtue as something better than courage, and to respect the qualities which deserve success, even more than those which sometimes attain it. Then it is that they give heaven to the good, and banish the wicked to hell. Being, however, still governed a good deal by the experiences of this world, they conceive the pleasures of heaven and the penalties of hell to be quite material in their nature, and of such sort as would give most delight or anguish to creatures still in the flesh. Hell, therefore, is pictured as a different kind of place according to the country of those who conceive of it. The Scandinavians thought of it as a cold region, dark, foul, and peopled with serpents. The Assyrians, on the other hand, believed in a hell of fire ; for the Assyrians sometimes executed criminals and captives by throwing them into a burning, fiery furnace, and, therefore, although in their hell the wretched inhabitants ordinarily fed on filth and thirsted for light, the worst of them were subjected to the torture of

fire. It thus appears that the place of fire was not co-extensive with hell, in the theory of the Assyrians, but was only one special part of it.

It would be interesting, if space permitted, to compare this Assyrian hell, with hell as it is described by Milton, or as it was conceived of in Europe in the Dark Ages. "The agonies of hell," says Mr. Lecky, "seemed then the central fact of religion and the perpetual subject of the thoughts of men. The whole intellect of Europe was employed in illustrating them. All literature, all painting, all eloquence was concentrated upon the same dreadful theme. By the pen of Dante, by the pictures that crowded every church, and the sermons that rang from every pulpit, the maddening terror was sustained. The saint was often permitted in visions to behold the agonies of the lost, and to recount the spectacle he had witnessed. He loved to tell how, by the lurid glare of the eternal flames, he had seen millions writhing in every form of ghastly suffering, their eyeballs rolling with unspeakable anguish, their limbs gashed and mutilated, and quivering with pain, tortured by pangs that seemed ever keener by the recurrence, and shrieking in vain for mercy to an unpitying heaven. Hideous beings of dreadful aspect and of fantastic forms hovered around, mocking them amid their torments, casting them into cauldrons of boiling brimstone, or inventing new tortures more subtle and more refined. Amid all this a sulphur stream was ever seething, feeding, and intensifying the waves of fire. There was no respite, no alleviation, no hope. The tortures were ever varied in their character, and they never palled for a moment upon the sense. Sometimes, it was said, the flames while retaining their intensity withheld their light. A shroud of darkness covered the scene, but a ceaseless shriek of anguish attested the agonies that were below."

This was in the Middle Ages; and this was what Shakespeare called "the everlasting bonfire." More recently—much more recently, only a few years ago—Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage described the descent of Jesus Christ into hell, and sought to show us the same hell as that of the Middle Ages. "Jesus Christ," he said, "not only told us that there was a hell, but he went into it. He walked down the fiery steps. He stepped off the bottom rung of the long ladder of despair. He descended into hell. He put his bare foot on the hottest coal of the fiercest furnace. He

explored the darkest den of eternal midnight, and then he came forth lacerated, and sacrificed, and bleeding, and mauled by the hands of fiercest excruciation, to cry out to all the ages, ‘I have paid the price for all those who would make me their substitute. By my piled-up groans, by my omnipotent agony, I demand the rescue of all those who will give up sin and trust in me.’” We cannot help asking whether Dr. Talmage did not get his ideas from the Romanist writers of the Dark Ages, and whether the description may not have been elaborated by them from the material supplied by heathen Assyrians and Greeks?

The vulgar conception of hell is neither rational nor Scriptural; and the vulgar conception of heaven is no better founded. The “common people” conceive of heaven as a place above us, to be reached by mounting, and forget that if we ascended from the earth at midnight, we should travel in a direction almost diametrically opposite to that which would be taken at noon. People think of hell as being below us, and picture Satan as a being with horns and a cloven-foot, something like the Greek divinity Pan. In the hell of the popular imagination the fire which has power to destroy soul and body does not destroy, but causes endless pain; and in the heaven where happy spirits are to dwell there is to be no variety of occupation to relieve the tedium. When we are children, at any rate, we get imbued with these traditional notions. Later on, we, perhaps, try to modify them into some rational shape, less contradictory and more scientific. And if we think deeply upon the subject, we become burdened by the feeling that the actual torment of burning, or any mental anguish which could justly be described by such a figure, is too cruel a torture to inflict upon any but the very worst, and that even in their case it would be wrong to continue it for very long. No crimes committed by a finite creature, in the short years of his earthly life, would justify excruciating torture continued forever. And that the torments should be instituted and mercilessly maintained by the God and Father whose name is Love, seems contradictory and incredible.

Now, since we cannot avoid having views or opinions upon this subject, and we find that we were educated in traditional views which cannot be defended, which are indeed dishonoring to God, and repugnant to the best feelings of the human

heart, let us courageously take the matter in hand, and reason our way to truer and better conclusions. If we give up the traditional belief, it is not necessary to take refuge in agnosticism ; and perhaps utter agnosticism on the subject is, for most minds, impossible. We may expect to be told that we can only speculate about the unseen world, and vainly try to guess the features of an undiscovered country, which no traveller returns to describe to us. But this objection is not conclusive. A few years ago, this argument, from want of experience, was rather foolishly used. Dean Stanley, Canon Farrar, and other lights of the Church, had been preaching and writing in favor of "the larger hope," or, at all events, against the probability of future punishment being of eternal duration. Dr. Talmage, in his zeal for the traditional view, declared that as these teachers had never been to the eternal world, they were not in a position to deny the existence of hell. It might have been retorted, that as Dr. Talmage had not visited the world of spirits, either, he was not qualified to assert the existence of hell, or of heaven, either. And it might have been added, that the onus of proof rests upon him who makes the assertion. Dr. Talmage resorts to Scripture, and says that the geography of the eternal world is there described so plainly, that we might as well deny the existence of Constantinople or Moscow. Here he unfortunately falls into that loose reasoning which may mislead the thoughtless, but cannot command the respect of a logical mind, for he ignores the fact that from Moscow and Constantinople travellers do return. Nor does he bear in mind that many of his brother ministers, quite as learned, and, perchance, far deeper and profounder students, greater than he, and whose piety and orthodoxy are as undoubted, fail to find the doctrine of endless torment in the Scripture. Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, and Rev. Edward White, of London, understand the Scriptures to teach that the wicked shall die a second death,—death meaning the actual extinction of conscious being, while believers in Christ receive eternal life, as the gift of God. Mr. Jukes, and writers of his school, not only disbelieve in everlasting punishment for the wicked, but look for their eventual restitution through the loving solicitude of the Great Shepherd, who goes after every wandering sheep "until he finds it." But what need is there to cite opinions beyond those of Dean Stanley and

Archdeacon Farrar? Dr. Talmage thought them unqualified to deny eternal punishment, on the ground that they had not been to the other world and come back; but their doctorship of divinity was surely as good as his, and their knowledge of Scripture as great.

Seeing, then, that the doctors differ, we may be forgiven if we venture to study the question for ourselves. We are encouraged thereto by the Apostle Paul, who says,— “In understanding be men,” and who sets us the example of reasoning from the Scriptures to deduce conclusions which do not appear on the surface. In reasoning from the Bible, however, if we are content to begin there, we must not set any narrow bounds to our inquiry. If we use the New Testament alone, we shall not get to the bottom of this question; and even when we take in the Old Testament as well, if we go not beyond it we shall fail to properly comprehend the subject. Just as the New Testament is not to be understood without Moses, so neither is Moses to be understood without his predecessors. And if the Jews, at various periods, were also subject to side influences from Egyptians, Babylonians, and Greeks, we must go to those nations to learn what they believed, and why. This course is the more imperative and important, because not only does Orthodoxy follow too much the Babylonian rule and make distinctions after death on the general lines of distinctions in this life, but the expectation of a broad difference to be made at the Judgment Day, and continued forever, has led the Church of Rome and the Church of England to draw sharp dividing lines here. If the heretic is doomed to be burned hereafter, what harm is there in burning him at once? And if the unbaptized person is unentitled to enter heaven, why not keep him outside the Church, treat him as a heathen, and deny him Christian burial?

Apart from Scripture, there have been two sources of the belief in a future life, the first appearing among savages, and the second among advanced nations, like the ancient Egyptians. The savage believes that every man has another self, a double, or wraith, or ghost, which leaves the body during sleep, and wanders forth into strange lands and meets with adventures among strange peoples. Does he not wake up from sleep and recollect that he has seen comrades and parents known to be dead and buried? Has he not, during the night, con-

versed with them, joined with them in the hunt, sat down with them to the feast, even to the wild cannibal banquet? Yes, the savage mistakes his dreams for realities. He is persuaded that his spirit has been in the places where it seemed to be, and he is convinced that the dead still live because he has seen them in his sleep. This foundation for his belief explains his entire theory of the future life. He regards that life as being very much like the present, because he so dreams of it; and human fancy, in dreams, can, of course, only build with the materials furnished by the waking experience. Hence the fathers and friends of the dreamer engage in hunting and fishing, as was their wont. Their life has to be sustained by food, and from this it is inferred that offerings of meat and drink will be acceptable to them. Their interest in their tribe continues, they are still powerful to render service or to do mischief, and so they must be propitiated.

But the theory of the future life, as it existed among the Egyptians, the Assyrians, or the Greeks, when those nations had become civilized, had a very different origin, and carried with it very different ideas. Those peoples may have had savages for their ancestors, and in that case they may have received the savage ideas by tradition and inheritance; but if so, there came a time when new ideas sprung up and crowded the old ones out. Those peoples, living much in the open air, watched the courses of the stars, as well as the daily journey of the sun, and were greatly impressed with the slow, sure changes which they observed. The sun sank down every night as into a grave—yes, surely he was received into the earth itself—and yet he came up again, with renewed strength, on the opposite side of the horizon. Some of the stars and constellations disappeared from the heavens for months, and some even for ages, and yet after the shorter or the longer period they rose again, out of the earth or out of the sea, on the other side. Where had they been to, all those months or ages? They were deities who ruled the destinies of this world, and they were adored by the mortals whose fate they controlled, and yet they were subject to the decree of fate themselves; they went down into darkness and their worshippers had to mourn their loss. But in the fulness of time they enjoyed a resurrection, and the confidence of those who trusted in them was justified. How natural it was to

suppose that their worshippers, when they sank into the grave at the end of their short human life, went down in spirit form into the West, and would, by and by, be accorded a glorious resurrection in the East, when the revolving heavens and the circling years brought about the end of the age!

But where had those stellar divinities been to, and what had been their experience? They had been to the nether heavens, and so, doubtless, the spirit of the human creature would go to the nether earth, the under-world. The one place was Tartarus and the other was Hades; and Tartarus was as much below Hades as the heavens are high above the earth. Hades simply means the unseen; and it was because the ancients never circumnavigated the globe and had not seen what was on the other side, that they imagined the strange things they did concerning it. The Egyptians had among their sacred writings a Book of the Dead, which described the soul's adventures after death. The Greeks, we know, spoke of Hades as a kingdom ruled by Pluto, and placed it where Hercules, Theseus and others could visit the shades of the dead. The under-world was a joyless place, and the condition of the ghosts was a waiting state, intermediate between death and judgment. At the end of the cycle of time they would have a resurrection, and their final fate would be decided. Meantime, in anticipation of their final doom, it was held by the Greeks—if we may trust an essay attributed to Josephus—that the spirits in Hades were divided already, the just from the unjust, and a great gulf fixed between them.

Now, with the knowledge we possess of the origin of this set of beliefs, among the Greeks or among the Egyptians, we see clearly that their theory was an unfounded one—as much so as that of the Indian or the Negro who builds upon what he sees in his dreams. The voyages of Magellan, and Francis Drake, and Captain Cook, showed convincingly that the earth is a globe which can be circumnavigated, and that on the other side there are islands and seas, and above your head in those parts the blue heavens, and not a dark abyss. Through these discoveries Hades is chased away, and Tartarus is dissipated, and the great theory of the ancient heathen nations about heaven and hell is exploded.

Let us turn now to the Hebrew Scriptures. It is very re-

markable that Moses, who was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, does not give the Israelites any theory of a future life — neither the Egyptian theory nor any other. But in later books of the Bible the under-world is again and again referred to, in ways which imply that certain beliefs were current and common in respect to it. The place of the dead is called *Sheol*, a term which may mean "covered" or hidden, and therefore unseen, like the Greek Hades. In its general character, also, it seems to bear a close resemblance to Hades. It is the under-world ; and accordingly Jacob, anticipating death, expects to "go down to Sheol to his son mourning." In the Revised Version we have the word *Sheol* preserved untranslated in this passage, instead of the word "grave," which did not fairly represent it. It is the same word which in other passages has been rendered "hell." But we may infer that if so good a man as Jacob expected to go to *Sheol*, and to find there so innocent a youth as Joseph, it was a place to which the spirits of the righteous descended as well as the spirits of the wicked. The witch of Endor sees the ghost of Samuel ascending out of the earth, because *Sheol* is down below. According to the prophetical writers, proud kings like Pharaoh, or the king of Assyria, were to be brought down to *Sheol*; that is to say, they were to die, and then, as a matter of course, they would go to *Sheol*. So it was not a place for good people only, nor yet for bad people exclusively, but for the spirits of all men alike. Hezekiah had a great disinclination to go thither, and according to the Psalmists, the dead had no opportunity of praising God.

The Hebrew *Sheol*, being an abode for the spirits of all, without distinction, may seem to bear some resemblance to the future world of the Africans, in which there is no place of torment such as Christians conceive of when they speak of hell. Probably the Hebrews were not accustomed to describe a place of torment until they had been in contact with the Babylonians and learned of them. But even in such books as Ezra, Nehemiah, and such other Old Testament books as were written after the Captivity, we fail to find anything like the orthodox Christian hell.

When we come to the New Testament we seem to be suddenly introduced to a new state of things. But this is because there was a period of some four hundred years between Malachi and Matthew, during which time the Jews

were greatly influenced by the Greeks. The Greek world of the dead was, as we have seen, the under-world, with Hades, or the unseen part of the earth, for deceased human beings, and Tartarus, or the unseen part of the heavens, for dethroned divinities or fallen angels. All the shades of the dead went to Hades, where Pluto, a god dark and gloomy, ruled like an infernal Zeus, sitting upon a throne with his consort Persephone. Homer's heroes slain in battle went to Hades, of course; and seeing that the region was on the face of the globe, though on the under side of it, Ulysses was able to reach it in his ship. In the New Testament we seem to have the Greek Hades with but little alteration. Capernaum, the city exalted to heaven, is to be brought down to Hades. In Hades the rich man lifted up his eyes, being in torments; but Lazarus and Abram are there also, and they are not in torments. Jesus Christ, when he died, descended into Hades, not to suffer agonies as the substitute for sinners, but because it was the common receiving house for all who gave up the ghost. According to Josephus, while there was only one way of descent into Hades, there were two divisions when you arrived there, and the souls of the righteous were conducted to the right, while those of the wicked were taken to the left, into the neighborhood of a lake of fire. They were not cast into the lake as yet, but they could feel its hot vapor and anticipate their doom. The real hell was thus conceived of as only one locality in Hades, and it seems to be the place called Gehenna.

But this word Gehenna reveals a curious history. Just outside the walls of Jerusalem was a ravine deep and narrow, not originally an unpleasant place. Before the days of Joshua it seems to have belonged to a wealthy family named Hinnom, and it was called the valley of the sons of Hinnom—that is, in Hebrew, Gäl-Hinnom or Ge-Henna. On a neighboring hill Solomon built an altar for the worship of Molech, a fire-god, in whose rites part of the observance was to pass sons and daughters through a fire, in fact, to sacrifice children as burnt offerings. This horrid ritual was chiefly practised in a part of the valley called Tophet. Several later monarchs, such as Ahaz and Manasseh, kept up this abominable worship, and it was continued more or less for centuries. At length, King Josiah, the reformer, destroyed the altars in Tophet, and in order to put the people out of

conceit with the place as a place proper for worship of any kind, scattered human bones about, thus polluting the ground and making it ceremonially unclean. After this desecration of Tophet the carcasses of animals were thrown there to rot, and the dead bodies of criminals. All the corruption of the city was also thrown into it, and it became a cess-pool for sewage and the common sink for all filth. Then, it is said, great fires were lighted and kept blazing, to burn the refuse and neutralize the stench. Yet since the heat of the fires did not scorch every spot, swarms of worms and maggots infested the corrupting carcasses and were never absent. It was a place where the worm died not, and the fire was not quenched. Nothing more horrible could be imagined by a Dante or a Doré. And so when the poets and prophets of those days — the moral teachers of their time — desired to picture a place of future punishment, they could find no better symbol, no fitter imagery, than that supplied by the dreadful and loathsome suburban ravine. The future prison of the wicked should be a ghostly and ghastly Gehenna, a place of stench and of quenchless fire. The Talmud writers said that the mouth of hell was in this polluted ravine. "There are two palm trees in the valley of Hinnom, between which a smoke ariseth . . . and this is the door of Gehenna."

Gehenna, however, was only a part of Hades, as the Black Country is only a part of England. All the dead went to Hades, but only the wicked to Gehenna. Paradise as well as Gehenna was said to be in Hades. But observe! none of the wicked souls were cast into the lake of fire as yet, and none of the righteous were yet in heaven. They were all waiting for the judgment day. Hades was an intermediate world and condition between the earthly life and the final dwelling-place. At the end of the age — at the conclusion of the astronomical cycle — there was to be a resurrection of the dead, and a general judgment of mankind, followed by rewards and punishments. Hades, having served its temporary purpose as a waiting-room or hall of remand, was not to exist forever, but to be cast into the lake of fire, impossible as that operation might seem. Even the burning lake was not to be everlasting, for the Jewish idea was that the fire would one day be put out. There was no everlasting damnation. Even when the sinner got into such a hell as Gehenna,

there was but two fingers' breadth between hell and heaven; and if he repented sincerely, the gates of everlasting bliss would spring open to him. Again, the Jews said that the wicked would suffer in Gehenna for twelve months only.

We see, then, how easy it was for the early Christians to conceive that the soul of Christ descended into Hades, without entering the place of torment; and how easily he might, when in Hades, preach to the spirits imprisoned in Gehenna. Nor was the preaching necessarily in vain, as it would be if there were "no repentance in the grave, nor pardon offered to the dead." It must have appeared quite reasonable to the Jews to pray for the dead, as they actually did, and do, and as all Christians were accustomed to do down to the time of the Protestant Reformation.

Jesus Christ, in his parables and elsewhere, appears to assume the truth of that theory of the future life, which was currently taught and commonly accepted by the Jews of his time; but I see no difficulty in this. It does not settle the question whether that theory was divinely revealed and true, or whether it was fabricated and founded in mistake. Nor need it lead us to consider the question of Christ's own knowledge, whether limited or as large as Omnipotence. Christ had always a moral end in view, and it was not his purpose to question these doctrines, or to teach a new geography of heaven and hell. In the parable of Dives and Lazarus the lesson is that the rich Pharisees, even through respectable and respected, will find themselves in the wrong place if they neglect the claims of the poor and forget the duty of benevolence. Whatever penalty the future world has in store for sinners will be inflicted upon such selfish beings, who should have learned sympathy and brotherliness from Moses and the prophets. In the parable of the tares and the wheat, Christ does not want chiefly to say that the tares shall be bound up in bundles and burned,—that is only a passing expression, referring to the usual destiny of actual tares—but his lesson is that both should be suffered to grow together till the harvest. There were those who desired to burn heretics at once, but Christ said, "Nay, be not so confident that you know who the wicked people are—if you try to root out the heretics or the wicked, you will root out good people along with them!" Once more, in the description of the last judgment (which is a

parable also) the Great Teacher does not want to declare that some shall go away into punishment and some into life — for his hearers believed that already. What he wishes to emphasize is the truth that whatever punishment is in store for wrong-doers, the people who may expect to suffer are those who have been selfish and unbrotherly, who have neglected to feed the hungry, and to visit the sick.

There are two things, then, which ought to be clear to us. One is that the New Testament doctrine is not that which is commonly preached from Protestant pulpits to-day. The second is that the New Testament does not introduce a new doctrine or reveal a new truth on these subjects, but leaves the current doctrine of the Jews undisturbed, without commendation and without condemnation. Further, that Jewish doctrine was heathen in its origin, and has no special claim to be regarded as a divine revelation. Consequently, it would not be an unpardonable sin should we be led to differ from it, or compelled to reject it altogether. And we certainly cannot receive it in its entirety, for if there were no moral reasons against it, there is this physical objection, which must be fatal, that the progress of geographical discovery has chased Hades away from that antipodal region where it was supposed to be. Magellan and Drake have sailed round the world, and we know it to be a terraqueous globe. It is not gloomy on the other side, nor dreadful with lakes of fire. The ancient theory of the future world was founded in ignorance and developed through misconceptions. The Egyptians did not know where the soul would go to after death. The Babylonians had never circumnavigated the globe. The Greeks, — whose wise men knew the astronomical origin and basis, and taught it in their mysteries — in the very act of imparting the knowledge confessed their ignorance. The Jews possessed no originating genius, but borrowed their views and their doctrines. Our Norse and Saxon ancestors, from whom *we* have derived ideas which we wrongly imagine to be scriptural, were not better informed than the ancients. I mean no disparagement to them, and no disparagement to the ancients. What *could* they know about that undiscovered country?

We must confess our ignorance of the locality of the abode of spirits. In every-day speech, heaven is above and hell beneath; but to the student of astronomy "down" and "up"

have no such meaning as indicates definite direction. As to the nature of heaven, we call it a celestial city, or a paradise of bliss — figures of speech, and not consistent with one another — while heaven-built walls and pearly gates, a river of life, and a tree bearing twelve kinds of fruit, are all material conceptions. When we sing of the employments of the saints in the New Jerusalem we assume that

“ Congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.”

But if this were really the case, it is questionable whether their happiness could last forever. The terms in which we describe heaven lead our children to ask if they may not be let out sometimes if they behave themselves and are very good. One innocent girl hoped that she might have a little devil to play with her; and another that she might be allowed to visit hell sometimes on a Saturday afternoon. Our heaven is not attractive to children, because it has no real joy in it; and a joyless heaven is a contradiction in terms. Apparently our conceptions and speculations are no nearer the truth than those of the ancients.

Perhaps, however, if we confine ourselves to principles and avoid venturing into descriptive details, we may begin to discern the outlines of the future world dimly, yet with sufficient clearness for our present needs.

In the first place, then, notwithstanding the great stride upward which the soul may take, and the wider world into which it is born, it seems reasonable to assume a continuity between this world and that, and to believe that the future is the natural continuation and consequence of the present out of which it grows. We cannot become learned without a process of learning, and processes require time for their working out. I knew of a schoolboy who got tired of his place in the lowest class, and one day walked into a higher class as though inadvertently; but this move did not make him suddenly more scholarly. Neither can there be any sudden change from wickedness to goodness, any immediate ripening of the sinner into the saint. Now, evil conduct and good conduct are accompanied by corresponding states of mind and feeling, suitable for such companionship, and which may be described as miserable and happy, or tending in those directions. And these two opposite courses of conduct are continually bringing results which are so much in keep-

ing with them that we say, "As a man makes his bed he must lie on it." "He who sows to the wind reaps the whirlwind," or, in the words of St. Paul, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." That is to say, there is a law of cause and consequence at work, bringing on appropriate result, in the train of every act, and ensuring in the long run retribution or reward according to a person's deserts. We may reasonably suppose that this law continues to operate when we pass beyond the veil, and that, in accordance with it, "every one shall receive the deeds done in the body, according to that which he hath done, whether it be good or bad." Punishment thus comes home to the wrong-doer, in a natural way, in a manner appropriate and a degree sufficient. Surely, then, a just Judge will not inflict any fiery torments besides. The sense of justice with which the Creator has endowed us, forbids us to believe in eternal tortures inflicted for finite offences. And the law of natural penalty seems to render unnecessary, in the future world, the lash of the jailer which is sometimes useful in this.

On the other hand, the natural penalties will have to be borne by the wrong-doer himself. They are not like fines which can be paid by another, or remitted and passed over. One man may pretend to be guilty instead of another, but he cannot actually take his place and feel the pains of remorse for sins which he has not committed. Nor can the man who seeks to buy the service feel himself to be really cleansed in conscience, and innocent. Among the Mohammedans of Turkey it is considered meritorious to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, and the man who has gone through this pious toil receives the title of Hadj, and is allowed the distinction of wearing a green turban. In the streets of Constantinople I saw gentlemen wearing this badge of pious zeal; but I learned that they were persons who had never seen Mecca in their lives, but, being rich, had paid poorer persons to go through the toilsome journey for them. This vicarious merit is recognized by the ignorant Turk, and we Englishmen and Americans smiled at its folly; yet there were clergymen amongst us who were preachers of vicarious merit themselves!

The retribution or reward which recompenses all our actions and resolves, all our leanings and longings, begins to come

at once, although some of the consequential results take time to develop. "Virtue is its own reward" through the satisfaction that accompanies it, although other rewards may follow when the drama of our deeds reaches its last act. Vice is a blunder for which the vicious person pays dearly, and the first instalment of the payment is due and demanded at once. There is no long waiting for judgment, and no very long waiting for punishment. It is unnecessary, therefore, to suppose a long sleep after death; there is no apparent need to assume an intermediate state between death and judgment, and no reason to anticipate a Great Assize, with public trial and sentence.

Still, when we reject the idea of an intermediate state, in the sense of the Greek Hades or the Roman Catholic Purgatory, we are not obliged to accept the common belief of two states only, and two places,—Heaven and Hell. Rather we are induced to expect as much variety in the next life, as in the present. The characters and lives of men differ endlessly, and it is impossible to classify them justly, as simply black and white without intermediate shades. Our judges do not find the deeds and deserts of prisoners to be so easily distinguishable and so markedly different, that only acquittal on the one hand and the gallows on the other, suggests itself as fair treatment. The crimes differ, the provocations and temptations have been various, the nature was weak or strong. In many instances, there were extenuating circumstances, which deserve to weigh with the jury more or less. And so the punishments have to be of all degrees of severity. Equally true is it, that the merits of virtuous people differ endlessly, and shade into one another. Mankind are not divisible into angels and devils, simply; and probably all human creatures have in their composition a little of both.

I have been writing of the immediate future, following upon death. But in the world to come, whereof we speak, we must suppose there will be progress. There is a verse in one of our hymns:—

"Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heaven or hell
Fixed in the state in which he dies."

But to be fixed in an unchangeable state is to be stiff and dead. The hymn goes on to say:—

“ There’s no repentance in the grave
Nor pardon offered to the dead.”

But this is a modern and unreasonable theory into which Protestants rushed, at the Reformation, in their revulsion against Popery. Even the tree that falls begins to undergo change, and in its decay becomes fertilizing and useful. Nothing remains long in the same state, and especially not any living being. While we live at all, whether in this life or the next, we must either advance or recede. And we do not expect to recede, for all analogy suggests the probability of progress — in knowledge, in goodness, and in happiness. Although, therefore, we have rejected the belief in an intermediate state, in the sense of a great waiting hall between earth and heaven, we may regard every stage which the advancing spirit reaches as being intermediate between what it is leaving behind and what it is approaching, or stretching forth to reach. It need not be a purgatorial condition, and yet it may be educative, and not without purifying influences and elevating power.

In this continual advance which all human spirits may look forward to, it is only natural that some should be before and beyond others. Those who have attained spiritual excellence here, and those who passed to the heavenly world centuries ago, can hardly be expected to lag in their progress in order that inferior souls and after-comers may keep step with them. We are apt to think of our children who have died as being children still — babes eternally, growing no older in that world. Or if we think of them as growing to manhood and womanhood, yet when we apply the thought of increasing age to David and to Abraham, who left us so long ago, we seem on the borders of some ridiculous absurdity. But analogy suggests that as we grow old here, and then die, to be born again into a higher world — which may be only like going to sleep, to rise refreshed in the morning — so perhaps after spending a second day of existence in the first heaven, we may die to that and wake up young and refreshed in another heaven above it — and so on, and on, and on, through the cycles of eternity.

When I was a child there was a picture in Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress which puzzled me; for Christian was on his way to the celestial city, that city was in the skies, and the wicket gate itself was on the top of a high hill. I was

told that I ought to become a pilgrim too, for only those who imitated Christian would get to heaven, and yet I could not, anywhere around the horizon, see the stairway or the path. I remember being really anxious about it for some time. When I became a man I exchanged that childish perplexity for another, and asked in all seriousness the question, How did the risen Jesus ascend into heaven, with his body of flesh and bones? Saint Luke's first readers would not think the story at all incredible. Heaven was above, Hades was beneath, the earth was a sort of mid-way story, and all things were possible in the way of miracle. The law of gravitation was not thought about; nor the coldness of the air in the upper regions, nor the difficulty of breathing in a thin and rarefied atmosphere. But in this scientific age we see difficulties in these directions and in others. Must we not seek refuge in Saint Paul's words and say, "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet, henceforth we know him that way no more." We need not feel concerned to know what became of the fleshly body of Christ, for we are satisfied that his spirit went to be with God, and those who tread in the Master's footsteps here will find themselves in his neighborhood hereafter. It was enough comfort to Christ in dying to know that he was going to the Father; and that same comfort may be ours.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE AND SOME OF ITS LEADERS.

BY ANNIE L. DIGGS.

IT is patent to most informed and thoughtful persons that the civilized world is entering an epoch of great magnitude. The history of great periods of upheaval and of readjustment shows that the masses of people who are affected, and who participate in them, are far from being cognizant of their scope and magnitude.

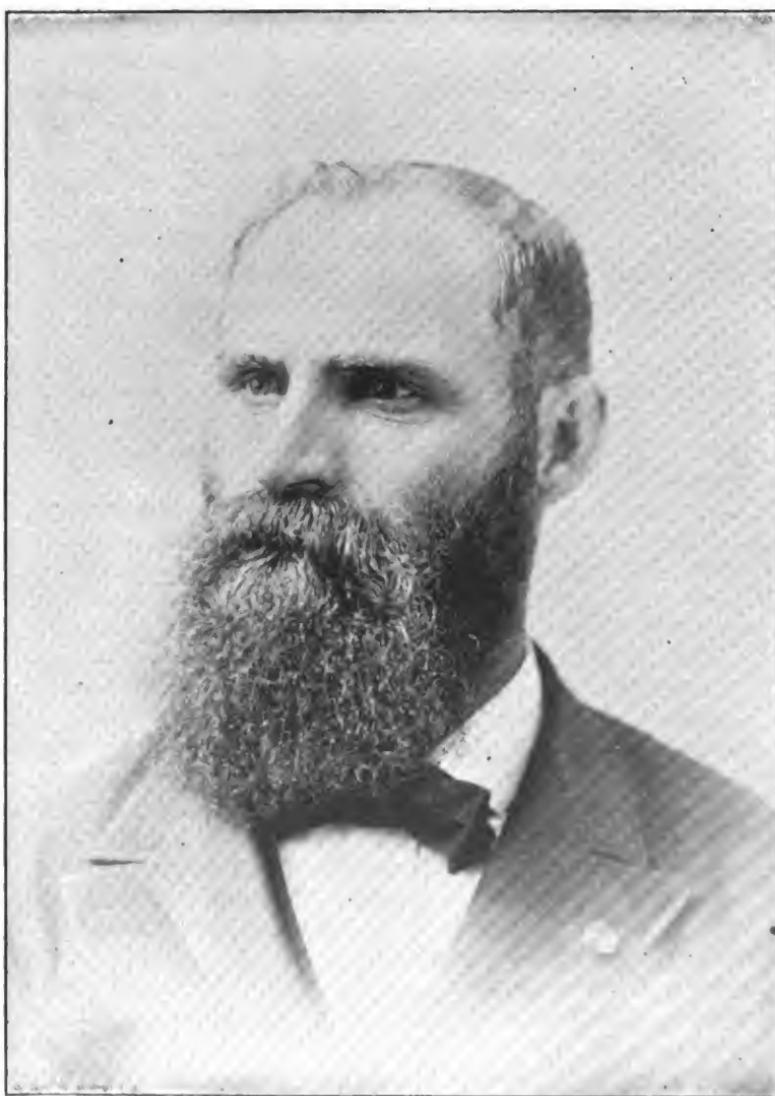
It is only after great events and great changes of front have receded from contemporary vision, that they are seen in their proper perspective. Then the most commonplace student of history accepts as a matter of course their great achievements, and acknowledges an epoch.

Luther hurled his inkstand; and the objective point, the campaign issue, for the masses of his reformers was the prevention of the sale of indulgences. Now even the school children know that the great battle for religious freedom was then fought and won for mankind for all time to come.

But a small per cent of the marshalled hosts of to-day know that they are drawn in battle array for the mighty conflict which is to change front for the world's producers for all time to come, and to win for the toilers conditions under which they may enjoy a just share of their own creations.

The masses of our present reformers have their objective points, their campaign issues,—“The Sub-Treasury,” “The Hill Banking System,” and what not,—for which they will cast ballot. But history readers a century hence will perceive that Eternal Justice fought and won a victory for the hitherto suppressed and helpless toilers.

This must be true, because the people of this planet have been for long time accumulating data for a new science, which is now struggling for birth, and there must needs be receptive conditions for the new truths. There must needs be a clearing away of obstacles, that the new activities



Faternally Yours
Alonso Wardell

may play freely. This discontent, this pressure of poverty, this pained consciousness of deprivation, are parts of the process of the pushing power in nature endeavoring to put aside obstructions which stand in the path of progress. There is a superior science, which teaches soul supremacy, impatient to be recognized, that it may play its beneficent part with humankind. Abundant data of this higher science are awaiting classification; but as yet only a small number of trained minds are competent to receive and assimilate and make practical the new science, after it shall have come. Hence the masses must have chance for larger mental growth. The millions must be released from the absolute tyranny of the bread-and-shelter struggle. Their environment must give larger opportunity for the development of the individual than now exists or can exist under the anti-individualism of the world-old competitive system.

The whole earth is instinct with the coming change. The very trees of the forest are alive with gladness. The waters of the sea are sounding delight that the time is so near for creating conditions which will make humanity receptive to the influx of the oncoming flood of spiritual truth. The labor reform means all this.

The laborers who are in the pinch of discomfort from conditions constantly growing harder, have summed up the situation, and declare that the thing called politics has to do with the case. They demand readjustment. The farmer people were a long time locating the difficulty, but their years of inquiry in institutes, clubs, granges, and alliances have turned on the light, and there is deep conviction and settled purpose that more of justice shall be dispensed.

The smaller clubs and bodies of student farmers came together two years ago at St. Louis. It was curious, even beautiful, to note the coincidence of conclusion from remote centres. There had been spontaneous generation at various points. The several separate organizations then and there consolidated. The men of the farms and the men of the mills and mines joined forces. The movement gained great momentum. Nothing can stand before it, because the time is come. The purpose for which was all this preparation must be attained. The quickened race conscience will no longer be at ease while hunger and cold torment the millions. This new conscience is revolting against the doctrine of blessed-be-

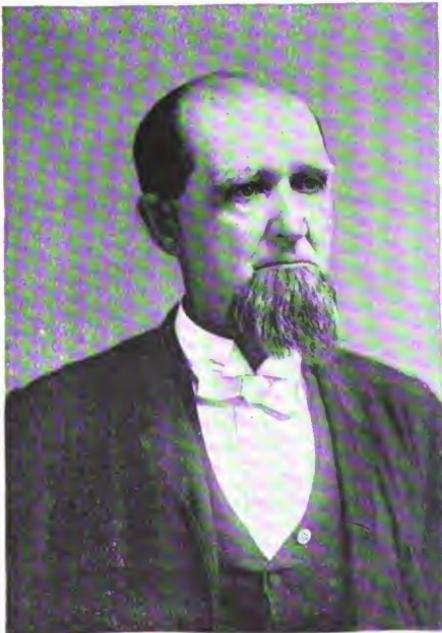
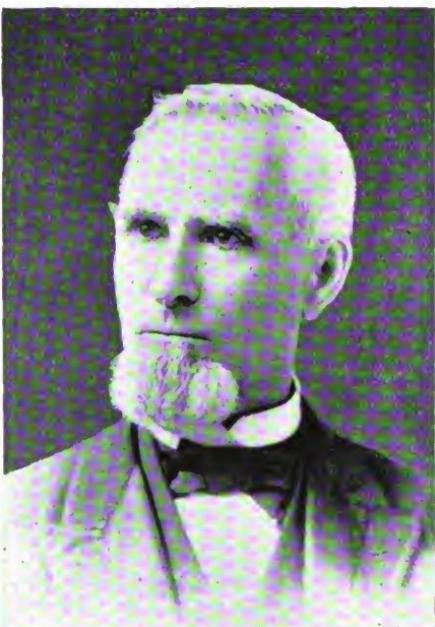
drudgery for the other half. *Blessed-be-drudgery* is vicious. Drudgery has produced misshapen images, sad caricatures, and hovels instead of temples for the indwelling master—the soul. The sacrilegious prayer for contentment in whatever station in life it has pleased God to call us, has multiplied sycophants and bred sinners. No man should drudge. All men should labor.

The farmers and other laborers are not asking much at the first. They are conservative, patient, willing that conditions shall evolve. But these first demands as to land, money, and transportation they will have; and, following these, such other good things as shall be seen men need wherewith to make them better men.

It is known and said of American politics, that our best men, as to brain and character, are not the dominant factor. The men of best manhood, who would give large, true service rather than engage in schemes and intrigues, are barred out of official life. The office-holding class and the corporation-serving press have always heretofore addressed the farmers as the “solid yeomanry,” “bone and sinew” of the country. These same farmers, now threatening to cast their own ballots, are become “old hayseed Socialists,” and accused of seeking class legislation. Whereas once the farmer men admired and obeyed, they now think and will act—a great crime. What presumption, for men whose sole legitimate political function should be to vote, to turn dictators, and instruct their business agents, the office-holding class, as to legislation which they consider necessary!

Those interested in holding on to the existing political and social order have sought by all possible means to discredit, underrate, misreport, and even falsify and malign the men who are prominent in voicing the aroused thought and determination of the laboring people. Every effort has been made to create a feeling of distrust in them, and to prejudice popular sentiment by styling them unlettered demagogues, whose crude and impractical demands would bring chaos and ruin to a prosperous nation.

If personal experience and observation count in education, then surely the leaders in the Farmers' Alliance are equipped with the most direct and practical education bearing on the measures which that great body of laborers seeks to gain.



MACUNE.
LOUIS.

MARION CANNON
L. S. LIVINGSTON

Google

Foremost among those who have a right to be ranked as specialists, and hence pre-eminently fit to direct, is the president of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, that national organization which, within the past two years, has shaken the political world from centre to circumference.

PRESIDENT L. L. POLK.

Colonel L. L. Polk was born in 1837, in Anson County, North Carolina. His schooling was received at a little log school-house in the neighborhood of his father's farm. Ten months at Davidson College, North Carolina, completed his school life. In 1860 he was sent to the legislature from his native county, and was a member of that body during the intense excitement of the secession period. He made a gallant fight against withdrawal from the Union, and his was the last Union speech made in Anson County. But when the inevitable came, he joined the ranks, and went into the army. When the war began, Colonel Polk owned his home and thirty slaves. Returning from defeat, he went to work to cultivate his farm. His wife did the work of the house. She spun and wove the suit of clothes which he wore to the Reconstruction Convention, at Raleigh, to which he was elected by a large majority over an exceedingly popular candidate. This convention repudiated the Confederate debt, endorsed the abolition of slavery, and in all ways turned toward the future with honest purpose to become loyal citizens of a reunited nation, and restore prosperity to the State. For several years following the war, Colone. Polk was without help. He did his own blacksmithing and carpenter work, and with his own hands held the plow. From this practical work, he turned his attention to the relation of the farmer to the business world. He became a careful student of the economic side of agriculture. He was instrumental in securing the establishment of the State Agricultural Department of North Carolina, and was made the first commissioner of agriculture, a position which he held until 1880.

Colonel Polk was a leading spirit at grange meetings, and a large organizer of farmers' clubs. He was three times chosen by acclamation president of the Interstate Farmers' Association of eleven cotton States. The superior men of the South were members of this organization, which was afterward merged into the Farmers' Alliance.

In 1889, when the several farmer organizations consolidated at St. Louis, and formed the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, Colonel Polk was elected president, and has twice since been re-elected by acclamation.

For several years Colonel Polk has published the *Progressive Farmer*, at Raleigh, N. C., a paper of extensive circulation, which is now the official organ of the State Alliance.

As other men are devoted to art, to science, to the church, or other great specialty, so this man has given himself to the farmers' cause. The absorbing purpose, the one great desire of his life, is to lighten the burdens of overworked farmers and farmers' wives — to raise the standard of the farmer's home and the farmer's business.

As a writer, Colonel Polk is clear and forcible. His faculty for concise yet felicitous expression is exceptional, and would do credit to a professional man of letters. As a public speaker, he has won a commanding position. His power to win an audience has been demonstrated on many notable occasions. He is happiest in purely extemporaneous address. He can never be so taken by surprise as to fail of saying feelingly and gracefully the fitting, tactful word.

Ever since the Alliance became a great disturbing factor in politics, Colonel Polk has been subjected to innumerable tests of fidelity and honesty. Specious temptations have been held out to swerve him from loyalty to the laborer's cause, but through all the varied complications he has stood firm and steadfast.

Rarely are so many pleasing and sterling qualities combined in one person. These win and keep for him warm friendships, and are the secret of his strong hold upon the large membership of the organization of which he is the head.

Splendid courage, straightforward methods, tender humanitarianism — these are distinctive traits in the character of President L. L. Polk.

ALONZO WARDALL.

If, in this composite nation of ours, there be a type distinctively American, then Mr. Alonzo Wardall is one of its clearest-cut representatives. If, more than any other nation, America stands for freedom, for progress, for independent, fearless truth seeking, for brave pioneering in all

unexplored ways, then this great-hearted man from Dakota is a typical American from the soles of his big, roomy boots way up to the black-haired crown of his level head. Born in 1845, in a Wisconsin log cabin, before Wisconsin was a State, Mr. Wardall has lived a frontiersman all his life. Farm-work at early morning and late night, with country school sandwiched between, took up the winters of his boyhood until he went a soldiering. All through the war he went without a scratch or one sick day. His superabundant flow of animal spirits, his quick perception of the humorous, imparted strength and lent support in many a doleful situation. Always as full of jollity and jokes, quaint and original, as of brave endurance and strong-armed helpfulness for a sick or wounded comrade, no long march fagged him. No lack of hard-tack checked his cheeriness. As long as barbarous wars must be, one such as he should grace each company.

Home from the war before he was twenty, he entered Cedar Valley Seminary, Wisconsin, where he graduated after four years.

Mr. Wardall's splendid health has enabled him to do hard farm-work that would have broken down most men; yet, withal, his reading was kept up, and his earnest thought was constantly seeking ways and means to lend a hand to such as had fallen behind in the life struggle.

When the old Wisconsin home became too closely environed by civilization, the pioneer spirit of Mr. Wardall took him to a newer section of country in Iowa. About this time the Grange movement sprang up, and in its activities he found elbow room for large, helpful work. In this organization he was a shaping, controlling power. He was one of the chief leaders in the people's revolt in Iowa which changed the political complexion of that State several years ago, and compelled attention to the needs and wishes of the farmers.

The accomplished work of civilization crowded once again, and love of pioneering drew Mr. Wardall Dakotaward. The Grange, as a forerunner and preparation for a larger scope of thought touching the problems and maladjustments of the business side of agriculture, had performed its mission and declined; but the evolution of thought went on, and found expression in the newer organization of the

Farmers' Alliance. Mr. Wardall was one of the four or five men whose energy and ability organized the Alliance of Dakota, and gained for it that footing which made it dictator in political matters — a vantage-ground of steadily increasing area.

Mr. Wardall is a member of the Executive Board of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, with headquarters at Washington, D. C. His time is chiefly devoted to the insurance feature of that organization, which is co-operative, and is growing to large proportions under his wise management.

Men believe in Mr. Wardall, and whatsoever he undertakes goes forward. He has gone pioneering in this new work of getting fairer chance for the laboring classes, and he works with the same cheerful, masterful spirit which has ever brought success to his undertakings. He will go through the present war for industrial freedom, and come out without a scratch; and after victory he will go pioneering afresh, for he is a woman suffragist, and he has no love for the liquor traffic.

The characteristics so marked in boyhood remain fresh in later years. Few persons can relate an incident or expound a theory with such unique intermingling of grotesque expression and solid logic as Alonzo Wardall. He takes good-natured delight in puncturing shams, much to the discomfiture of those in bondage to conventionalities.

A great-hearted, clear-brained brother to all humanity! "God bless him," so say or feel all who come into the wholesome presence of this Alliance man from Dakota.

H. L. LOUCKS.

Mr. H. L. Loucks, vice-president of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, was born in 1846, in Ontario, Canada. He is a practical farmer and a college graduate. His earnest, kindly nature has always impelled him to active participation in whatever moral reform or beneficent undertakings were next at hand. He was worthy chief of the Independent Order of Good Templars of Canada before he was twenty-five years old.

He has lived on his farm near Clear Lake, South Dakota, several years, and during that time he has been one of the most influential men in the State.

The Farmers' Alliance is not primarily a political, certainly not a partisan, organization. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the study of existing conditions and the relation of legislation to the declining fortunes of the farmer created the sentiment which resulted in the People's party.

The first Independent, or People's party, convention growing out of Alliance education was held in Dakota June 7, 1890, and was called by Mr. Loucks and Mr. Wardall. This convention antedated the Kansas People's party organization, and makes Dakota, rather than the former State, the birthplace of the great organized political revolt against the two old parties, which has been steadily gaining strength since its inception.

Mr. Loucks was the candidate for governor on the People's party ticket in their first State campaign. He made a powerful canvass. His speeches were notable for earnest argument and moral fervor.

"The National Farmers' Alliance" and "The Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union," about which there is much popular confusion, are two entirely separate and distinct organizations. The first is on the institute plan, and is open to membership to whomsoever wishes to join. As a consequence, politicians have participated in its counsels; and whenever the farmers seemed likely to attempt to promote their own welfare through independent political action, the adroit professional politician was on hand to suggest that "politics must not rear its hydra head in the organization," or that "all things needful could be gotten by bringing pressure to bear upon the two existing parties." Thus, under specious pretence of being non-partisan, real and vicious partisanship was kept alive, and the farmers were divided along the line of their old party prejudices, and quarrelled over whatever campaign issues were dosed out at headquarters, and set up for the people to discuss (?) until after election. This sort of procedure prevented the open Farmers' Alliance from making any impression, and kept it entirely without power to influence legislation.

The National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union is a secret organization, with all the features pertaining to ritualistic orders. Protected by the provision which declared the village lawyer and the insinuating orator ineligible, this organization did its own thinking, its own talking, and its

own determining to go *outside its closed doors* and do its own voting.

The recent annual convention of the open Farmers' Alliance, at Chicago, was poorly attended and unimportant. The last annual convention of The Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, held at Indianapolis in November, showed that organization to be increasing in membership and influence. The old political parties have nothing to fear from the open Alliance; but the outcome of the educational work of The Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union will prove the overthrow of monopolies and corrupt power entrenched in our national politics.

The open Alliance is the older organization, and at one time had the larger membership. Mr. Loucks was its national president when it was in its most flourishing condition, but resigned his position, believing that the methods of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union would prove more effective, and also that the strength of the farmers of the nation should be concentrated in one national body. This action on the part of Mr. Loucks, in giving up a position of honor and influence, is characteristic of his unselfishness.

Mr. Loucks is editor of the official newspaper of the Dakota Alliance. Much of his work, his speaking and writing, for several years has been done under such distressing invalidism as to render it heroic. Within the last year he has suffered the amputation of a leg, since which time his health has become restored.

Mr. Loucks could never be a politician. His unquestioning devotion to all that seems to him to be right makes him entirely fearless of consequences. He could never parley for one moment, nor look expediency in the face. Whatever is truth to him is to be spoken as a matter of course. He is the incarnation of common sense and conscience.

DR. C. W. MACUNE.

Next to President Polk, the man occupying the most important place in the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union is Dr. C. W. Macune. He is chairman of the National Executive Board and editor-in-chief of *The National Economist*, the official organ of the National Alliance, published at the national headquarters, Wash-

ton, D. C. He is also at the head of the large Alliance publishing-house at the same place.

Could the uninformed people who do not look for the present industrial and economic systems of this country to be radically transformed in the not-far future, see the quantities of documents, pamphlets, reports, and educational reform literature which are sent out daily from this house, they would open their eyes, and doubt no longer. To Dr. Macune's executive ability and exceptional business qualifications are due the marvellous success of the national organ and The Bureau of Reform Literature.

Dr. Macune was born on a Wisconsin farm in 1851, and is of Scotch-Irish descent. His common-school education, at Freeport, Ill., was supplemented by a course of law study and, afterward, of medicine. In 1887 he settled down to practice medicine in Milam County, Texas. His early life having been passed on a farm, he was entirely familiar with the conditions which gave rise to the Farmers' Alliance; and after becoming a member, his services were soon in demand to further the work of that organization in Texas. He was first chairman of the State Executive Board, then president of the State Alliance, and later, president of the National Alliance, which position he held until 1889.

For some years previous to the St. Louis convention, Dr. Macune had given close study to our financial system, out of which thought he formulated a report, which has since become famous as "The Sub-Treasury Plan," the most vital feature of which he believes to be the provision for a flexible currency, conforming to the annual fluctuations in the money market caused by the moving of the great crops, cotton, corn, and wheat.

With never-flinching persistence, the dominant trait in his character, Dr. Macune has pressed his financial proposition to the front until it has attracted attention, and commanded discussion in every important journal in the nation.

Dr. Macune is entirely independent of thralldom to political partisanship. He cannot enthuse over politics. All his trust is placed in educational methods. It is this belief which impels him to concentrate his persistent energy on the department of literature in the Alliance. He is a strong, terse writer. His editorials have carried conviction,

and made converts of thousands of farmer readers for the past three years.

The same directness which characterizes his writings is manifested on the platform, where he is a most convincing speaker. He compels attention by force of clear logic, and by his solid, handsome presence, even though his addresses are devoid of embellishment of anecdote or by-play. He is endowed with great capacity for intellectual fighting. To watch him in debate, and notice his straight-from-the-shoulder blows, his tenacity, and his coming up fresh after every round, is to lead one to exclaim, "Here is an intellectual pugilist who will quit the field a victor."

Without the finesse and ability to manage men, which Colonel Livingston possesses; without the fervid devotion of General Weaver; perhaps without Alonzo Wardall's far-reaching vision of the limitless fields of progress, Dr Macune is, withal, doing the work next at hand, and is one of the mightiest powers in the present great movement for industrial reform.

MARION CANNON.

President Marion Cannon, of the California Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, was born in West Virginia fifty-seven years ago.

His ancestors for three generations were West Virginians. He was educated in a log schoolhouse in that State. In the early fifties, when a boy, he crossed the plains overland to California, driving an ox team all the way. He has resided in California since that time — first in Nevada County, and afterwards in Ventura County, his present home. He owns, occupies, and cultivates one of the finest and most productive ranches in California. A natural leader of men, he has always been prominent in public affairs, but has always refused office, except for two years in Nevada County, when he was induced by his neighbors to accept the position of county recorder. He was elected president of the Ventura County Farmers' Alliance in July, 1890, and was unanimously chosen State president at San Jose, and unanimously re-elected at Los Angeles in 1891. He possesses the confidence of the people of California to a remarkable degree. A close student of economic questions, a great reader, a sound thinker, he follows his convictions fearlessly to the end.

He was the first State president of the Farmers' Alliance to come out boldly for independent political action, taking the position that it is the only logical result of the "Campaign of Education," that has been carried on by the Alliance from the beginning of the organization. Heeding the lesson taught by the experience of the people with the Pacific railroads, he had the wisdom to take his stand upon the proposition that, if the government furnished the money or the bonds to construct the Nicaragua Canal, the government should also own the canal, and not turn it over to private individuals.

Almost every one's interest in California is in the construction of the canal, and President Cannon and the members of the Alliance are in favor of it; but they oppose the granting of special privileges which would make a few individuals millionnaires, at the expense of the rest of the people. President Cannon is a consistent and powerful supporter of the motto of the great order to which he belongs: "Equal Rights for All, and Special Privileges for None."

He is a man like Andrew Jackson, unchangeable in his purposes, and of the most undaunted courage. He never hesitates, but acts promptly and forcibly at the right time. These qualities, together with his sincere regard for the rights of others, and especially of the industrial classes, make him a powerful and successful leader. He is a worthy representative of the great Pacific Coast, and has made a record of which any man may well be proud.

GENERAL JAMES B. WEAVER.

The literary photographer, focusing upon General B. Weaver, will be puzzled to determine why, as is the case with most subjects, some prominent character feature does not project itself. Prolonged observation solves the question. General Weaver is a person of such symmetrical, such harmonious development, that each excellent trait is balanced by all others. He presents a composite picture in which strength and gentleness blend. Inherent qualities have been drawn out by culture. The cannibalism of politics has snapped and bitten at him in vain. Serene while others are in tumult; clear while others are confused; secure in his orbit while others are erratic; certain while others are in

doubt,—these characteristics make him a man of value second to none in a great epoch like the present.

James Baird Weaver was born June 12, 1833, at Dayton, O. He had the best possible home environment, wise and cultivated parents, and good school advantages. He graduated from the Cincinnati Law School, and was practicing his profession when the war came on. The mighty impulse that bears men on to battle for a principle took the prosperous young lawyer from his young wife, his little child, and his happy home, and sent him to the hardships and dangers of a conflict he abhorred. He enlisted as a private, but fitness to command made him a general.

When the war was over, General Weaver returned to Iowa and resumed the practice of law. Soon after, he was appointed to the office of district attorney. This and other official positions were bestowed upon General Weaver by the Republican party; but just in the height of his popularity, and with every prospect bright for further promotion, he left that party and went into the Greenback party. He believed, as General Garfield said, that "whoever controls the money of a nation is absolute master of all commerce." He saw that the money of the nation had been placed under the control of the national banking corporations, and hence foresaw that the corporate money power would become masters of the commerce of the country, and would eventually absorb its prosperity. He believed, as did Horace Mann, that "you might as well give to corporations power over a man's head as over his bread." Thus again did General Weaver enlist as a private to fight this new battle for industrial freedom. Here, again, fitness to lead placed him in the front rank, and in 1887 he was nominated for Congress on the Greenback ticket. The joint debates between General Weaver and Attorney-General Cutts during this campaign were among the most notable political discussions ever held in this country. As a result of the canvass, the large Republican majority of that district was overturned, and General Weaver was elected by a majority of more than two thousand votes.

The record of this intrepid and able man in Congress would fill a large volume. His superior qualities made it easy for him to compel a hearing such as would have taken a lesser man many terms to gain. Every device was resorted

to by the Congressional upholders of the power to suppress the member from Iowa; but his resources were limitless, and discussions upon finance resulted which attracted the attention of the whole country, and opened the eyes of thousands of voters to the viciousness of the existing financial system.

In 1880 General Weaver was the presidential candidate on the Greenback ticket. In 1888 he was defeated for Congress, but polled six hundred more votes than he had ever received before, and one hundred and eight more than Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Streeter both received in the district at that time.

General Weaver left a lucrative and growing practice at the bar to engage in the unremunerative pioneer work of reform. The dominant desire of his life has been to assist in creating conditions under which the struggle of life for the many may be lightened. He is editor-in-chief of the *Farmers' Tribune*, a reform paper published at Des Moines, Ia. His new book, "A Call to Action," now in course of publication, treats of the various problems of industrial reform, and will doubtless be one of the most noteworthy contributions to that class of literature.

Notwithstanding the prodigious amount of his writing, speaking, and other work, and the great strain of campaigning as a candidate, General Weaver is blessed with such perfect health that he was never seriously fatigued in his life. He is the picture of roseate health, and as fresh in faith, hope, and zeal for reform as the latest convert in the ranks.

Mr. Cannon came into national notice as temporary chairman of the historic convention of February 22, at St. Louis, Mo. His powerful, resonant voice, his prompt action, and his familiarity with parliamentary usage held that great body firmly to business.

Mr. Cannon's leadership is his birthright. His benign face is a benediction.

HON. L. F. LIVINGSTON.

If, as Dr. Holmes says, "Live people are dead people warmed over," then Hon. L. F. Livingston is Richelieu warmed over. A member from Georgia of the lower house of the present Congress, he is one of its most conspicuous figures. He is a born leader of men, preordained to statecraft, a most compelling, commanding personage. Had he

been born under royalty, he would have managed monarchs, as did his French prototype. As it is, he manages uncrowned sovereigns, citizens, but not for small, ignoble ends.

His is so erect, self-poised a personality; he is, in fact, so competent, that he must, perforce, direct his less efficient fellow-men toward their own betterment.

It is a foregone conclusion, at a convention, that Colonel Livingston will carry a point or pass a measure which he champions. After the several orators have effervesced and had their way, just at the critical, clinching time, "Colonel Livingston, of Georgia," will have the floor, and the outcome will be as he desires.

Nothing, however, could more strongly argue the magnitude and momentum of the movement for industrial reform than the ease with which it overwhelmed this strong man from Georgia in the recent conference of industrial bodies at St. Louis. To him who moves not with that power which makes for righteousness there comes, sooner or later, a time when self-strength cannot avail. But although defeated, our Richelieu was great to the last.

Colonel Livingston is of a Scotch-Irish parentage. He was born, 1832, in Newton County, Georgia, and received his education in the common schools of his native county. He has always been a farmer. For many years he was president of the Georgia Agricultural Society, and subsequently president of the Georgia State Alliance, which position he still holds. After his election to the presidency of the State Farmers' Alliance, he canvassed the State of Georgia for two years, addressing the people on the economic questions affecting the industrial classes. His discussions were mainly devoted to the consideration of finance and taxation. This canvass resulted in an extensive acquaintance with the people of his State, and won for him that unbounded admiration and confidence which placed him in his present seat in the national Congress.

Colonel Livingston has served several terms, both in the House and Senate of the Georgia legislature, and was chairman of the Committee on Agriculture in the House, and a member of that committee in the Senate.

The master-spirit of Colonel Livingston and his unceasing efforts focused the aroused thought of the farmers of Georgia, crystallized it into the organization of the Alliance, and gave to that body the key to the political situation of the State.

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS.

BY W. D. McCRACKAN.

A RUMOR had gone abroad that the Pope was to officiate in St. Peter's at the mass for the dead on All Saints' Day. The spectacle was sufficiently rare to send all Rome pouring over the bridge of St. Angelo, to see Leo XIII. break through that thin crust of fiction which makes him a prisoner in the Vatican.

There was unwonted animation in the piazza. Bernini's curving colonnades, usually deserted, were thronged with sight-seers. The two fountains were playing, and with every puff of wind sprinkled an eager crowd that filed in thin lines towards the steps. Cabs rattled across the paved piazza to leave their occupants under the façade. The ugly accumulation of buildings which constitute the Vatican, a nondescript growth of many centuries, loomed into a sky of tender blue. But the monster dome dominated everything, placid and full-fed like a gilded idol, sitting serenely upon its massive substructure.

As the faithful mounted the steps, in the light of the sun, and entered within, they seemed to disappear into a dark, insatiable maw, from which there could be no return.

Behind the leather curtains of St. Peter's, there is a climate which knows neither winter nor summer. Its atmosphere is as unvarying as that of some island on a southern sea,—soothing, full of genial caress. Its day is toned to twilight, and its night holy with unquenched candles. As I entered, the place was full of small echoes that came from the moving of chairs, the footfalls of men in cassocks, or the occasional closing of a chapel door. There were murmurs of distant prayers, of sudden "Amens!" on the organ, or chants in monotone. The sibilants, which are always heard in churches, struck upon the ear from all sides; and the very whispers of the confessional seemed hovering in the air. All these sounds were caught up by the dome, and thence re-echoed, tempered into a musing harmony. Ah, the immensity which

was suggested by this strange musical quality! It was more convincing than all the statistics of measurement.

Cherubs sported on the pillars or grouped themselves into medallions,—delicious creations full of joy and mischief, who alone served to mitigate the essential vulgarity of the prevailing decoration. For what could exceed the burlesque of the statues, betraying the decay of art? Heroic prophets standing in theatrical attitudes, their garments hanging in unnatural folds, or on the tombs the voluptuous figures of women, grinning skulls, and popes, knowing-looking and worldly-wise. Bernini's baldachino rose in costly vandalism above the main altar, and at the extremity of the chancel there was a grotesque glory of gilded plaster. But even the motley, tasteless plaid of its mosaic detail could not rob St. Peter's of its magnificent lines, which in the aggregate produce an impression of vastness, at first unsuspected, but gradually creeping into the soul, never to depart.

While I waited in the church, the Vatican was swarming like a hive. All grades of the Roman hierarchy had sent representatives; all the orders, in their multi-colored cowls, were there, emissaries from the ends of the earth, to wait upon the holy father; country clergymen, coming like Luther, all reverence, into the realms of intrigue; glib monsignore, who proselyte amongst the visiting nobility, and haunt the hotels for converts; monks sworn to poverty, bronzed and bearded; priests with the stamp of holy living on their faces; secret spies, money lenders, and political advisers; missionaries and chaplains; men fresh from the benedictions of their parishes, or debauched by crimes begun at the confessional or in the flattery of the drawing-room. Pages, clad in scarlet, hurried through the passages in the service of the cardinals. In the cells of that mighty hive there were feasting and praying, fasting and blaspheming; for aspirations and infamies, which were to affect the world, were being concocted, and the representative of the Nazarene Carpenter was crying aloud for kingly power.

And all the time the Swiss Guard watched by the portals. They looked theatrical, and just a little foolish, in the costume of red, black, and yellow, designed by Michael Angelo. The deliberate guttural of their speech contrasted strangely with the soft Italian of their environment; and, indeed, they stood there somewhat shame-faced, as the only survivors of

that mercenary system which in the Middle Ages sapped the national life of Switzerland, and made her the prey of bribing ambassadors.

But the time had come. An impatient crowd awaited the entry of the Pontiff into St. Peter's with apprehension growing, lest they be cheated of the promised spectacle.

There was heard a loud clangor as the iron gate of a chapel was thrown open, and a train of vested ecclesiastics issued into the church, and moved towards the main altar. But their magnificence was as nothing to what followed; for suddenly there came a hoarse command, and the papal guard presented arms to the divinity of the place. He came borne upon the shoulders of the faithful, in his sedia, covered with a silken canopy. Hail, Pontifex Maximus! Ruler of the world! The triple mitre was on his head, from which some of the greatest jewels of the ages sparkled loftily; his vestments glittered beside his palid old man's skin. He raised his jewelled hand in blessing, bending now to one side, now to the other over the serried ranks, and thus passed on; and his face,—it was keen and intellectual, even to shrewdness, ever watchful and nervous, yet restrained, a face fit for a scholar, a diplomat, and a fox; at once harrowed and self-contained, anxious and full of resources, cast in a conservative mold, and yet liberal beyond his environment, poor old god! He was carried aloft in a false position, a pathetic figure, like a shrivelled old woman at a ball.

The magnificent blasphemy of this ceremony appalled. Its audacity made one afraid, and yet it fascinated with the savage splendor of its fanaticism. It was all so purely pagan, oriental, sensuous, un-Christlike. An Anglican clergyman at my side watched with wrapt countenance, and then fell on his knees, for the mark of his future apostasy was already upon him.

Then the sombre music of the mass for the dead stole through the church from where the incense and the candles burned, and after awhile I heard the thin, small voice of an old man in faint recitation. It sounded attenuated by the immensity of the church, as though it had passed through many atmospheres, or pierced the walls of a tomb. The quavering monotone ceased amid a profound, prayerful hush. God rest their souls! Yes, there was pathos in the scene for him who was attuned to the true meaning of life,

When the procession returned from the altar to the chapel door along the marble pavement, I could see the Pope far down the cheering throng, swaying slightly upon his lofty sedia, blessing as he passed, smiling with polite serenity, gratified by the enthusiasm, but weary with old age. As he came nearer, the brilliancy of the whole spectacle flashed upon me, and again its blasphemy insulted my manhood. For a moment it seemed impossible to repress a cry of horror. The wrath of outraged humanity surged within me at sight of this crude show. I longed for the Carpenter to come with His punishing scourge of cords.

Thus I staggered into the piazza. The sun beat joyously upon it from a luminous sky; the fountains prattled to the bathing pigeons; the air came spring-like to the nostrils; there was the rumble of Rome in the distance, and all the joys of daily life came back again.

After all, if we can suffer the vileness of the slums to endure, we must also bear with Pontifex Maximus and his train. And then I remembered that it is Love and her handmaid Liberty who move the many circling worlds—and so took comfort.

A REMARKABLE PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

IN the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for November, an article of my own was published, entitled "Five Friends — The Story of an Extinct Household." It was a sketch of the last sad years of Dr. Westland Marston and his children; and it contained the account of a very singular spiritualistic prophecy as to the succession of deaths by which this household became extinct,—a prophecy often repeated to me while all the persons mentioned in it were still alive and well. This remarkable instance of what seems like spirit fore-knowledge made a wide impression, if I am to judge by the numerous letters I received on the subject from all parts of the United States, and from England. Among these letters was one in itself so astonishing, that I wrote to its author for permission to publish it. This kindness having been accorded me, I send the letter to you, since THE ARENA, above all other American Reviews, has shown itself hospitable to advanced thought, and ready to consider, fairly and justly, the mysterious and the unexplored. Here is the letter:—

64 JOHN STREET, PROVIDENCE,
Dec. 5, 1891.

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Dear Madame:—I have just read your article, "Five Friends"; and the singular fulfilment of the prophecy regarding the death of the Marstons recalls a similar prophecy in my own experience, and its fulfilment, which may interest you.

I was the medical adviser of the family of Hiram Maxfield, a hotel-keeper and caterer, widely known throughout New England. They were a very healthy family, seldom ill, any of them, except with some minor ailment. One day I was called to see Mrs. Maxfield, at their home, a few miles down the bay. While waiting for the return boat, the eldest daughter, a young lady of about twenty, came out upon the porch, where I was standing, and said that she wanted to tell me something, but it appeared so foolish to her that she wanted me to say nothing about it to the family. She said that she had heard a voice say, distinctly: "You will die first, then Harry, then father." She was alone at the time, and thought that some one must have spoken to her from an adjoining

room. She went to the door, looked in, saw no one, and soon heard the words repeated, with the addition, "And Dr. Anthony will be present in each case."

All three of the persons mentioned in this prophecy were then, apparently, in perfect health. About two years after—the young lady having married in the meantime—I was called in to see her. She had been stricken with apoplexy, and died in a few minutes after my arrival. The son, Harry, about this time developed symptoms of consumption; and with him, the end came in about six months. He had been away in another climate, under the care of a physician, but, as he was failing rapidly, was brought home. I was sent for, and arrived just before he breathed his last.

About a year after this, the father of the family contracted a cold, on a fishing trip to New Hampshire, which resulted in his death soon after his return. I was sent for, as usual, and only failed to be present at the moment of his death because I stepped out for an instant to send a telephone message, and he had breathed his last just before my return. Thus was the prophecy fulfilled. I must add that neither the family nor myself had any belief in spiritualism.

Respectfully yours,

W. E. ANTHONY, M. D.

In the case of the Marstons, the prophecy, purporting to come from the spirit of Mrs. Marston, and to be addressed to the eldest daughter of the household, was: "You will die first, then Nelly, then Philip, and last of all your father;" and it was as literally fulfilled as was the one related by Dr. Anthony concerning the Maxfields. Truly there are more things in heaven and earth than the sceptic has so far been able to explain.

HOW UNCLE NOTTOWAY "SQUASHED" THE INDICTMENT.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

THE good year of grace 1887, or so much of it as belonged to Tennessee, will be remembered for two conflicting events : the great dryness of the summer, and the wonderful *wetness* of the autumn which followed. That Tennessee was "literally dried up" did not argue that she was "going dry" in all respects—not by thirty thousand majority.

It went decidedly wet in the prohibition election ; and the stump speakers told the people, with proper patriotism, that prohibition was against the Constitution. They did not tell them it was against the Christmas egg-nog and the "Fourth o' July" celebration ; but the people had an eye to the lesser calamity, the stump speakers took care of the greater, and so, between them, they saved the Constitution — and the egg-nog.

The churches fought for the "Reformation"; in the colored churches the battle was especially bitter. Some of the most prominent members were "had up in meet'n" as supporters of intemperance. The church made a blunder, however, when it tackled old Uncle Nottoway. The church felt the force of the blunder before the polls closed and the sun set upon the defeat of prohibition. But as for old Nottoway, his face wore a broad grin when he stood in the presence of his attorney, "Marse Torm, son ub ole Marse," and reported upon the result of his trial by the members of the Mount Zion Baptist Church.

"Yaas, sah, Marse Torm," he said, "dey done hab me up in meet'n', de chu'ch hab. Brudder Parker t'wuz done it, sah, et de constigation ob Rufe Barton — young Rufe, de son ob ole Rufe, his daddy, sah. Had me up in meet'n'! 'fo' God dey did, on er indictmint ez I done tol' yeh 'bout, Marse Torm. En' I jist foller'd de advice yeh gin me, en' squashed de indictmint, en' thankee fur de same, sah."

And Uncle Nottoway bowed himself out with mingled

feelings of gratitude and of indignation. Gratitude toward the legal adviser to whom he stood as office porter rather than as client, and by whose good help he had been able to meet the outrage offered him by the members of the Mount Zion Church, said outrage being a public trial, for offences herein-after to be stated, by the officers and members of that upright institution. Having a member "up in meet'n'" means much to the Southern town negro of the latter day's representation. A season in the workhouse or even a short term in the penitentiary is looked upon with more forbearance than being "up in meet'n'."

Uncle Nottoway was a member in good standing: "a 'fessin' member," the leader in the singing, and regarded by the "brudderin en' the sisterin" of the Mount Zion membership as one "mightly gifted in pra'r."

Indeed, so far above reproach was he that on one occasion when this same Brother Parker had preached from the text, "Enoch walked with God," he had used righteous Nottoway as an example, that "might be seen and read of all men," whereby to illustrate his text.

True, Aunt Sally Garvin remarked at the time, jokingly, that "Brudder Parker gwine spile dat nigger twell salt won't save him."

In the fight for prohibition the church came up almost as a unit for the abolition of "whiskey, wine, ale, or beer as a beverage" (thus read the proposed amendment to her Constitution) "in the State of Tennessee."

Therefore it was with no little surprise that the *dry* element of the church heard of Brother Nottoway Sims having come out against the measure.

At first the old man was very quiet about it, expressing himself cautiously, and giving his opinion only when asked to do so.

But one day, hearing that Aunt Sally Garvin said at the "S'ciety ob de Macerlates" that "Unc' Nottoway Sims hab done sol' out ter de whiskey men, or else de ole boy done fling a spell 'pon 'im, 'fo' God I dunno which," the old man's wrath rose to such heat that he swore; that, too, in the hearing of one of the sisters; one of the *talking* members.

"A man hab de right ter his convictions," he declared. "En' ez fur me, I ull stan' by de whiskey barr'l's twell the bungs bust. I ull do it ef de whiskey air riz knee deep 'bout

de Mount Zion meet'n' house, en' Brudder Parker am drownded *daid*, an' Sister Gyarvin 'bleeged ter borry a wash tub ter float ter de debbul in. I ull do it, sho. I sw'ars I will."

Word promptly went back to the Society of the Immaculates that "Brudder Sims, one ob de pillars ob de chu'ch, hab done fell fum grace, same's a Metherdis', en' not like no Babtis' nohows."

At length Brother Parker, following the injunction laid down, went to the erring brother and told him his fault privately.

He was promptly advised to "Look arter de shout'n' prohibitioners dat wuz a crowin' fur prohibition in de day time en' stealin' ob de chickens off'n de whi' folks' hin roostes et night."

Matters grew painfully serious; the pastor was in a dilemma. His congregation demanded an example be made of Brudder Sims, and Brother Parker himself felt that such a proceeding would be but just. Yet he knew that Mount Zion could ill afford to lose the old man, who was leader both in song and in prayer, as well as chief contributor to the church fund, and, indeed, one of the strongest and most necessary pillars of the church.

For the second and even the third time he called upon the brother. The welfare of Mount Zion lay heavy on his soul.

"See you now, brudder," he said, "it am not dat yer am determinated on bein' ob a anti-prohibitioner. A sight ob de members hab elected ter dey ówn consciences ter be dat. It am ca'se yer talks too much 'bout de chu'ch, en' de sisters, en' de members. Hit am de *talk* dat am raisin' ob de disturb'mint."

"Who started de fuss, brudder?" demanded Brother Sims. "Who started dis yere fuss enyhow? Didn't ole Sally Gyarvin fling de fus rock?"

"Turn de udder cheek, brudder: turn de udder cheek," advised the shepherd of the Mount Zion flock.

"Done done it," said Nottoway; "done done it en' got ernudder lick fur bein' sech a fool. Naw, sah, Brudder Parker, 'tain' no use fur ter argerfy en' ter talk. I wuz druv inter dis yere fight, en' I ain' gwine be druv out ob it like a sheep what ain' got no reas'nmenten' no 'scutionment neider."

I ain' gwine be disqualified no sech way ; dat's huccome I keeps talkin'. I's in de fight en' I aims ter fling rocks sassy ez de balance ob de saints. I ain' gwine hol' up twell, like Saul ob Tarshucks, I's on top in de wras'le. Dar, sah ! dem am my sentermints ; yer's welcome ter 'em."

Finding persuasion unavailing, the pastor tried coercion. He threatened the unruly member with a public trial ; he would have him "up in meet'n'" for bringing *politics* into the church.

"Who fotched her in, Brudder Parker?" cried the angry member. "Who fotched her in? It sho tuk more en' one ter do dat, sah; en' when yer tries ole Nottoway fur fotchin' ob de critter in, yeh am boun' ter try ole Sally Gyarvin fur crackin' ob de do' open. En' when de 'Macerlates,' en' de 'Dorters ob Aberham,' en' de 'Sisters ob Ruth,' en' de 'Ban' ob de Good Sermaratins,' en' de 'Sons ob Solérmon,' en' de udder branches ob de sanctication ob de saints am all turn loose on ole Nottoway, he am gwine hab a sey so at de saints his own se'f. Yeh min' what I done tol' yeh now, en' tell it back ter dey all fur me. Ole Nottoway didn' come fum ole Ferginny 'fo' de war fur nuffin'. He am sho goin' ter hab a las' word 'fo' de rope goes roun' his neck, en' he am kicked out ob Mount Zion. Now, brudder, yeh jist go'n back ter de saints, en' let dis ole sinner trot long ter de debbul." And the pastor was forced to take him at his word.

The next day it was rumored that Brother Sims would speak against prohibition, and a large representation of the Mount Zion membership turned out to hear him.

"Speakin' in de cote-house yard long o' de whi' folks!" said Sister Garvin. "De ongodliness ob some niggers am mighty nigh big ez dey's imperdence."

Still she went to hear him, along with Sis' Ann Price, upon whose righteous ribs she played with her elbow whenever the speaker made a point specially "ongodly."

Brother Sims took advantage of the occasion to say a good many things calculated to injure his cause with the brethren.

"I tol' yeh, frien's en' feller-citizens, whiskey kin do a'most enything it got a min' ter—*unless* it be ter make a Mount Zion nigger hones'."

"What dat?" said Sister Garvin, with a dig into Sis' Price's short ribs. "What dat dat nigger say 'bout de chu'ch?"

"Dat ar chu'ch," proceeded the speaker, "hab got fo' laigs. Three ob dem laigs am good soun' laigs: hones' men ez teks a toddy Chris'mus en' don' tell no lie 'bout'n it. D'udder laig am de prohibitioners what drinks whiskey all de year roun', en' preaches 'bout de evils ob liquor on Sunday 'casions. Dat laig am boun' ter fall, ca'se it air rotten. En' when it fall it sho gwine hurt some-un. But it am more en' likely ez 'twill let down dat eend ob de buildin' on hitse'f like de temple ob de Pherlischuns done ter Samson."

That speech settled Uncle Nottoway's case at Mount Zion. The election came on, prohibition was defeated, and the church proclaimed itself ready "ter set 'pon Nottoway Sims fur fetchin' ob a disturbmint inter de chu'ch."

Brother Sims was formally notified that on the following Sunday evening he was expected "ter answer ter charges inferred against 'im by de members ob de Mount Zion chu'ch wid op'n do's, so's the young en' de onexper'enced might profit by de fall ob a great leader."

"Tell 'em I'll be dar, brudder," said Nottoway. "Tell 'em I'll be dar ter answer ter de charges en' ter pull de prohibition laig fum under de temple ob de Laud. I'll sho be dar."

"Start a man on de debbul's highway, en' he gits more faster et ever' step," declared the Reverend Parker, to which Sister Garvin added:—

"Amen."

The appointed evening found the church filled with eager observers. It was a most exciting occasion—a most "solmen" occasion. The Reverend Parker sat with bowed head and clasped hands. "Fa'rly wras'lin' fur grace," Sister Garvin whispered to Lihu Perkins' wife.

The only unaffected person in the house was old Nottoway, honest, shrewd, wicked old Nottoway himself. Occupying his customary place in the right *Amen corner*, he faced the Mount Zion membership, as Sister Garvin declared, "Ez bol' en' ez brazen ez ef de chu'ch wa'n't sett'n' on 'im."

The Reverend Parker, too much overcome for words, rose slowly:—

"Brotherin," he said, "sing somethin'."

Brother Sykes by special request, took the lead, but a trifle too high in the scale.

"Ermazin' grace, how sweet de soun'
Et saved"—

Brother Finny took up the tune, as much too low in the scale as Brother Sykes had been too high.

"Ermazin' grace"—

Brother Barton hurried to the rescue.

"Ermazin'"—

The tune caught somewhere between nose and throat, and lodged there.

The Reverend Parker groaned; this was a fair sample of what he might expect in the future should Brother Sims be displaced. He turned to the offending brother in a kind of helpless agony.

"Brudder Sims, will yeh please ter raise de chune?"

Brother Sims rose in all the grandeur of offended dignity, and bending slightly toward the pulpit, said:—

"Brudder Parker, dis am de fus occasion I hab heeard ob, sah, wher' a gin'leman am expected ter lead et his own fun'r'il. I axes ter be excused, sah."

"Let us pray," said the pastor, and the outraged congregation sank upon its knees.

"O Laud!" said Brother Parker, with so much emphasis that it frightened him into instant dumbness. It sounded more like an oath than a prayer, yet some one of the pillars called "Amen," the people rose, and Brother Parker, without further ado, proceeded to plunge into the case before him.

Brother Parker had been a Methodist before he joined the Mount Zion Baptists, and he still carried about with him his old Discipline — possibly because it was good reading, as good for Baptist as for Methodist; *probably* because he knew it by heart, and the knowledge gave fluency to the otherwise crippled elocution of the divine. He opened the book with great solemnity; he was at home there thoroughly. He turned full upon Brother Sims:—

"Dearly belubed, yeh hab heeard how de congregation hab sung en' prayed"—

"Hol' on dar, brudder," cried wicked old Nottoway. "Hol' on dar jist a minute. I ain' heeard no singin' en' prayin'. A screech up in de raafters en' a groan down in de suller ain' makin' music in yeh heart ter de Laud, sho 'taint. Naw, sah! I ain' heeard dat singin' en' prayin' yit, en' I ain' gwine be aid'n' en' abett'n' ter no lie in de house ob de Laud. I denies de singin' clause ob de accusation!"

The pastor laid aside the Discipline. It had suddenly begun to dawn upon the minds of the Mount Zion leaders that the accused was fully equal to the occasion. They felt a trifle shaky when called upon to testify as to the fall of the sharp old brother. There were Brothers Sykes, Finny, and Barton, with Sister Sally Garvin, chief witnesses, and a score or more of the lesser lights ready to bear testimony touching upon lesser sins. Solemn witnesses they were.

"Bent en' boun' ter rid de chu'ch ob de millstone roun' its naik," as Sister Garvin declared.

The Reverend Parker explained to Nottoway how "Dese am dem ez be eye-witnesses en' year-hearers ob yeh onseemin' sinfulness."

Old Nottoway sprang to his feet.

"Jist a minute, brudder," he said, and from force of habit the congregation gave attention.

The old sinner drew himself up.

"Ez imposed ez ef he wuz a lead'n' ob de class-meetin'," muttered Sister Garvin. "Ez imposed en' ez detarmint."

Old Nottoway evidently knew his ground.

"Brudder Parker," said he, "dar am a new law in Tennessee what allows a man ter speak fur hisse'f, *ef* he speaks afore de witnesses does. Marse Torm Mason, sah, hab tol' me about dat law, en' I jist wants ter hab my sey so, 'cordin' ter de law."

"Broderin en' sisters, I ain' gwine derny nothin' dese here eye-hearers en year-witnesses hab got ter say. I ain' feared ob nothin' I hab done. But befo' dey begins der witnessin' I want ter say ter Brudder Sykes, one ob de chief witnesses, dat Mr. Jim Duffy's sow hab got anudder litter ob young peegs; some fatter'en dem she had las' Thanksgibbin' time, ez wuz only toler'ble fur a sutten occasion dat Brudder Sykes ull rickerlict about. Dat am all I hab ter sey ter dat ar witness *et dis time*. But I wants ter tell Brudder Finny dat Miss Em'ly Jones' hen'-ouse, backin' on de ally whar I libs, en' kin sometimes see Brudder Finny gwine home o' nights, dat hen'-ouse hab got a passel ob fine chickins in dar, jist like 'twuz las' Chris'mus eve night, which de brudder am boun' ter rickerlict anyhows. Dat am all I hab ter sey ter dat witness *et dis time*. But I wants ter tell Brudder Barton, ez work so hard dat night Mr. Torm Newton's sto' burn up, dat dey ain' miss nothin' 'tall, 'ca'se I done heared

'em sey so; no sto' close, en' no coffee, en' sugar neider. Dat am all I hab got ter sey ter *dat witness et dis time*. Ter dem young men witnesses ober dere, I wants ter sey, Mr. Lem Justin, ob de Gran' Jury, am enquirin' some 'bout some votes ez wuz bought up et de 'lection las' week. I knowed all 'bout dem votes, en' I lowed ez dem young men ud like ter heear tell about 'em. Dat am all I hab ter sey ter *dem on dis occasion*. But I hab jist a word fur Miss Sally Gyarvin, de widder 'oman. I wants ter sey ter de widder ez I am still a cornsid'rin' ob dat prop'sition what she made ter me las' spring, when my ole 'oman 'uz so poly. En' dat am *all* I hab got ter sey on dis occasion, Brudder Parker. Anudder time I 'spec's ter hab a longer sey so, en' a mo' p'inted, *ef* dis meet'n' do'n' go off ter suit me."

The silence following upon Brother Sims' address was one of suspense; the suspense became anxiety before Brother Sykes gravely rose and announced in his own peculiar tenor:—

"Brudder Parker," he began, "der am sholy some mis-understandin' 'bout dis meet'n'. I ain' got no word ter sey 'g'inst Brudder Sims. He am a pillar ob Mount Zion ez can't be laid low. *I* ax ter be excused fum off dis committee."

"En' so does *I*." It was the bass voice of Brother Finny. "I don' onderstan' de meanin' ob all dis onjustus dat de sisters hab started ag'inst a leader ob de chu'ch."

"God A'mighty, brudder! don' be layin' ob de blame on we all. We am des eachin' ter shake han's wid Brudder Sims. Come long, honey, le's bergin' right dis bressed minute."

The pastor caught at Aunt Sally's suggestion in a twinkling.

"All in favor ob de motion sey '*I*.'"

But nobody waited for the vote. The Mount Zion membership crowded about old Nottoway with shouting, singing, and shaking of hands. "Fur all the worl' like 'twuz a sinner jist come froo," said Sister Garvin.

And that is how Uncle Nottoway "squashed the indictment."

A SPOIL OF OFFICE.

A STORY OF THE MODERN WEST.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

PART IV. OFFICE.

I.

THE West had always been Republican. Its States had come into the Union as Republican States. It met the solid South with a solid Northwest year after year, and it firmly believed that the salvation of the nation's life depended on its fidelity to the war traditions and on the principle of protection to American industries.

Its orators waved the bloody shirt to keep the party together, though each election placed the war and its issues farther into the background of history, and an increasing number of people deprecated the action of fanning smouldering embers into flame again. Iowa and Kansas and Nebraska were Stalwarts of the Stalwart. Kansas was the battle-ground of the old Abolition and Free Soil forces, and their traditions kept alive a love and reverence for the Republican party long after its real leaders had passed away, and long after it had ceased to be the party of the people.

Iowa was hopelessly Republican, also. A strong force in the Rebellion, dominated by New England thought, its industries predominantly agricultural, it held rigidly to its Republicanism, and trained its young men to believe that, while "all Democrats were not thieves, all thieves were Democrats," and, when pressed to the wall, admitted, reluctantly, that there were "*some* good men among the Democrats."

In the fall of Bradley's last year at Iowa City, another presidential campaign was coming on, but few men considered that there was any change impending. Local fights really supplied the incitement to action among the Republican leaders. There was no statement of a general principle, no discussion of economic issues by their political leaders. They carefully avoided anything like a discussion of the real condition of the people.

Rock County had been the banner Republican county. For years the Democrats of Rock County had met in annual convention to nominate a ticket which they had not the slightest expectation of electing. There was something pathetic in the habit.

It was not faith—it was a sort of desperation; and yet the Republicans as regularly had their joke about it, regardless of the pathos presented in the action of a body of men thus fighting a forlorn and hopeless battle. Each year some old-fashioned Democrat dropped away into the grave, and yet the remnant met and nominated a complete ticket, and voted for it solemnly, even religiously.

The young Republicans of the county called this remnant "Free traders" and "Copperheads," exactly as if the terms were synonymous. The Republican boys of the county felt that there was something mysteriously uncanny in the term "Free Trader," and always associated "Copperhead" with the yellow-backed rattlesnakes that were abundant in the limestone cliffs, and in their snowballing took sides with these mysterious words as shibboleths.

In truth, many of these Democrats were very thoughtful men—old-line Jeffersonians, who held to a principle of liberty. Others had been born Democrats a half-century ago, and had never been able to make any change. They continued the habit of being Democrats, just as they continued the habit of wearing fuzzy old plug hats, of old-fashioned shapes, and long, polished frock coats.

Then there were a few of that perpetually cross-grained class who will never agree with anybody else if they can help it. They belonged to the Democracy because the Democrats were in the minority, and considered it wrong to belong to a majority, anyhow. Of this sort were men like Colonel Peavy and old Judd Colwell.

The colonel had been nominated for treasurer and Colwell for sheriff on the Democratic ticket year after year, and each year the leaders of the party had prophesied decided gains, but they did not come. The State remained apparently hopelessly Republican. The forces which were really preparing for change were too far below the surface for these old-line politicians to understand and measure.

As a matter of fact, the schools and debating clubs and newspapers were preparing the whole country for a political revolution. Radicals were everywhere being educated. Men like Radbourn, who still remained nominally a Republican, and a host of other young men and progressive men were becoming disabused of the protective idea, and were ready for a revolt. There needed but a change of leadership to make a change of the relation of parties and of party names.

The Grange, which was still non-partisan, seemed not destined to play a very strong part in politics, though it was still at work wresting some advanced forms of legislation from one or the other of the old parties.

But the deeper change was one which Judge Brown and a few of the progressive men had only just dimly perceived. The war and the issues of the war were slowly drawing off. The militant was being lost in the problems of the industrial. Each year a larger mass of people practically said, "The issues of to-day are not the issues of twenty-five years ago. The bloody shirt is an anachronism."

Here and there a young man coming to maturity caught the spirit of the new era, and turned away from the talk of the solid South, and addressed himself to a consideration of the questions of taxation and finance. These men formed a growing power in the State, and chafed under the restraint of their leaders.

And above all, death, the great pacifier, unlooser of bonds, and aider of progress, was doing his work. The old men were dying and carrying their prejudices with them, while each year thousands of young voters, to whom the war was an echo of passion, sprang to the polls and faced the future policy of the parties, not their past. Not only all over the State of Iowa, but all over the West, they were silent factors, in many cases kept so by the all-compelling power of party ties; but they represented a growing power, and they were to become leaders in their turn.

This spreading radicalism reached Bradley in the quiet of his life in Iowa City. The young fellows in the school were debating it with fierce enthusiasm, and several of them capitulated. They all recognized that the liquor question once out of the way, the tariff was the next great State issue. At the judge's suggestion, Bradley did not return to Rock River during vacation, but spent the time reading with a prominent lawyer of the town who had a very fine law library.

He did not care to return particularly, for the quiet, studious life he led, almost lonely, had grown to be very pleasant to him. He read a great deal outside his law, and enjoyed his days as he had never done before. Unconsciously he had fallen into a mode of life and a habit of thought which were unfitting him for a politician's career. He really gave very little thought to that; his ambition for the time had taken a new form. He wished to be well read; to be a scholar such as he imagines Miss Wilbur to be.

He began reading for that purpose, and kept at it because he really had the literary perception. He wrote to her of his reading; and when in her reply she mentioned some book which he had not read, he searched for it, and read it as soon as possible. In this quiet way he spent his days, the happiest he had ever known.

He had just two disturbing factors: one was Nettie's relation to him, and the other was his desire to see Miss Wilbur. Nettie wrote quite often at first, letters all very much alike, and very

short, sending love and kisses. She was not a good letter writer, and even under the inspiration of love could not write above two pages of repetitious matter. "It's dreadfully hard work to write," she kept saying. "I wish you was to home. When are you coming back?"

It was very curious to see the different way in which he came to the writing of letters to these two persons.

"Dear Nettie," he would begin, with a scowling brow, "I *can't* write any oftener, because in the first place I'm too busy, and in the second place nothing happened here that you would care to hear about. I don't know when I'll be home. I ought to finish my course here. No, I don't expect you to mope. I expect you to have a good time, go to parties and dances all you want to."

But when Miss Wilbur's letters came, he devoured them with tremulous eagerness, and sat up half the night writing an elaborate answer, while Nettie's letters lay unanswered for days.

"Miss Ida Wilbur, Dear Miss." (That was the way he addressed her. He was afraid to call her Dear Miss Wilbur, it seemed a little too familiar.) In the body of his letters there was no expressed word for his regard for her. It was only put indirectly into the length of his letters, and was shown in the eager promptness of his reply. She wrote kindly, scholarly letters, giving him a great deal to think about. Her letters were very far apart, however, as she was moving about so much. She advised him to read the modern books.

"I'm always on the wrong side of everything," she wrote once, "so I'm on the side of the modern novel. I champion Mr. Howells. Are you reading his story in the *Century*? I like it because it isn't like anybody else; and Mr. Cable, too, you should read, and Henry James and Miss Jewett; they're all of this modern school, that most Western people know nothing about. I like to be in the select minority, but the West is so afraid of its own judgments. My friends go about praising the classics because they know it's safe to do so, I suppose, while I am an image breaker to them. Mr. Howells says the idea of progress in art does not admit of the conception that any art is finished. Just like the question of social advance, there is always new work to be done and new victories to be won."

But mainly she wrote upon economic subjects, as being more impersonal; and then her wish to make Bradley a reformer was greater than her desire to make him a lover of modern art.

"The spirit of reform is beginning to move over the face of the great deep," she wrote at another time. "No one who travels about as I do, can fail to see it. The labor question in the cities, and the farmer question in the country, will soon be the great disturbing factors in politics. The protective theory will go down: it is

based on a privilege; and the new war, like the old war, is going to be against all kinds of special privileges."

It was with a peculiar feeling of pain and relief that he read Miss Wilbur's renunciation of her home-market idea. It seemed as if something sweet and fine had gone with it; and yet it strengthened him, for he had come to believe that a home market built up by legislation was unnatural and a mistake. Judge Brown's constant hammerings had left a mark.

He wrote to her something of his hesitation, and she replied substantially that there was no abandonment of the home-market idea; only the method of bringing it about had changed. She had come to believe in what was free and natural, not what was artificial and forced.

"If you will study the past," she went on, "you will find that advance in legislation has always been in the direction of less law, less granting of special privileges. Take the time of the Stuarts, for example, when the king granted monopolies in the sale of all kinds of goods. It is abhorrent to us, and yet I suppose those protected merchants believed their monopolies to be rights. Slowly these rights have come to be considered wrongs, and the people have abolished them. So all other monopolies will be abolished, when people come to see that it is an infringement of liberty to have a class of men enjoying any special privilege whatever. The way to build up a home market is to make our own people able to buy what they want.

"There never was a time when our own people were not too poor to buy what they wanted. Goods lie rotting in our Eastern factories, and we export many products which the farmer would be very glad to consume, if he were able. The farmer is poor; but it isn't because he needs protection, it isn't because he doesn't produce enough—it's because what he does produce is taken from him by bankers and corporations."

Bradley read her letters over and over again. Every word which she uttered had more significance than words from any one else. She seemed a marvellous being to him. He looked eagerly in every letter for some personal expression, but she seemed carefully to avoid that; and though his own letters were filled with personalities, she remained studiously impersonal. She replied cordially and kindly, but with a reserve that should have been a warning to him; but he would not accept warnings now—he was too deeply moved. Under the influence of her letters he developed a tremendous capacity for work. The greatest stimulus in the world had come to him, and remained with him. If it should be withdrawn at any time, it would weaken him. He did not speculate on that.

The day that came to close his work at Iowa City had some-

thing of an awakening effect in it. The mere motion of the train brought back again in intensified form the feeling he had experienced on the day he left Rock River. Life was really before him at last. His studies were ended, and he was prepared for his entrance into law. He looked forward to a political career indefinitely. He left that in the hands of the judge.

It was in June, and the country was very beautiful. Groves heavy with foliage, rivers curving away into the glooms of bending elm and basswood trees, fields of wheat and corn alternating with smooth pastures where the cattle fed—a long panorama of glorified landscape which his escape from manual labor now enabled him to see the beauty of, its associations of toil and dirt no longer acutely painful.

He thought of the June day in which he had first met Miss Wilbur—just such a day! Then he thought of Nettie with a sudden twinge. She had not written for several weeks; he really didn't remember just when she had written last. He wondered what it meant; was she forgetting him? He hardly dared hope for it; it was such an easy way out of his difficulty.

The judge met him at the depot with a carriage. There were a number of people he knew at the station, but they did not recognize him: his brown beard had changed him so, and his silk hat made him so tall.

"Right this way, colonel," said the judge, in a calm nasal. He was filled with delight at Bradley's appearance. He shook hands with dignified reserve, all for the benefit of the crowd standing about. "You paralyzed 'em," he chuckled, as they got in and drove off. "That beard and hat will fix 'em sure. I was afraid you wouldn't carry out my orders on the hat."

"The hat was an extravagance for your benefit alone. It goes into a band-box to-morrow," replied Bradley. "How's Mrs. Brown?"

"Quite well, thank you; little older, of course. She caught a bad cold somewhere last winter, and she hasn't been quite so well since. We keep a girl now; I forced the issue. Mrs. Brown had done her own work so long she considered it a sort of high treason to let any one else in."

Mrs. Brown met him at the door; and she looked so good and motherly, and there was such a peculiar wistful look in her eyes, that he put his arm around her in a sudden impulse and kissed her. It made her lips tremble, and she was obliged to wipe her glasses before she could see him clearly. Supper was on the table for him, and she made him sit right down.

"How that beard changes you, Bradley! I would hardly have known you. What will Nettie think?"

"How is Nettie?"

"Haven't you heard from her lately?"

"Not for some weeks."

"Then I suppose the neighborhood gossip is true." He looked at her inquiringly, and she went on, studying his face carefully, "They say she's soured on you, and is interested in her father's new book-keeper."

Bradley took refuge in silence, as usual. His face became thoughtful, and his eyes fell.

"I've hoped it was true, Bradley, because she was no wife for you. You'd outgrow her, and she'd be a drag about your neck. I see her out riding a good deal with this young fellow; he's just her sort, so I guess she isn't heart-broken over your absence."

There was a certain shock in all this. He recurred to his last evening with her, when in her paroxysm of agony she had thrown herself at his feet. Much as he had desired such an outcome, it puzzled him to find her in love with some one else. It was not at all like books.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, what do you think of my junior partner?" said the judge, coming in and looking down on Bradley with a fatherly pride.

"I suppose, Mr. Brown, you refer to our adopted son."

Bradley dressed for church the next day with a new sort of embarrassment. He felt very conscious of his beard and of his clothes, for he knew everybody would observe any change in him. He knew he would be the object of greater attention than the service; but he determined to go, and have the whole matter over at once.

The windows were open, and the sound of the bell came in mingled with the scent of the sunlit flowers, the soft rustle of the maple leaves, and the sound of the insects in the grass. His heart turned towards Miss Wilbur now whenever any keen enjoyment came to him; instinctively turned to her, with the wish that she might share his pleasure with him. He sat by the open window, dreaming, until the last bell sounded through the heavy leaf-scented air.

"Won't you go to church with me, judge?" he said, going out.

The judge turned a slow look upon him. He was seated on the shady porch, his feet on the railing, a Chicago daily paper in his lap. He said very gravely:—

"Mrs. Brown, our boy is going to church."

"Can't you let him, Mr. Brown? it'll do him good, maybe," said Mrs. Brown, who was at work near the window.

"Goes to see the girls. Know all about it myself. Go ahead, young man, and remember the text now, or we'll put a stop to this"—

Bradley went off down the walk. He passed by a tiny little box of a house where a man in his shirt sleeves was romping with some children.

"Hello, Milton," called Bradley, cheerily.

The young man looked up. His face flashed into a broad smile. "Hello! Brad. Talcott, by thunder! Well, well. When'd ye get back?"

"Last night. Yours?" he asked, nodding to the children.

"Yep. Well, how are you, old man? You look well. Couldn't fool me with that beard. Come in and sit down, won't yeh?"

"No, I'm on my way to church. Can't you come?"

"Great Cæsar, no! not with these young hyenas to attend to." He had grown fat, and his chin beard made him look like a Methodist minister; but his sunny blue eyes laughed up into Bradley's face just as in the past. "Say!" he exclaimed, "you struck it with the old judge, didn't you? He's goin' to run you for governor one of these days. County treasurer ain't good enough for you. But say," he said, as a final word, "I guess you'd better not wear that suit much; it's too soft altogether. Stop in when you come back. Eileen'll be glad to see you," he called after him.

The audience had risen to sing as he entered, and he took his place without attracting much attention. As he stood there listening to the familiar Moody and Sankey hymn, there came again the touch of awe which the church used to put upon him. He was not a "religious" man. He had no more thought of his soul or his future state than a powerful young Greek. His feeling of awe arose from the association of beauty, music, and love with a church. It was feminine, some way, and shared his reverence for a beautiful woman.

The churches of the town were the only things of a public nature which had any touch of beauty or grace. They were poor little wooden boxes at best; and yet they had colored windows, which seemed to hush the dazzling summer sun into a dim glory, transfiguring the shabby interior, and making the bent heads of the girls more beautiful than words could tell. It was the one place which was set apart for purposes not utilitarian, and a large part of what these people called religious reverence was really a pathetic homage to beauty and poetry, and *rest*."

When they all took their seats, and while the preacher was praying, Bradley was absorbing the churchy smell of fresh linen, buoyant perfumes, camphor, cinnamon, violets, rose, and the hot, sweet odor of newly-mown grass lying under the sun just outside of the windows. The wind pulsed in through the half-swung window, a bee came buzzing wildly along, a butterfly rested an instant on the window sill, and the preacher prayed on in an oratorical way for the various departments of government.

Bradley felt a sharp eye fixed upon him, and, turning cautiously, caught Nettie looking at him. She nodded and smiled in her audacious way. Two or three of the young fellows saw him and nodded at him, but mainly the people sat with bowed heads, feeling some presence that was full of grace and power to banish, for a short time at least, the stress of the struggle to live.

The young fellows were mainly in the back seats; and while they were decorously quiet, it was evident that they had very little interest in the prayer. Death and hell and the grave! Why should one trouble himself about such things when the red blood leaped in the heart, and the June wind was flinging a flickering flight of leaf shadows across the window pane? There sat the girls with roguish eyes, the rounded outline of their cheeks (as tempting as peaches) displayed with miraculous skill at just their most taking angle. Their Sunday gowns and gloves and hats transfigured them into something too dainty and fine to be touched, and yet every glance and motion was an invitation and a lure.

Here was the proper function of the church; to enable these young people to see each other at their best, and to bring into their sordid lives some hint, at least, of music and beauty.

Bradley did not hear the sermon. He was wondering just what Nettie's smile meant, and what he was going to say to her. He was not subtle enough to take a half-way or an ambiguous stand. He must either treat her tenderness as a forgotten thing or hold himself to his promise as something which he was under orders from his conscience to fulfill.

When the service was over he went out into the anteroom with the young fellows, who were anxious to meet him. Quite a number of farmers were in from the country, and they all crowded about, shaking his hand with great heartiness. He moved on with them to the sidewalk, where many of the congregation stood talking subduedly in groups. The women came by in their starched neatness, leading rebellious boys in torturing suits of winter thickness topped with collars, stiff as sauce pans; while the little girls walked as upright as dolls, and looked disdainfully at their sulking brothers. Some of the merchants passing by discussed the sermon, some talked about crops with the farmers, and those around Bradley dipped into the political situation guardedly.

While he was talking to some of the town people, he saw Nettie come up and join a young man at the door whom he had recognized as the tenor in the choir; and they sauntered off together under the full-leaved maples — she in dainty white and pink, he in a miraculously modish suit of gray, a rose in his lapel. Bradley looked after them without special wonder. It was only as he went back to his room that he began to see how completely Nettie had outgrown her passion for him.

He met her the next day as he was going home from the office. "Hello, Bradley," she said, without blushing, though her eyes wavered before his.

He held out his hand with a frank smile. "Hello, Nettie, which way are you going?"

"Going home now; been up to the grocery. Want to go 'long?"

"I don't mind. How are you, anyway?"

"Oh, I'm all right. Say! that beard of yours makes you look as funny as old fun."

"Does it?" he said.

"You bet! It makes you look old enough to go to Congress. Say! heard from Radbourn lately?" Bradley shook his head. "Well, I haven't, but Lily has. He's writing — writing for the newspapers, she said."

"Is that so? I haven't heard it."

"E-huh! say, do you know Lily's all bent on him yet! Funny, ain't it? I ain't that way, am I?" she ended, with her customary audacity.

"No, it's out o' sight, out o' mind with you," he replied, with equal frankness.

"Oh, not quite so bad as that. Ain't yeh comin' in?" They were at the gate.

"Guess not. You remember your father's command; I must never darken his door."

She laughed heartily. "I guess that don't count now."

"Don't it? Well, some other time then."

"All right, but gimme that basket. Goin' to lug that off with you?"

II.

On the Monday evening following Bradley's return, there was quite a gathering at Robie's along about sundown. Colonel Peavy and Judge Brown came down together, and Ridings and Deering were there also, seated comfortably under the awning, in mild discussion with Robie, who had taken the side of free trade, to be contrary, as Deering said.

"No, sir; I take that side for it's right." There was something convincing sincere in his reply, and Ridings stared.

"How long since?"

"About a week."

"What's got into yeh, anyhow?"

"A little horse sense," said Robie. "I've been a readin' the other side; an' if a few more of yeh'd do the same, you'd lose some of your damn pig-headed nonsense." The Democrats cheered, but the Republicans stared at Robie, as if he had suddenly become insane.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Smith, his brother-in-law. "I'd like to know what you'd been a readin' to make a blazin' old copperhead of you."

Robie held up two or three tracts. The judge took them, looked them over, and read the titles out loud to the wondering crowd.

"*'The Power of Money to Oppress.'* '*Free Trade Philosophy'* '*The Money Question.'* '*The Right to the Use of the Earth,*' by Herbert Spencer. '*Land and Labor Library.'* '*Progress and Poverty,'* by Henry George."

"Oh, so you've got hold of Spencer and George, have you?" said the judge.

"No; they've got hold 'f me."

"*Spencer!*" said Smith, in vast disgust. "What the hell has he to do with it?" The rest sat in silence. The occasion was too momentous for jokes.

"Where'd you get hold o' these?" said the judge, fingering the leaves.

"Radbourn sent 'em out."

"I'll bet yeh! If there was a rank, rotten book anywhere on God's green footstool, that feller'd have it," said Smith.

The judge ruminated: "Well, if that's the effect, guess I'll circulate a few copies 'mong the young Republicans of the county. Gentlemen, this is our year."

"You've been a sayin' that for ten years, judge," said Ridings.

"And it's been a comin' all the time, gentlemen. I tell you, I've had my ear to the ground, and there's something moving. The river is shifting its bed. Look out for a flood. I'm going to make an entirely new move this fall: I'm going to put up a man for legislature that'll sweep the county; and you'll all vote for 'im, too. He's young, he's got brains, he's an orator, and he can't be bought."

Robie brought his fist down on the counter in an excitement such as he had never before manifested. "Brad Talcott! We'll elect him, sure as hell!"

Amos hastened to put in a word. "Brad's a Republican."

"He's a Free Trade Republican," said the judge, quietly.

"How do yeh know?"

"Oh, I know. Haven't I been a workin' 'im for these last two years? Did you expect a man to live with me and not become inoculated with the Simon-pure Jeffersonian Democracy?"

"I don't believe it," Amos replied; "and I won't till I hear him say so himself. I want to see him go to Des Moines, but I want to see him go as a Republican."

"Well, you attend the Independent convention next week, and you'll hear something that'll set you thinking. Your Grange is

losing force. You failed to elect your candidate last year. Now, if we put up a man who is a farmer and a clean man,—a man that can sweep the county and carry Rock River,—why not join in and elect him?"

The railroad interest was the great opposing factor; and the judge, who was a great politician, had calculated upon a fusion of the farmer Republicans and the Democrats. He was really the ablest man in that part of the State, and could wield the Democratic party like a pistol. He succeeded in getting Amos, Councill, Jennings, and a few other leading grangers to sign his call for a people's convention to nominate county officers and the member of the legislature. It really amounted to a union of the independent Republicans and the young Democrats.

The old liners, however, were there, and set out from the first to control the convention, as was shown in the opening words of the chairman, old man Calarel, whom the judge had kindly allowed in the chair, in order that he might have a chance to speak on the floor.

"This is a great day for us," said the chairman. "We've waited a long time for the people to see that Republican rings were sapping the foundations of political honesty, but they see it now." This crowded convention, fellow-citizens, shows that the deathless principles of Jacksonian Democracy still slumber under the ashes of defeat."

He went on in this strain, calmly taking to himself and the other old moss-backs (as young Mason contemptuously called them) all the credit of the meeting, and bespeaking, at the same time, all the offices.

Following this intimation, Colonel Peavy presented a slate, wherein all the leading places on the ticket had been given "to the men who stood so long for the principles of Jackson and Jefferson. It was fitting that these men should be honored for their heroic waiting outside the gates of emolument."

Young Mason was on his feet in an instant. "Mr. Chairman," he said, penetratingly.

"Mr. Mason."

"While I appreciate, sir, the fortitude, the patience, of the men who have been waiting outside the gates of emolument so long, I want to say distinctly, that if that slate is not broken, we'll all wait outside the gates of emolument twenty years longer. But I want to say further, Mr. Chairman, that the strength of this new movement is in its freedom from spoils-seeking; is in its independence from the old party lines. Its strength is in its appeal to the farmer, in its support of his war against unjust tariff and against railway domination. Its strength also is in its appeal to the young men of this county, sir."

Applause showed that the young orator had his audience with him. He was a small man, but his voice was magnificent, and his oratory powerful, self-contained, full of telling points.

"If we win, gentlemen of this convention," he said, turning, "we must put at the head of this movement a man who is absolutely incorruptible—a man who can command the Granger vote, the temperance vote, the young man's vote, and the Independent vote. That man"—

"Mr. Chairman," snarled Colonel Peavy, rising with impressive dignity and drawing his coat around him with ominous deliberation.

"Colonel Peavy," acknowledged the chairman.

"Mr. Chairman," shouted young Mason, "I have the floor. I deny the right of your recognition of another member while I'm speaking."

"Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of information," said the colonel.

"State your point, colonel."

"I would like to ask this young gentleman who holds the floor how many votes he has cast in his whole life."

Young Mason colored with anger, but his voice was cool and decisive. "For the gentleman's information, Mr. Chairman, I will say that I have voted once, but that vote entitles me to stand here as a delegate, and I have the floor."

The delegates were mainly with young Mason, and the colonel sat down grimly in the midst of the Old Guard. Milton and Bradley, sitting together, rejoiced in the glorious attitude of the young champion, who went on:—

"I say, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, that we cannot win this election on old party lines. I'm a Democrat." (Applause.) "But we are not strong enough as a party in this district to elect, and I'm willing to work with the Independents. There is just one man who can be elected from this convention. He is a young man; he is sound on the tariff; he is an orator; he can sweep the county. I present, as nominee for our next representative, Bradley Talcott, of Rock River."

Bradley sat still, stunned by the applause which burst forth at the mention of his name. Brown had prepared him for the presentation of his name, but he had not dared to hope that any considerable number of delegates would support him.

Judge Brown rose to his feet. "I second the nomination, Mr. Chairman. I am a Democrat—an old Democrat, but I'm damned if I'm a moss-back. I don't allow any young man to get ahead of me on radicalism. I stand for progress; and because I know Bradley Talcott stands for progress, I second his nomination. His canvass will be an honor to himself, and a historical event in this county."

Amos Ridings arose. "Mr. Chairman, I second that nomination as a Granger-Republican. I second it because I know Brad Talcott can't be bought, and because I know he's honest in his convictions. I'll stand by him as long as he stands by principle."

This practically brought to Bradley's support the winning force, for Amos was a power in the county. Somebody called for Milton Jennings, and after some hesitation he got upon his feet.

"Mr. Chairman, I'm not a delegate to this convention, and so it isn't my place to speak here; but I want to say that if I was, I should second this nomination. It's a complete surprise to me to have him nominated. If I had known of it before, I would have been working for him all along. I'm pledged in another direction; but if I could honorably withdraw my support from the regular nominee, I would do everything I could to elect my old classmate and esteemed colleague."

With this boom, the vote was wildly enthusiastic. The chairman pronounced it unanimous.

"Give us a speech!" shouted the crowd.

Young Mason leaped up, a sardonic gleam in his eye. "Mr. Chairman, I move that Colonel Peavy and Amos Ridings escort the nominee to the platform."

The motion was put and carried amid laughter. As they dragged Bradley out of his chair and pushed him up the aisle, everybody laughed and cheered. William Councill kicked the colonel as he went past, and Robie hit him a sounding slap between the shoulders. The colonel bore it all with astonishing good nature. As they reached the platform, young Mason stepped into the aisle and shouted:—

"Three cheers for the Honorable Bradley Talcott!"

With the roar of these cheers in his ears, Bradley turned and faced his fellow-citizens. His knees shook, and his voice was so weak he could hardly be heard.

"Fellow-citizens, do you know what you're doing?" he said, in a curiously colloquial tone.

"You bet we do!" roared the crowd. "What d'ye think we've done?"

"You've nominated a man for your legislature who hasn't got a dollar in the world."

"So much the better! The campaign'll be honest!" shouted young Mason.

Bradley's throat was too full to speak, and his head whirled. "I can't make a speech now, gentlemen; I aint got any breath. All I can say is, I'm very thankful to have such friends, and I'll try to do my duty in the campaign, and in the legislature, if I'm elected."

The delegates swarmed about him to shake his hand and

promise him their support. Bradley, dazed by the suddenness of it, could only smile and grip each man's hand. The judge was jubilant. Had Bradley been his son, he couldn't have felt more sincerely pleased.

"We'll see such a campaign this fall as this county never had," he said to everybody; "a campaign with a principle; a campaign that will be educational."

Bradley had now a greater work before him than he had ever undertaken before. He had now to go to his old friends and neighbors in a new light, practically as a Democrat. He had to face audiences mainly hostile to his ideas, and defend opinions which he knew not only cut athwart the judgment of the farmers of the county, but squarely across their prejudices.

But he had something irresistible on his side; he was debating a principle. He was widening the discussion, and he made men feel that. He rose above local factions and local questions to the discussion of the principles of justice and freedom. He voiced this in his speech of acceptance in the Opera House the next day. The house was packed to its anteroom with people from every part of the county. A curious feeling of expectancy was abroad. Men seemed to feel instinctively that this was the beginning of a change in the thought of Rock River. Everybody remarked on the change in Bradley, and his beard made him look so much older.

Judge Brown and Dr. Carver sat on the stage with the speakers, young Mason and Bradley. The judge was very dignified, but there was an exultant strut in his walk and a special deliberation in his voice which proclaimed his pride in his junior partner. He alluded, in his dry, nasal way, to the pleasure it gave him to inaugurate the new era in politics in Rock River. "The liquor question I regard as settled in this State," he said. "And now the discussion of the tariff has free sailing. But you don't want to hear us old fellows, with our prejudices; you want to hear our young leaders, with their principles."

He introduced young Mason, who made one of his audacious speeches. "Death is the great friend of youth and progress," he said. "The old men die off, thank God! and give young men and new principles a chance. I tell you, friends and neighbors, the Democratic party is being born again—it must be born again, in order to be worth saving."

When Bradley stepped forward, he was very pale.

"Friends and fellow-citizens," he began, after the applause had ended, "I can't find words to express my feeling for the great honor you have done me. I thank the citizens of Rock River for their aid, but I want to say that I'm going to run this campaign in the farmers' interest, because the interests of

this county and of this State are agricultural, and whatever hurts the farmer hurts every other man in the State. There is no war between the town and the country. The war is between the people and the monopolist wherever he is, whether he is in the country or in the town. It is not true that the interests of the town dweller and of the farmer are necessarily antagonistic; the cause of the people is the same everywhere. It's like the condition of affairs between England and Ireland: People say that Ireland is fighting England — fighting the English people, but that is not the fact. The antagonism is between the Irish people and the English landlord. So the fight in America is the people against the special privileges enjoyed by a few. It's because these few generally live in towns that we *seem* to be fighting the towns.

"As the judge said, we've settled the liquor question in this State; it won't come up again unless office seekers drag it up. It has been our State issue, — that and the railroads; and now that is settled, we can turn our attention to the finishing up of the railway problem and to the discussion of the tariff."

"And the money!" shouted some one; "abolish the national banks!"

Bradley hesitated a little. "No, we can't do that, but we can destroy any special privilege they hold. But the first thing that stares us in the face is the war tariff that is eating us up. I'm going to state just what I think in this campaign, and you can vote for me or not. It is sheer robbery to continue a tariff that was laid at a time when we needed enormous revenue. See the surplus piling up in the public vault. You say it's better to have a surplus than a deficit. Yes, but I'd rather have the surplus in the pockets of the people. This taxing the people to death, in order to have a surplus to expend in senseless appropriations, is poor policy."

In this strain his whole speech ran, and it had an electrical effect. They cheered him tremendously, and the meeting broke up, and discussion burst out all over the hall with appalling fury, and continued each day thereafter. The railroad question and the tariff question began right there to divide the county into two camps. The young leader carried the same disturbing influence into every township in which he spoke, and the whole county became a debating school. It took a position far ahead of the other counties of the State in the questions.

Men stopped each other, and talked from plow to plow across the line fence. They met in the road upon dusty loads of wheat, and sat hours at a time under the burning August sun to discuss the matter of railroad commissions, and the fixing of rates, and the question of reducing the surplus in the treasury.

The old greenbackers came out of their temporary retirement,

and helped Bradley's cause simply because he was young and a dissenter. They were a power, for most of them were deeply read on the tariff and 'on the railroad problem; in fact, were all round radicals and fluent speakers.

Judge Brown kept out of it. "I don't want to seem too prominent in this campaign," he said to Colonel Peavy. "We old Mohawks are a damage to any man's campaign just now. The time is coming, colonel, when we'll help, but not now. We've set the mischief afoot; now let the young fellows and the farmers do the rest of it. Besides, my young man here is quite able to look out for himself. All that scares me is, he'll get too radical, even for the Democracy, one of these days. If he does, all is we'll have to build a party up to his principle, for he'll be right, Colonel; there's no two ways about that."

III.

The interest of the election was very great; and as the vote of Rock River practically settled the contest, the centre of interest was the Court House, which was crowded to suffocation on election night. There was a continual jam and a continual change. Crowds stood around the doorway, or moved up and down the sidewalk. Crowds were constantly running up and down the stairway, and crowding in and out the dingy, dimly lighted court-room, which was roaring with voices, blue with smoke, and foul as a dungeon with tobacco and vitiated breaths.

All the men of the town seemed to be present, from old man Dickey, the chicken thief and fisherman, to cold, aristocratic R. F. Bussell, the banker. Rowdyish boys pushed and banged and howled, playing at hide-and-seek among the legs of the men, who filled every foot of standing space, or were perched on the railings or tables near the judge's bench, from which the returns were being called. The kerosene lamps shed a dim light through the smoke. There was no fire, and the excited partisans kept their hats and coats on, and warmed themselves by wild gestures and stamping.

Occasionally a boy's shrill yell or whistle, or some excited Democrat's calling, "It's a whack! I'll take yeh!" rose above the clamor. Upon the benches piled up along the wall, to leave the middle space free, groups of the less demonstrative citizens of both parties sat discussing the chances of the different candidates. Bradley was not there, but young Mason and Milton were considered his representatives, and were surrounded by a constant crowd of sympathizers. It was about nine o'clock at night before the decisive returns began to come in.

Occasionally the sound of furious pounding was heard, and a

momentary lull was enforced while the clerk read some telegraphic message or report of a neighboring town. When he stood upon the judge's bench, at about nine o'clock, the crowd, aware in some mysterious way of the arrival of decisive news, made a wild surge toward the clerk, and shouted for silence, while he announced in a high nasal key: "Rock River gives a hundred and ninety-one for Kimball, two hundred and twenty-five for Talcott." At this a wild cheer broke forth, led by Milton and young Mason.

"That means victory!" said Milton.

"Don't be too sure of it! Wait for Cedarville."

The reading went on, with occasional yells from either the Democrats or Republicans, according to the special quality of the report, but it was plain that the most interest was centered in the contest for representative.

As the evening wore on, messengers clattered up on horseback from other towns of the county, and amid yells and cheers were hustled up the stairway, through the crowd to the clerk, carrying in their hands envelopes filled with election returns. These returns from the townships were almost entirely in Bradley's favor, but Cedarville was the decisive vote. Messengers from the little telegraph station dashed to and fro, and the excitement was fanned into greater fury by the accounts of Democratic gains from other counties and other States. "It's a political landslide," exulted Mason. "The Democrats are in it this time."

At length there rose the cry of "Cedarville! Cedarville!" and a messenger bearing a telegraph blank was rushed through to the reading-desk, where his message was snatched by the clerk. Again there was a wild surge toward the desk; and a silence, broken only by derisive cheers from the boys, fell over the room while the clerk glanced over the message.

"Cedarville gives seventy votes for Kimball, and a hundred and ten for Talcott."

The Independents shouted themselves hoarse, and flung their caps in the air. Talcott had carried both of the towns of the county; he was sure of the farmers. The boys howled like savages, and tripped each other over the railings and seats, boxed hats, punched the men in the back, and hid around their legs; while the clerk went on with his reading, at more and more frequent intervals, of reports from other States and districts of the congressional field. The old-line Democrats were delirious with joy. The promised land was in sight.

It was about half-past twelve o'clock when Colonel Russell conceded Bradley's election, and two stout men toiled up the stairs, bringing his forfeit of two barrels of apples. Amid wilds yells from the crowd, they threw the barrels to the floor,

where they burst, and sent Northern Spys rolling in every direction.

Then came a wilder roar and scramble, that outdid everything that had gone before, and a surging mass of struggling men and boys covered the apples. They threw themselves upon each other's backs. They clawed like wild-cats, barked like wolves. They kicked each other out of the way, and scratched and mauled each other, crushing hats, tearing coats, bruising shins.

The wrestle of starving wild hogs for corn or potatoes could not have been more tumultuous or ear-splitting than this ferocious, jovial scramble. It ceased only when the last apple was secured, so that none could snatch it away. Then began the fusilade of cores and parings. Shining stove-pipe hats were choice game, and to throw a core clean through a silk hat was a distinction which everybody seemed to covet. In five minutes not a tall hat was to be seen. Colonel Peavy wrapped his handkerchief around his, thus drawing upon himself the attack of the entire crowd, and he was forced to retreat.

In the streets of the town, the boys, without the slightest care about who was elected, were stealing kerosene barrels and dry-goods boxes, in order to keep the bonfire going. When they heard of the free apples which they had missed by their zeal in bonfiring, a bitterness came upon them, and they came together and tried to organize a committee to go down and see Judge Brown and state their grievance.

At last one desperate young fellow took the lead, and the rest marched after. He moved off down the street, shouting through his closed lips "*Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum!*" The rest took up the drum-like cry, and marched after him two and two. They made straight towards Judge Brown's office, where they knew Bradley was. They halted and raised a great shout.

"Three cheers for the Honorable Brad," and gave them wildly.

This brought the judge out; and when they saw him, they yelled in lugubrious tones, as if they were starving, "Apples! apples!"

The judge shouted down, "All right, boys, I'll send Robie up. He'll roll out all the apples you want." The boys gave another great cheer, and departed.

Bradley sat there in the judge's office in a sort of daze. He could not say a word. His thought was not clear. He was not at all anxious. Somehow he could not feel that it was his fate that was being decided. On the contrary, it seemed to be some other person. He was not excited; he was only puzzled and wondering.

At last the crowd was heard coming from the Court House. Wild cheers sounded faintly far up the street. The sound of a band was heard, and the marching of feet, rhythmic on the

sidewalks. There came the sound of rapid footsteps of a courier; and so familiar was Bradley with the sidewalk that he knew exactly where the runner was by the different note given out by each section of planking. They were crossing the street. Now they came across the warped and clattering length before the butcher shop. Then over the crisp, solid planking before Robie's. Then came a rush up the stairway, and Milton and young Mason burst into the room.

"Hurra, we've carried you through! You're elected, sure as guns!"

"Three cheers for Democracy and progress," shouted the judge, in high excitement, from the open windows. They were given with tremendous vigor by the crowd from below, and the band struck up "Hail Columbia."

* * * * *

It was two o'clock when Bradley and the judge got away from the crowd and went home to bed. They found Mrs. Brown sitting up. With customary thoughtlessness of men, neither of them had taken her anxiety into account.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, are you up?"

"Yes, Mr. Brown; I wanted to hear the news. You didn't suppose I could go to bed without it," she replied, calmly, though she was trembling with eagerness.

"Well, we're elected, Mrs. Brown," said the judge proudly.

She came up to Bradley timidly, a longing mixed with pride expressed in her face. Bradley took her in his arms, and laid her cheek on his shoulder. She stood before him like a mother now. He felt her pride in him, and she had grown very dear to him.

IV.

Des Moines appeared to Bradley to be very great and very noisy. It was the largest city he had ever seen. He was born in Eastern Wisconsin on a farm, and his early life had been spent far from any populous centre; very largely, indeed, in the timberlands. He had been in Lacrosse, that is to say, he changed cars there, and Rock River and Iowa City were the only towns he had ever lived in.

He had the preconception that Des Moines was a fine city, but its streets seemed endless to him that cold, clear night that he got off the train and walked up the sidewalk. He had been told to go right to the Richwood House, because that was the legislative headquarters. He walked, carrying his valise in his hand, and looking furtively about him. He knew he ought not to do so, but the life about him and the endless rows of vast buildings fascinated him—drew his attention constantly.

The portico of the hotel awed him with its red sandstone magnificence, and he moved timidly on towards the centre of the rotunda with hesitating and uncertain steps. It seemed to be the realization of his imaginings of Chicago. It subdued him into absolute clownishness; and the porter who rushed towards him and took his valise from his hands, classified him off-hand as another one of those country fellows who must be watched and prevented from blowing out the gas. Bradley signed his name on the book without any flourishes, and without writing the "Honorable" before his name, as most of the other members had done.

"Front!" yelled the clerk, in an imperative voice. Bradley started, and then grew hot over his foolishness. "Show this gentleman to No. 30. Like dinner?" the clerk asked, in a kindly interest. Bradley nodded, suddenly remembering that in fashionable life dinner came at six o'clock. "Ready in about ten minutes," the clerk said, looking at the clock.

Bradley followed the boy to the elevator. He noticed that the darkey did not enter with him, but ran up the stairs. He could see him rushing around the curves, his hands sliding on the railings. He met him at the door of the elevator and motioned to him,—"This way, suh." There was something in his tone that puzzled Bradley; and as he walked along the hall, he thought of the soft carpet under his feet (it must have been two inches thick) and of that tone in the boy's voice.

A dull fire of soft coal was burning on the grate, and the boy punched it up, and said, "'Nother gent jes' left. I git some mo' coal."

The room, like all hotel rooms, was a desolate place, notwithstanding its one or two elaborate pieces of furniture, its fine carpet, and its easy chair. It had a distinctly homeless quality. Bradley sat down in the big chair before the fire, and took time to think it all over. He was really here as a legislator for a great State. The responsibility and honor of the position came upon him strongly as he sat there alone in this great hotel looking at the fire. That he, of all the men in his county, should have been selected for this office, was magnificent. He drew a long sigh, and said inwardly:—

"I'll be true to my trust." And he meant, in addition, to be so dignified and serious that he would not seem young to the other legislators.

He was reading, from a little frame on the wall, the rules of the house when the boy knocked on the door, and started away towards the fire, so that the boy should not suspect what he had been doing. He returned to the reading, however, after the boy had gone out. He read "Don't Blow out the Gas," without

feeling it an impertinence, and went over to read the code of signals posted above the bell punch.

Ring once for Bell Boy.
Ring twice for Ice Water.
Ring three for Fire.
Ring four for Chambermaid.

His mind went off in a pursuit of trivial matters concerning this code. What would happen if he rang three times—which he thought stood for alarm of fire. In imagination he heard the outcries throughout the various floors and rooms of the house. Then his mind went back to the fact that the boy was not allowed to ride in the elevator. He wondered if this touch of southern feeling would ever get any farther north. For the first time in his life he had met the question of caste.

He went down to supper, as he called it himself, in the dining-room, which he found to be a very large and splendid apartment. A waiter in a dress coat (he had never seen a live figure in a dress coat before) met him at the door, and with elaborate authority called another darkey, in a similar dress coat, to show him to a chair.

The second darkey led the way down the polished floor (which Bradley walked with difficulty), his coat tails wagging in a curious fashion, by reason of the action of his bow legs. He was obliged to take the uncomprehending Bradley by the arm, while he shoved the chair under him; but he did it with such courtesy that no one noticed it. He was accustomed to give this silent instruction in ceremonies. Bradley noticed that, notwithstanding the splendor of his shirt-front, collar, and dress coat, his shoes were badly broken, though highly polished.

A man sat at the opposite side of the table reading a newspaper over his coffee. He attracted Bradley's attention because he had a scowl on his face, and his hair was tumbled picturesquely about his forehead. Even his brown moustache contrived to have an oddly dishevelled look.

They ate in silence for some time, or rather Bradley did; the other man read and sipped his coffee, and continued to frown and swear under his breath. At length he burst forth in a suppressed exclamation: "Well, I'll be damned." When he looked at Bradley, his eyes were friendly, and he seemed to require some one to talk to.

"These devilish railroads will own the country, body and breeches yet."

"What are they up to now?" said Bradley.

"They've secured Joe Manley as their attorney, one of the best lawyers in the State. It's too cussed bad." He looked sad. "I can't account for it. I suppose he got hard up, and couldn't stand the pressure. I wonder if you know how these infernal corporations capture a State!"

"No, but I'd like to know. I'm down here to fight 'em."

"That so? from where?"

"From Rock County. I'm the representative; Talcott is my name," Bradley said, seizing an excuse to announce himself.

"Is that so! Well, now, I'm an old cock in the pit, and I want to warn you. I've known many a fine, honest fellow to get involved. Now I'll tell you how it's done. Before you have been here a week, some of these railroads will send for you, and tell you they've heard of you as a prominent young lawyer of the State. Oh, they've heard of you, we've all heard of your canvass; and as they are in need of an attorney in your county, they'd like very much to have you take charge, etc., of any legislation that may arise there, and so on. There may not be a week's work during the year, and there may be a great deal, etc., but they will be glad to pay you six hundred dollars or eight hundred dollars, if you will take the position.

"Well, we'll suppose you take it. You go back to Rock; you have little business for the railroad, but your salary comes in regularly. You say to yourself that, in case any work comes up which is dishonorable, you'll refuse to take hold of it. But that money comes in nicely. You marry on the expectations of its continuance. You get to depending upon it. You live up to it. You don't find anything which they demand of you really dishonest, and you keep on; but really cases of the railroad against the people do come up, and your sense of justice isn't so acute as it used to be. You manage to argue yourself into doing it. If you don't do it, somebody else will, etc., and so you keep on"—

After an impressive pause, during which the speaker gazed away in his face, he finished: "Suddenly the war of the corporations against the people is on us, and you find you are the paid tool of the corporation, and that the people are distrustful of you, and that you are practically helpless."

The man spoke in a low voice, but somehow his words had the quality of exciting the imagination. Bradley thrilled at the picture of moral disintegration hinted at. The imaginative tragedy was brought very close to him.

"Do they really do that?" he asked.

"That's a part of their plan. The proof of it will be in the offer which they'll make to you in less than ten days. They're always on the lookout for such men, especially men who have the confi-

dence of the farmers. The next great war in this State and in the nation is to be a railway war."

"You think so. I think the tariff"—

"What is the tariff, compared to the robbery that makes Gould and Sage and Vanderbilt? I tell you, young man, the corporations in this country are eating the life out of it. This power of three men to get together, steal the privilege from the people, and by their joint action to produce a fourth body (*corpus*), behind which they hide and push their schemes,—an intangible something which outlives them all,—that is the power that is undermining this government. It's against the Constitution. Old Chief Justice Marshall in his verdict (which ushered in the reign of corporations in this country) distinctly said that it was based on usurpation, dating back to the Stuarts or the Georges; and the hint in that was, that it was entirely un-American and unconstitutional."

Bradley perceived that he was in the presence of another reformer like himself. He wondered if he seemed so cranky to other men. He was interested by the man's evident thought and honesty of purpose and by the sympathy of a city man with a farmer's fight.

"You're with us in our fight against the railroads?"

The man threw one arm back over the top of his chair, and looked at Bradley out of his half-closed eyes. "Of course. Only you're so damned narrow. Excuse me. You don't see that you've got to kill *every* corporation. *Every* corporation is an infringement of individual rights. When three men go into business as a firm, they should every one be liable for every contract which they make. The creation of an intangible corporate personality is a trick to evade liability. Make war against the whole system," he said, rising. "Don't go fooling about with regulating fares and forming commissions. Declare corporations illegal, and let the people know their practices."

They went down to the rotunda floor together. The electric lights flooded the brilliant marbles with a dazzling light. Groups of men were gathered around spittoons, talking earnestly, gesticulating with fists and elaborate broad-hand, free-arm movements—political gestures, as Bradley recognized.

"These are your colleagues and their parasites," said Bradley's companion, whose name was Cargill. "Know any of 'em?"

"No; I don't know any of the legislators."

Cargill led him up to a group which surrounded a gigantic old man who leaned on a cane and gesticulated with his powerful left hand.

"Senator Wood, let me introduce Hon. Bradley Talcott, of Rock."

"Ah, glad to see you, sir. Glad to see you. Gentlemen, this is the young man who made that gallant fight up in Rock. This is the Hon. Jones of Boone, Mr. Talcott, and this is Sam Wells of Cerro Gordo, one of the most remorseless jokers in the House. Look out for him!"

After shaking hands all about, Bradley hastened to say, "Don't let me interrupt. Go on, senator. I want to listen." This made a fine impression on the senator, who loved dearly to hear the sound of his own voice. He proceeded to enlarge upon his plan for gerrymandering the State—to the advantage of the Democratic party, of course.

In the talk which followed, Bradley was brought face to face with the fact that these men were more occupied in maintaining the hold of their parties upon the offices than upon principles of legislation. They were not legislators in many instances; they were gamesters.

"Now, let me tell you something more," said Cargill, as he led his way back to a settee near the wall. He drew up a chair for his feet, lighted his cigar, pulled his little soft hat down to the bridge of his nose, put one thumb behind his vest, and began in a peculiar sardonic tone: "Now, here is where the legislation really takes place—here and at the Iowa House. See those fellows?" He waved his hand in a circle around the rotunda, now filled with stalwart men laughing loudly or talking in confidential, deeply interested groups, with their heads close together. "There are the supposed lawmakers of the State. What do you think of them anyway?"

Bradley was silent. He was so filled with new sensations and ideas that he could not talk.

Cargill mused a little. "I suppose it all appears to you as something very fine and very important. Now, don't make a mistake. The most of these fellows are not even average men. I have a theory that, take it one ten years with another, the legislatures of our country must be necessarily beneath the average, because the man who is a thinker or a moralist necessarily represents a minority. Anyhow, these men support my theory, don't they?"

There was a distinct bitterness in his tone that made his words sink deep. There was a touch of literary grace also in his phrases, quite unlike anything Bradley had ever heard.

"You imagine these men honest. You say 'they differ from me' honestly. But I know there is no question of principle in their action. They simply say No. 1, first, party next, and principle last of all. I remember how awe-struck I was during my first term. Now, don't waste any nervous energy on admiring these men or standing in awe of them. Jump right in, and take care

of yourself. Vote for party, but make arrangements before you vote — no; I forgot. You stand for a real principle, and success may lie for you in standing by it. Yes, on the whole, I believe I would stand by principle; it will bring you out in greater relief from the rest of them, and then the people may begin to think. I doubt it, however."

"You are a pessimist, then," said Bradley, feeling that there was an undercurrent of dark philosophy in Cargill's voice.

"I am. The whole damned thing is a botch, in my opinion. You may find it different," he said, with a mocking gleam of his eyes, as he rose and walked away. Bradley did not believe the man meant half what he said, and yet his bitterness had thrown a sombre shadow over his heart. The vista ahead was not quite so bright as it had been except where Miss Wilbur seemed to walk. He longed to go out and find her, and tried to content himself with walking up and down the street, which seemed incredibly brilliant with its lighted windows and streams of gay young people coming and going.

At last he came to a corner where he saw the name of her street upon the lamp post, and the hunger to see her was irresistible. He rushed up the street with desperate haste. He wished he had started sooner. It was eight o'clock, and there was danger that she might be gone out. The electric cars hardly diverted him as they came floating weirdly down the line,—the trolley invisible, the wheels emitting green sheets of light at the crossings.

When he came to the house, he found it all dark save a dim light in the rear, and it made him shiver with a premonition of failure. A servant girl answered his ring. He had the hope that this was the wrong house after all.

"Can you tell me if Miss Wilbur lives here?"

"Yassir, but she nat hee-er," answered the girl, with the Norwegian accent.

"Where is she?"

"Ay nat know. Ay tank she ees goot ways off; hehr mooder she ees gawn to church."

Bradley no longer looked at the stars as he walked along the street. All his doubts and fears and his timidity and his reticence came back upon him, and something warm and sweet seemed to go out of the far vista of his life.

EDITORIAL.

TWO HOURS IN THE SOCIAL CELLAR.

It is my purpose, in this paper, to present simply and briefly some typical scenes in the social cellar of Boston, and to touch upon some things which seem to me to be root causes of our present deplorable social conditions; for it must be evident to every thoughtful student of sociology to-day that radical economic changes must be brought about before the rising tide of poverty and misery will receive a substantial check. Few people have any adequate idea of the nature or extent of the sufferings among the very poor in our great cities; and until the facts are generally known, no measures can be brought about which will strike effective blows at the grave injustice which fathers so much misery.

The principal scenes I am about to describe met my view on an afternoon in January (the second day after the thermometer registered two degrees below zero at the Blue Hill Observatory). The weather had moderated considerably, but it was still very cold. The wind penetrated to the very bone. The atmosphere was charged with moisture, which seemed to herald a heavy snow when the air should become a little milder. We first stopped at a place I had on other occasions visited, but this time I found a great change for the better. True, the halls were as dark as before, and the omnipresent odor of garbage was as stifling as on former visits, but within this tenement a great change was noticeable: the walls and ceiling were newly whitewashed and papered, and the place was, in comparison with its former appearance, positively cheery and inviting. I was amazed, knowing the greedy propensities of the Croesuses who own these wretched dens. Had an owner actually visited these quarters? Had his heart softened? Had he determined to make one home happy and inviting, by the voluntary outlay of a few dollars of his extortionate rent? By no means. Mr. Swaffield,* who accompanied me, explained the mystery. It was disease which had brought about the change. A terrible disease,—diphtheria,—not often considered a blessing in disguise, in this case proved such, as the Board of Health had compelled the landlord to thoroughly renovate, whitewash, and newly paper the rooms. This apartment is occupied by a woman whose husband is an

* Rev. Walter J. Swaffield, pastor of Bethel Mission, North End, Boston.

invalid in the Western Islands. She supports herself and two children by sewing on pants, at what may be regarded starvation wages; but her lot is less pitiable than that of hundreds of others in this section of Boston.

We next stepped up an alley-way leading from one of the principal streets, and found ourselves face to face with a large rookery, dark, dirty, and uninviting without; but the exterior was palatial in comparison with the interior—halls dark as midnight in a dungeon; air heavy with foul odors, and seemingly devoid of oxygen; the banisters greasy and the stairs much worn, as we could feel rather than see.

Here a succession of never-to-be-forgotten pictures met our eyes, depicting at once the startling inhumanity of wealth and the infinite misery of poverty in the modern Athens. In one room a young woman, with remarkably bright and attractive face, was busy at her washing. She has six children and a mother to support during the absence of her husband, who is at sea. She goes out washing, and also takes in what she can secure.

"We do very well," she said, with a half-uttered sigh and a shadow flitting over her cheerful face, "when we can get work. This week," she continued, "I have been very fortunate, and have been kept quite busy."

"What rent do you pay for these two rooms?"

"Two dollars and a half a week."

I was startled. Two dollars and a half for these wretched dens in the heart of the slums! One hundred and thirty dollars a year for rent! Surely Shylock ought soon to be able to buy a high place in public esteem on such a rich harvest of blood money. Surely he ought to be able to enjoy steam launches and private cars. His children might summer in Europe and winter in Florida, and how munificent might be his gifts to church, colleges, and libraries; while if he owns several such buildings, he would still be able to live in sumptuous luxury.

We visited several tenements in this same building, which told practically the same story, so far as biting poverty and general all-around wretchedness were concerned. At last we reached the attic. Here one small dormer window afforded all the light for the main room. On one side of this window the roof slanted to the floor. In the corner under this low-bending ceiling was a pile of rags, upon which lay two half-naked little waifs, suffering with an acute attack of La Grippe, induced by inability, on the parents' part, to obtain any fuel when the cold spell set in. The father being a chronic invalid, the mother has to support the family. In a crib was a seven-year-old child, whose large and expressive eyes wandered from the ceiling to the equally dismal wall, from thence to us, and then to its mother, at sight of whom a

visible smile spoke of love and sense of security. When we entered the room the mother looked up hastily, and a smile flitted across her sad face when she saw Mr. Swaffield, who is looked upon much as a father by numbers of families in this world of wretchedness. She did not, however, relax her work. After the first salutation, steadily, almost ferociously, she plied her needle, glancing apprehensively once or twice at the slowly increasing gloom without. She seemed greedy for the light. Each moment must be utilized. A dark day at best, night would soon come, and that meant cessation of work or lights, and lights cost money. To a person who has but a few cents wherewith to supply life's many demands, even a light means much. Yes, she must improve every moment; there was a dollar and a half a week rent to pay; there was food to buy. Was it not for lack of money to buy fuel that her children now suffered? And that suffering alone brought more than added anxious care; it called for medical advice and remedies. When we laid some oranges on the table, saying we thought the children would enjoy them, again a smile, or rather the phantom of a smile, crept across her face as she thanked us; but in a moment it was gone, and the leathery skin assumed the old expression of profound melancholy. As I studied that face, bronzed and furrowed in the most wearing and terrible battle known to modern times; as my eye fell on that little human register of hope and fear, love and anguish, I could not escape the thought that here, in the compass of a single brain, lay a record of the misery common to millions to-day in the very noontide of Christian civilization. I felt that a thrill of unutterable horror would pulsate through the being of every man and woman in society, from the wealthy landlord to the humble artisan, who yet earns a respectable living, could, by some marvellous power, that wonderful photo-phonograph, called the brain, unroll the history of this life from the time when, an infant, with bright, wonder-lit eyes, she nestled on a mother's breast, until now, a wreck, bent, haggard, old before the time for age to stamp its impress, she sews from early dawn to far into night. This poor woman, in the eventide of day and life, types the condition of millions of God's children who are the legitimate products of our nineteenth-century civilization.

From this attic, after visiting many other quarters scarcely less terrible, and all presenting, substantially, the same picture of chronic wretchedness, we descended several steps, and found ourselves in a cellar apartment, about half under ground. The ceiling was only seven and one-half feet from the floor. If these rooms ever contained any salable articles of furniture, they had disappeared; and the woman related to us, with tears starting from her eyes, and quivering lip, the terrible fact that for three days

they had had no fire (and be it remembered that one of these days was the coldest of the month of January). The husband, who through sickness had lost his work, had just succeeded in securing some broken-up wood, in pay for a day's work. Neither the man nor woman had any appearance of being addicted to drink. The man said, with feeling, "All I want is work." The poor woman, in consequence of being thus exposed in this damp and freezing cellar, without a spark of fire, was in agony from rheumatism; her lungs also were affected. Seldom have I witnessed a scene so absolutely hopeless, so dreary, so well calculated to bring a feeling of overpowering heart sickness to any sensitive soul, as this. Here was a family of seven, apparently sober and reasonably intelligent, only asking for work. Here, in the heart of Boston, was a woman writhing in the agony of rheumatism, in a cellar where, for three days, in bitter winter weather, there had been no fire, and where food also was entirely exhausted. Their rent is one dollar and a half a week, for a den not fit for the most degraded criminal. The atmosphere, owing to the proximity of outbuildings, was horrible beyond description. Their present need was relieved, and we left the apartment, knowing that the cloud had, for the moment, been lifted; yet the relief was only temporary. Perhaps the next week or month their condition, through sickness or inability to obtain work, might be far more terrible; and this is a single typical case taken from hundreds who are practically in the same condition. No *charity* work, however grand the scale or wisely carried on, can take the place of *justice*; and though charity, at the present time, is very necessary, it is radical, social, and economic changes that are urgently demanded. This commonwealth of misery and despair is largely the legitimate product of unjust social conditions. Its inhabitants are victims of human selfishness and greed—prisoners of poverty—driven toward starvation by the merciless lash of law, in the hands of injustice.

Another scene I will touch upon, only to show how extreme poverty crushes the more refined and delicate sensibilities of the human soul, as well as blunts in a more general way the moral nature. We found an attic inhabited by a brother and a sister. The latter had just stepped out, the brother was at home. He seemed about forty years of age and rather below the average in intelligence, even in this district. The apartments gave every evidence of the most abject poverty, containing a single bed for its occupants, a deplorable fact which my friend had mentioned as we were wending our way up the dark stairs. Terrible, indeed, is such a spectacle; but when poverty touches the borders of starvation, we have no right to judge harshly. They may have maintained their virtue even thus; it is not our place to

judge individuals, especially in such desperate straits. But this we do say, social conditions which crush people into these extremities are being judged, and the trial will not be over until justice, in a broader acceptation than society has ever recognized, has been established.

In one cellar, seven and one-half feet from floor to ceiling, we found an American lady who had been accustomed to far different circumstances. She was a person of education and refinement. Her apartments, though surrounded by filth and squalor, were as clean as if the environment wooed cleanliness and fanned hope. I have never heard purer English spoken than she used. Every word and movement indicated refinement. Her husband died three years ago, leaving her two little girls. For one she had secured a home in New Hampshire. The other, a beautiful though delicate little tot of about five years, remained with her. This child was a veritable rose among thorns, polite and refined in manner. On receiving some oranges, she bowed with easy grace, saying, "Oh, I thank you, sir," while her dancing eyes expressed the joy that had entered her heart. The mother showed photographs of her dead husband and the little girl who, through the exigencies of want, had been compelled to find a home more than a hundred miles away. The little girl brought out a scrap-book, given her by her father, before he died; it was clean and well preserved. I note these facts to show that even here in the slums, in the direst poverty, in a cellar without a sign of fire, and with scarcely any furniture, a mother and her child preserved, against all the crushing influence of environment, their refinement, cleanliness, and that sweet spirit which so often dies when hope vanishes, when degradation and dirt surround one, and when all the sweet and inspiring influences of life are withdrawn. This to me was one of the saddest phases of existence witnessed in the social cellar.

Such are a few typical pictures of life to-day in Boston, and the wide area of want and misery is year by year extending its bounds. Where a few years since there were probably a few hundred lives thus languishing, starving and suffering, now there are thousands; and unless we have radical, social, and economic changes at an early day, the army will be numbered by the tens of thousands in every great city. About the truth of this statement there can be no question, because our present economic conditions drive the poor into lower depths of poverty as effectively as Constantine's cavalry drove Maxentius and his cohorts into the Tiber. Upon the prostrate forms of the poor, the privileged classes are rising to greater opulence, and are being enabled to indulge in the gratification of passion, appetite, and vanity to a greater degree of prodigality than was ever before

witnessed in a government which retained the form or shell of a republic. All charitable measures, though humane and noble, are only palliative, only temporary. They relieve in a measure the pain of the moment, but they do not touch the disease. They are at best only loaves of bread thrown to the imprisoned thousands, or single lines by which one in a hundred may escape from confinement. They do not throw open the doors.*

The statement that "the poor are growing poorer and the rich richer," has been so often repeated and so frequently thoughtlessly uttered, that it carries little of its really terrible significance to the average mind, while many dismiss it as an exaggerated utterance of social malcontents. And yet it is a simple statement of a truth which is demonstrable. Everything in our present social condition favors the man who has an abundance of money; everything works against the man who has little. Let us take, for example, life's necessities — those things which all must purchase to a greater or less extent. And to be still more specific, let us notice a single item, fuel, for instance. The wealthy and those in comfortable circumstances are able, without inconvenience, to lay in their winter's supply of coal in summer, when it is very low. Thus each householder saves enough money by this single transaction to comfortably support the poor man's family for several weeks during the most trying season of the year. These benefits thus derived are denied the very poor; they cannot command sufficient money to purchase, even if they had a storehouse in which to place the supply. Nevertheless, their condition would be less pitiable if, when winter came, they could buy coal by the ton and wood by the cord. But this again is impossible, at least so far as thousands in our great cities are concerned, owing to the fact that their meagre earnings for one week have disappeared before their next pay day arrives; and, moreover, they have no room to store a ton of coal. Thus they are compelled to purchase by the basketful, which in effect is the same as though they suffered a double robbery; as though they had fallen into the hands of two bands of brigands, each levying a tribute. Do not understand me as

* During the past year THE ARENA has raised about two thousand dollars for the relief of destitution among the deserving poor. Through this fund, in many instances, starvation and eviction have been held in check, the sick have been cared for, many out-of-works helped to secure permanent positions, children have been clothed and shod that they might attend school, and a vast amount of misery relieved. But splendid as have been the results accomplished in individual cases, it has not touched the real evil, save inasmuch as our agitation of the problem has directed the public mind to the gravity of the situation and the injustice endured by the poor. Do not understand me as intimating that this work has been useless. It was necessary; it has made lives better; it has given hope to the hopeless, and in many ways wrought good which will count in the future, as it does in the present. But what I wish to say is, that the great sea of want, instead of diminishing in size while we have been working, is widening all the time. In my recent visits to the slums of the North End, I was appalled at the magnitude of misery represented to-day in Boston. Palliative measures are necessary for temporary relief; but the hour has struck when every true American must boldly assail social conditions so much at fault as to push the poor, with ever-increasing force, toward starvation or crime.

charging the dealers with either robbery or brigandage. I merely wish to emphasize the important fact that to the poor man the effect is exactly the same as if he were the victim of *individuals* instead of *social conditions*.

Now, in order to bring this thought still more clearly before the reader, I requested Mr. Swaffield, whose church is in the heart of the slums of the North End, to ascertain how much the poor people in his vicinity were paying for coal, who were purchasing by the basketful. He informs me that by the basket, coal is selling at twenty-five cents, there being thirty-four baskets to the ton, making eight dollars and a half per ton; while he is buying in twelve-ton lots, to be delivered as per his order in one-fourth ton lots, at five dollars and a half per ton, a difference of three dollars per ton. Thus Mr. Swaffield, who, when he wrote, had just paid a bill of sixty-six dollars for twelve tons, saved thirty-six dollars. Had he bought as these poor people are forced to do, by the basketful, he would have had to pay one hundred and two dollars. Thus we find the very people who can least afford to pay high prices compelled to pay over one-third more than the rich. On every five thousand dollars' worth at the price these poor people are paying, those able to buy by the ton would save over one thousand six hundred dollars; while those who buy by the wholesale in summer save much more. Here, then, we have a striking illustration of how social conditions to-day favor the privileged classes and crush the poor; but this is only one illustration of many which might be cited.

Our present laws regulating taxes favor the maintenance of miserable old buildings, for we fine industry, and discourage improvements by taxing improvements. Hence the landlord, who understands well that if he builds a clean, wholesome, airy tenement, he will have his taxes doubled or tripled for his pains, allows the old building, with its filth, its disease germs, its death-dealing atmosphere, to remain, knowing full well that, as long as it stands, taxes will be low; while the necessity of the very poor will compel them to pay rent, which will enable him to realize an enormous per cent on his investment. Of the general effect of this system of taxation I speak at length below. The Boston *Record* made a partial investigation of this subject some months since, and published figures showing that the landlords received twelve, fifteen, and in many instances a higher per cent on their investments. One of these tenements described by this paper is assessed for eight thousand dollars, and of it the reporter observed that the rental per year was "one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars." Here, again, we see unjust social conditions favoring the rich and crushing the poor.

Another powerful factor working to widen the breach between opulence and poverty is the enormous immigration which is monthly swept upon our shores from the slums of the old world. A large class of the immigrants which came to America in early days left their native lands because of their convictions. They were people of great moral worth and intellectual independence, and were therefore a distinct gain to the young republic. They were allured to our shores because of the greater liberty and freedom accorded to unconventional and heretical ideas. America, as an asylum for such as they, had nothing to lose and everything to gain; and the tide of ignorance and pauperism which came in with this class of more sterling worth, was no distinct menace for many reasons. In the first place, the men of conviction neutralized the influence of a class who had no strong desires above getting along comfortably. In the second place, we had no populous cities, with congested masses of stragglers for bread. Land was plentiful and free. And, again, no great monopolies controlled transportation at will; no vast associations of gamblers had it in their power to depress the price of the farmer's products for months, or until he had been compelled to sell, and then raise the price until his poor compatriots in the towns and cities paid princely tributes to those who toiled not. At that time trusts and combines did not control mines and manufactories, nor had legislation produced a well-nigh invincible plutocracy to fatten year by year, at the expense of the poor, on the special privileges granted by class legislation. Then the ideal of liberty and justice was approximated as it has never been since, because the people came far nearer enjoying equal opportunities.

Now conditions have changed—radically changed. No longer do we even approach equality of opportunities. Indeed, we have just observed that our present conditions represent the extreme of inequality. Therefore, however wise it might be to continue the policy of opening our gates to the oppressed of all lands if justice trod by liberty's side, until revolutions can be brought about which will grant us more equitable social arrangements, every ship laden with immigrants will feed the fire which threatens the destructions of free government; every incoming army from the slums of Europe places the bread-winners of America in a more hopeless condition, while it necessarily and distinctly aids the plutocratic power which is to-day accumulating fortunes so colossal as to amaze the world, and rising to unequalled opulence over the prostrate forms of the bread-winners, and at the expense of justice, which alone forms a stable foundation for national life.

Let us glance at these facts somewhat more closely; for while, to my mind, if the people enjoyed equal opportunities, there could be but one answer to the immigration question, viz.: Let the

gate remain open, nevertheless we are now forced to argue from another hypothesis. What would be eminently proper in the presence of conditions resting on the everlasting granite of justice, may be unwise and vicious when conditions rest upon the sands of avarice and injustice.

Now, going back some decades in our history, let us suppose we are in the midst of a flourishing little city. Here are a few scores of widows and others who make a decent living by laboring for the "sweater." True, strict economy is required, but the mothers find it possible to live in clean though modest apartments and send their children to school. At length a ship arrives, crowded with the very poorest of European lands. These people are thoroughly ignorant, and know nothing of the value of education. They have been used to miserable, dark, and filthy dens, and the plainest food. The "sweater" hunts them out, for here is an opportunity to increase his already large profits. These people are glad to work for a much lower sum. Our own poor people at once feel the effect in reduced prices and less work. Now the children have to wear threadbare clothes, and the mothers no longer feel that their clothes are fit to wear to temples where men and women assemble to worship the meek and lowly Carpenter's Son. Besides, if their children remain at school and have enough to eat, they must work on Sundays. By and by other shiploads come, bearing fresh armies of the very poor, who have been accustomed to sleeping under any kind of shelter and even without shelter, and to whom dirt, filth, and indecent surroundings are not specially objectionable. They find cheaper quarters; they have been used to half starving; they care nothing for education, and have numerous children whom they press into the labor mill. Here, again, prices fall and work becomes still scarcer. The poor American women can no longer compete with the foreign cheap labor, which thrives in dirt and fattens in a city's slums, and whose offsprings ply the needle as well as the mothers. They, too, must sink to the frightful social environment of this class or starve.

And the accomplished American widow described above, well types this class. Moreover, with this physical suffering come moral decline and lowering of average intelligence. As fresh relays arrive, the condition grows more desperate; all chance for proper education for the young disappears; the environment is morally infected, inviting vice and crime. Furthermore, there is practically no hope for the blossoming of developed manhood and womanhood in the generations who come up within the borders of this vast social cellar. The little ones are robbed of the heritage which should fall to every child of this opulent republic.

If we go to our great mines, we find in many instances a

substantial repetition of the above experiences: the intelligent American and foreign born citizens are crowded out by those who have never known anything but ignorance and the most pitiable industrial slavery. The same influences are being felt in the manufacturing world, and, in short, in almost all departments of manual labor. Every shipload of immigrants which arrives under the present social condition, necessarily increases the misery of the struggling millions, rendering their lot still more hopeless. Thus here we find another important factor favoring the wealthy and forcing the needy into more hopeless depths of serfdom. Emigration, however, it should be clearly understood, is *not a prime cause* or elementary factor in our unjust social economy of the present day; neither would it be a grave menace to our institutions if law rested upon justice, and sanctioned only those things which were for the good of the whole people. At the present time, however, we find the condition aptly described by Shakespeare, when he observes,

That in the corrupted current of this world
Offence's gilded hand oft shoves by justice,
And oft it's seen the wicked prize itself
Buys off the law.

This is strikingly illustrated in the influence exerted by various gigantic monopolies, trusts, and combines which through *special privileges and class legislation* have become anacondas threatening the very life of free institutions by persistently baffling the wishes of the people in the caucuses, in the legislatures, or through their influence at the national Capitol. One significant illustration emphasizes this thought; I employ it because it comes to my eye as I write these lines. The anti-option bill, calculated to check the most iniquitous species of gambling of the present day, was up in Congress the second week in February. The fair prospect for its passing afforded an opportunity to the bears of Chicago to depress the market, exactly as information that the gamblers had baffled the people would have enabled the bulls to inflate stocks. What was the result? I quote from a despatch published in the great Eastern dailies on February 10, 1892:—

“The banks hurried a memorial to be sent to Congress protesting against the bill. Besides the protest sent by eighteen of the city banks, the Board of Directors appointed an additional committee to go to Washington and make plain the dangers.”

What do we find here? The aristocracy of the bankers, which has grown to formidable power through special privileges, rushing to the aid of the aristocracy of gamblers, and seeking, by the most dangerous methods, to destroy legislation in the interest of morality and the welfare of the whole people. This is signifi-

cant, but is by no means an exceptional instance of monopolies and aristocracies, which are the legitimate outgrowth of special privileges, seeking to circumvent all measures directed in the interests of the people or which are even suspected of being aimed at, checking the march of monopoly toward absolute power. *Hence, against all special privileges*, the legislation of the future should be directed. Abolish class legislation, and you have wrested from the hand of plutocracy one of the great chains with which it has manacled the industrial masses.

Another evil, which has contributed far more than most people imagine to produce present distressing social conditions, arises from speculation in land. To me it seems clear that the assumption that individuals have a right to hold idle vast tracts of lands from year to year, without giving to society adequate value in return for what society gives them in enhanced valuation, is manifestly unjust. Or to put the matter in another way, it is difficult to understand why an individual should be entitled to wealth in no way produced by himself; wealth which has been created by society, in enhancing the value of nature's beneficent gift to humanity, the land; wealth which is created, often in despite of the individual, by community, and yet from which the producer of the wealth receives no adequate return, as in the case of the vacant lots which disfigure the suburbs of every city, lying idle for decades and sometimes generations, that the holder may reap princely returns, after society has made the land valuable. Here, it seems to me, is something fundamentally unjust; and in its operation we see deplorable results, which sooner or later bloom on the stem of injustice.

Vast tracts of lands which should blossom with little homes are, through the greed of rich syndicates and individuals, held idle; the poor are forced to be tenants in apartments, instead of householders; the money they would yearly be able to expend on their homes is swallowed up in rents; they grow old without enjoying any of the benefits accruing from enhanced values, because *monopoly in land*, encouraged by our *present system of taxation*, has closed the door of opportunity against them. What is true of idle land which walls in the poor of our cities, in order that land speculators may grow rich, is equally true of land in the country, where may be found vast tracts held in the same way, often by alien landlords. This again prevents millions of honest, hard-working men from obtaining homes, in order that a few hundred individuals may grow immensely rich, not through any labor of their own, but through the enhancing of values created solely by society. This wrong will continue to grow more and more offensive until wise methods of taxation make speculation in lands unprofitable.

Again, it will doubtless be necessary for the government to abolish monopoly in transportation or bring forward such measure as shall prevent the nation's great highways from becoming a veritable mint for the most despicable class of usurers, by whose extortion the poor *producer* is deprived of fair profit, on the one side, while the poor *consumer* is compelled to pay more than a fair price on the other; that the manipulators of stocks and owners of the bonds of these great arteries of trade may live in princely palaces without labor. *Abolish special privileges, monopoly in transportation and speculation in land*, and plutocracy will be shorn of its Samsonian locks. Of course, there are other reforms needed, but these seem to me basic and of prime importance; and in compassing these, greater liberty and more healthful freedom will be enjoyed by the people, while justice to all the people will be approached as never before. Many less fundamental reforms will come first, owing to the urgency of popular need, which demands temporary relief afforded by palliative measures, and also because before great fundamental measures, which rest on justice and are calculated to supplant glaring wrongs, can be brought about, it will be necessary to educate the masses to think broadly and independently.

Meanwhile, let us not forget the millions who are now stifling, starving, and dying as the legitimate results of the injustice of our present social conditions. Let us give and give liberally, while, with eyes riveted upon justice, and with the good of all the people ever in view, we labor unceasingly for such radical reforms as will relieve our Christian civilization of the burning stigma of shame arising from upholding conditions so essentially unjust that they are directly responsible for a large per cent of the poverty, ignorance, and crime present in the republic to-day.



Mallie Cleveland

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FELIX AUSTRIA.

BY EMIL BLUM, PH. D.

WHEN Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary (†1490), wrote his famous distich:—

“Bella gerant alii! tu, *felix Austria*, nube!
Nam quae Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus!” *

he might have been correct from his point of view. But if the historian or the cool observer of our times investigates the political changes Austria has undergone, or her present conditions, he must come to the conclusion that what seemed to be good fortune to King Mathias, turned out to be the beginning of the end, and that nowadays Austria is anything but “*felix*.”

To prove the correctness of this statement, I shall describe to the reader of THE ARENA the true national, political, and social conditions of the country as graphically as lies in my power, having lived there fourteen years, and made it a part of my life study to dissect the causes and consequences of European politics. I am in many respects better qualified to speak of actual conditions than most writers.

The general impression of Austria, which I find prevailing in American circles, is that of a harmonious, prosperous country, whose population consists largely of Germans, with the exception of a minority, who speak some dialects (!) as: Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian, etc., and who are all united by a strong love for their dynasty, perfectly happy in their social conditions, and satisfied with their constitutional government. Let us investigate the facts critically.

* “Let others wage war! Wed thou, happy Austria!
Their ally is Mars, be thine Venus!”

Austria, or to call it properly by its new political term "*Austria-Hungary*," is an extensive country in the southern part of Central Europe, forming with its 240,942 square miles the fifteenth part of the whole area of Europe. In size it is exceeded only by Russia, in population by the German Empire, and as a political power it ranks equally with Germany, Russia, France, England, and Italy.

According to the estimates of the census of Dec. 31, 1890 (which I received before publication, and shall give here in round figures), Austria has a population of 43,000,000. With regard to nationality it consists of 11,000,000 Germans, 7,000,000 Magyars, 7,000,000 Czechs (Bohemian, Moravian, and Slovak), 5,000,000 Ruthenians, 4,000,000 Poles, 3,000,000 Serbs and Croats, 3,000,000 Roumanians, 2,000,-000 Slovens, and 1,000,000 Italians. With regard to religious belief there are 27,000,000 Roman Catholics, 5,000,000 Greek Catholics, 4,000,000 Protestants, 4,000,-000 Byzantine Greeks, 2,000,000 Jews, and 1,000,000 Armenian Catholics, Unitarians, and non-Christians. With regard to occupation the population consists of: 12,000,000 farmers and farm hands, 4,000,000 manufacturers, 2,500,-000 day laborers, 1,500,000 house servants, 1,000,000 commercial people, 400,000 proprietors, pensioners, and rentiers, 280,000 active soldiers, 200,000 miners and smelters, 150,000 professors, artists, and authors, 100,000 teachers, 100,000 lower government servants, 90,000 government officials, 60,000 ecclesiastics, 20,000,000 family members, and a remainder of 700,000 of various or unknown occupations.

Based upon these latest and correct statistical facts, we may study the political and national conditions of the Austrian Empire, not as we find them in official works and superficial newspaper reports, but as they are in reality under the calm surface. In order to understand them perfectly it is necessary to glance through the leaves of history, and to recall to our memory facts which influenced the formation and development of Austria. Limited space will necessarily condense this historical view.

The present Austro-Hungarian monarchy grew up from the small margraviate Austria (German: Ostreich, Oesterreich, i. e., the Eastern Country) founded by Charlemagne in the eighth century, and raised to a duchy by Emperor Frederic

I. in the twelfth century, the crown of which is hereditary since 1282 in the family of the Habsburgs (their name deriving from the Habichtsburg or hawk castle in Switzerland) and since 1780 in the branch of Habsburg-Lorraine. It embraces now the kingdoms of Hungary, Bohemia, Galicia, Dalmatia, and Croatia-Slavonia; the archduchies of lower and upper Austria; the duchies of Salzburg, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, Silesia, and Bukovina; the principalities of Transylvania, Tyrols, and Vorarlberg; the margravias of Moravia and Istria; and the counties of Goerz and Gradisca. (The Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Hercegovina, occupied after the suppression of the mutiny of 1878, have been since under the administration of Austria-Hungary, but are not yet formally incorporated with it.)

Most of these provinces were added to the original duchy of Austria after successful wars; some, like Bohemia and Hungary, by marriage during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and formed the "Erblande" (hereditary possessions) of the Habsburgs, who were at the same time the elected emperors of Germany. The zenith of power was reached by the Habsburgs in the beginning of the eighteenth century, after they had conquered the Turks, won the war of the Spanish succession, and combined under their crown the empire of Germany, the kingdom of Rome, and the most extensive hereditary possessions, consisting of Austria of to-day, the Netherlands, Milan, Naples, Sardinia and Sicily.

Empress Maria Theresa, badly harassed by her numerous enemies, lost many provinces in war, and prevented the downfall of her throne only by securing the patriotic help of the Magyars, for which she had to grant them old and new privileges. Her son, Joseph II., was the first monarch to appreciate the great danger of a union of countries and nations, based merely upon dynastic ties, and he therefore tried to centralize, Germanize, and unite them, giving at the same time to his people the most liberal, progressive laws and institutions. Although he succeeded in preventing the outbreak of a revolution similar to that of France, he could not carry out all of his great plans on account of the animosity of the Hungarians, Slavs, and the clerical party. His reign of ten years was too short, but his memory is sacred in the hearts of the Austrian people as that of the noble emperor and the liberal unifier of Austria.

Since Joseph's death the power of the Habsburgs is declining. In 1804 Napoleon subdued the German empire, compelling Francis II. to assume the title of Emperor of Austria, and since that time Austria has lost province after province while internal dissensions have been encountered at every step. The reins of the government have passed from the centralists to the federalists, from liberals to reactionists, from the Germans to the Slavs, seemingly at the will of autocratic rulers, in fact as a consequence of growing dissatisfaction or danger from one or the other nationality or party.

In 1848 a revolution broke out in all parts of Austria, which caused the empire to totter to its foundations. Emperor Ferdinand was forced to abdicate, and his nephew, the present Emperor Francis Joseph I., took possession of the throne under a solemn promise to establish a constitutional government. The wars in Hungary, 1849, with France and Italy, in 1859, and with Prussia, in 1866, brought Austria repeatedly to the edge of a complete downfall, ruined her financially, and forced her to pursue an unwise domestic policy. The reign of the present ruler has been a continuous chain of experiments in political as well as constitutional matters, making Austria sometimes the ally of Russia and governed with federalistic principles, at other times characterized by centralism in conformity with alliance with Germany. Although Austria-Hungary appears to be at the present time a quiet, peaceful, prosperous, well-governed, constitutional, dual monarchy, it is, in fact, financially and socially bankrupt, rotten, ruined, governed absolutely by privileged classes, and a battle-field of parties and nations, who are led by the most extreme centrifugal efforts.

To understand these efforts and parties we must study the characteristics of the different nationalities, the social conditions, and the principles of government of the country.

Austria is a new *Babel*, its population speaking nine different languages, and twenty-two distinctly varying dialects. The difference between her polyglotism and that of the United States is a marked one, especially with regard to the political and national consequences. In the United States the members of the different nationalities live scattered all over the country, amidst an English-speaking population; they are obliged to send their children to English schools,

forced by their interest (necessity) to make themselves acquainted with the English language, and to adopt as soon as possible the customs of their new, self-chosen fatherland. In Austria the different nationalities live separately in compact masses, they adhere to their old rights and privileges, speak exclusively their own language, differ in religious belief, custom, habits, and even dress, and bring up their children very considerably. Their union as a monarchy is not self-chosen, but is forced upon them as a consequence of their defeat in past wars, and they are held together, not by any common interests, but merely by the teaching of love for their dynasty. *Is this sufficient at the dawn of the twentieth century?*

The most numerous and most important people in Austria are the Germans. Germans, speaking one language—although in slightly varying dialects—constitute the chief part of the population in the western provinces, especially in the Alps and Silesia, form one third of the inhabitants of Bohemia and Moravia, and have large communities and even counties in the rest of the states. The Germans send the largest percentage to the higher schools and universities, and consequently the majority of the officials, professionals, and officers of the army are recruited from their ranks. Besides this we must not overlook the important fact that manufacture, commerce, and mining are largely in the hands of Germans. For these reasons it would seem natural and certainly very easy for the Germans to have the entire control and political power in their hands, if it were not for the fact that they are not only in a varied state of culture, but also very far from being united, both in national and political views. The large majority of the Germans in the Alps are conservative, orthodox Catholics, entirely led by the Roman clergy, who hinder every liberal movement and progressive development in order to keep up the influence, and if possible, re-establish the former power of the Pope. The minority of the Germans in Austria, especially those in Vienna, Bohemia, Silesia, and Styria, form the best educated classes of the population, and are as advanced in every direction as any nation of the civilized world. They are fully aware and claim from the platform or in print, whenever there is an opportunity to do so, that they are the only possible foundation of a sound government, and that the German

language must be the official and state language in the schools, the army, and the government, if Austria is to prosper or even exist. Being for years in the minority, even suppressed in speech and print, this party is in favor of the closest union with Germany; and its younger elements declare openly that they would prefer becoming a part of the German Empire to being suppressed for the sake of inferior races, in which light they regard the Slavs and the Magyars.

The Magyars, who play, since 1868, "second fiddle" in the monarchy, have raised themselves to a much higher position than their number or productive abilities would entitle them. This is due partly to their old rights, privileges, and constitutional government, which they preserved when they were united with Austria, and partly to the stubbornness of the nation and its statesmen, who always grasped the right moment, when Austria needed their patriotism to gain something in their own favor. For the past twenty years the Magyars have excluded German influence, suppressed the just demands of their Slavish inhabitants, and although progressing rapidly in many respects, they are a heavy mill-stone at the neck of Austria. The Magyars are a half lazy, half easy-going set of people, quickly moved and overflowing with excitability, splendid horsemen, bad farmers, good soldiers, and politically well trained; they are of Tartar origin, speaking a language entirely different from all other European tongues, and are very proud of their literature.

The Slavs would certainly govern openly the Austrian Monarchy, as they do now to a great extent through parliamentary combinations, if they were united. Luckily they are confined to the northern and southern regions of the country, separated from each other by the provinces, inhabited by Germans, Magyars, and Roumanians; and besides they are broken into several branches, which differ in language, customs, and political views.

The most important in number and influence are now the Czehks, forming the majority of the population in Bohemia, Moravia, and North Hungary, and having the best cultivated farms in the monarchy. They boast of their rights as a thousand-year-old kingdom, their ancient history, early and polished literature, and are politically splendidly organized. In general the Czehks are painstaking, comprehensive, imaginative, quick to learn languages, and show great talent

for art and music. Although belonging chiefly to the Roman Catholic Church, some thousands are Protestants, or — to speak correctly—Hussites, ready to fight violently, and sacrifice their lives for liberal progress in religion, as well as for liberty and independence. Politically they are divided into two parties: The Old Czechs, consisting of the more conservative elements and allied with the Czeck nobility and the clerical party to re-establish the kingdom of Bohemia diplomatically, and the Young Czechs, who have during the past decade grown very strong. Their aim is to be united with Russia at any sacrifice, for which purpose they establish panSlavistic propaganda, study Russian, and many of them even adopt the Russian faith.

The next in number, but not in importance, of the Slavish races are the Routhenians, who live in the northeastern part of Galicia. They are a part of the Russian nation, very closely related in language, custom, habits, and belong to the Greek church. For centuries suppressed by the Poles and their nobility, they sought and found alliance with the German elements, and adopted to some degree a higher education; but any favorable political combination would find them willing to leap into the embrace of the open arms of mother Russia.

The Poles, although only four millions in number, have been for decades the needle on the scales of Austrian politics. Being well organized under their old nobility, which controls the peasantry on its large estates, they have changed former revolutionary tactics into parliamentary mercenariness, with great success. The country is impoverished, the lower classes degenerated, and often too ignorant to read or write; but all the Poles, like one man, talk, and dream, and work for the re-establishment of the Polish kingdom, and have a glowing hatred for Russia.

The southern Slavs consist of the Serbs, Croates, and Slovens, living in a compact mass on the rivers Save and Drave, and scattered in Hungary and the Southern Alps. They belong to the branch of the great Slavish family, which moved during the fourth century from Asia in a southwesterly direction, came under the influence of Byzantism, and established later the once famous Serbo-Croato-Slovenish Kingdom. Kept together by a rich old literature, by similarity of language and customs, they form with the Bulgarians,

Bosniaks, Hercogovinians, and Dalmatinians a large family of very industrious, brave, and hospitable people, who certainly have the outlook for a better future, and an important part in Balkan politics. At the present time they are under the dominion of the Germans in the Alps and the Magyars in Hungary, and suffer much. They look with envy and hope to the lately established independent principalities of Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria, and regard Russia as their future liberator, hoping to build a great union of the southern Slavs, if possible, under Russian protection.

The Roumanians, showing in appearance and language their descent from the Romans, stand all by themselves amidst the Austrian nations and naturally they look forward longingly to a union with their brethren across the Carpathian mountains.

So do the Italians, who form a large part of the population in South Tyrols, Triest, and Dalmatia. Now and then the secret societies of the "*Italia irredenta*" proclaim by speech or bombs their ardent desire to break the heavy chains of Austria and be united with Italy.

The Jews are nationalized nearly everywhere in Austria, according to the race they live with, and only in Galicia they form an orthodox body of aliens, very similar to the Jews in Russia. They do not play an especial part in polities, nor are the Albanians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Greeks, and Gypsies numerous enough to be counted upon as political factors.

This photograph of national aspirations well in mind, let us glance at the social conditions of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and then consider its government and politics.

Austria is principally an agricultural state, her large plains in Hungary, Bohemia, and Moravia producing great quantities of surplus grain, mostly exported to Germany and Belgium; fine cattle are raised in her mountainous part as well as in the "Puszta's" (prairies) of Hungary. Lower Austria, with Vienna, Bohemia, Silesia, Moravia, and Styria, are the great manufacturing centres, and export a great amount of hardware, sugar, glassware, flour, woollen goods, gloves, linen goods, and articles of luxury, as amber, meer-schaum, leather goods, etc., etc. Minerals, poultry, fish, wool, and wine are also produced and exported in large quantities. Unfortunately the profits of all the natural richness and the hard work of the laboring classes go largely into

the pockets of a few great estate owners, manufacturers, bankers, and trusts. The lower classes are over-taxed, live very poorly, often near starvation, but they are beginning to be aroused by socialistic ideas to claim their share of the profits from the real or seeming vampires, and their malcontentedness is directed principally against the nobility and the Jews.

The political situation of Europe in general, and of the Austrian Empire in particular, makes it necessary to keep a large standing army, and to expend enormous sums for armament and training the reserves. The army, formerly the uniting element of the empire in amalgamating and Germanizing the different nations, has become nationalized, since the territorial system has been adopted from Germany. It consists now, in fact, of nine armies, speaking different languages, and loosely connected by the officers, who speak and command in the German tongue, but who would be powerless to lead the masses in an unpopular war. The writer of these lines, who has known the Austrian army for eighteen years so well, would not be at all surprised to see in a war with Russia the Slavish regiments refuse to fire, as well as the German regiments sing "*Deutschland, Deutschland, ueber Alles,*" instead of fighting their brethren.

The fact must not be overlooked or under-estimated, that all nationalities of Austria crave to go into the army, because they are naturally of a warlike disposition, and the army is regarded as a splendid educational institution. The empire has now certainly one million soldiers ready for service at a moment's notice, and besides that two millions well-trained reserve men — *a great power if united; a greater danger if possessed by centrifugal ideas!*

It is surprising that under such conditions Austria has not broken down long ago. It is kept together only by the uncertain consequences of an outbreak of any of the parties, by the jealousy of one against the other, and by parliamentary machinations. The people are made to believe that they are governed according to their wishes, and that it is in their interest to see a constitutional monarchy flourishing at their head. In fact their constitution is nothing but a farce, and a very treacherous one.

From the commune and county up to the provincial diet and the parliament the whole government is based upon the

principle of class representation. Those who do not pay *direct* taxes above five florins annually, either as a land-owner, artisan, or business man, have no voice, no political status. And even those who have a vote are forced into minority, because the highest taxed classes elect the same number of representatives as the lowest, notwithstanding their percentage in many electoral districts is like 1.50. The representatives for the diets and the congress are elected in four classes: by the peasants, burghers, commercial men, and large estate owners, and some individuals vote in every election two or three times: as owner of an estate, as manufacturer or commercial man, and as burgher. The nobility has, through its large estates, and by its enormous influence upon the officials, artisans, and peasants, most of the election in its hands, and this gives its representatives and their tools the power to transfer taxation from the land to the necessities of life, and has brought Austria near financial ruin.

Austria-Hungary has seventeen provincial diets, one "Reichsrath" (parliament) in Vienna, and one in Buda-Pesth, a commune "Delegation" between Austria and Hungary, one ministry of foreign affairs, one ministry of finance, one ministry of war (these three for the whole monarchy), nine ministries for Austria, and nine for Hungary. The "Reichsrath" (parliament) consists of a "Herrenhaus" (senate) and an "Abgeordnetenhaus" (congress). The former is composed of princes of the imperial family [20—20], nobles with hereditary privileges [66—286], ecclesiastical representatives [17—51], and life members nominated by the emperor [at present 122—102]; the latter is formed by members elected partly directly, partly indirectly, by the classes of landed proprietors, the towns, the chambers of trade and commerce, and the rural districts; 353 in Austria, and 453 in Hungary.*

The two parliaments in Vienna and Buda-Pesth are the battle-fields for national, political, and social aspirations, where the few representatives of the people, who dare to do so, have a chance to mention the wishes of the people. But they never succeed in anything, except by uniting with other parties, nationalities, or classes. The rest of the people are condemned to keep their wishes quietly to themselves, press

*The figures in [] indicate the number of representatives in Austria and Hungary respectively.

and speech as well as all societies being under the supervision of government officials, who are bound to suppress any dangerous (?) utterings. No wonder that under such circumstances everybody is afraid to speak as he would like to, and every party rather preserves its forces for action.

As a consequence of polyglotism without a uniting "State language," we see in Austria more money expended for the governmental machinery and public institutions than in any other country and with poorer results. In order to secure to all the nationalities the enjoyment of equal rights the courts and other governmental offices are obliged to keep interpreters and do the work in two or more languages, causing a great loss of time and large expenses. Army officers, officials, professors, and teachers have to waste time in acquiring languages, which are of little value outside of occasional cases, and which could be easily avoided by compelling the whole population to learn in the public schools the state language *besides* their mother tongue. It happens frequently during sham battles that sentinels or sergeants, leading advanced posts, report to an officer in a language which he cannot understand, or receive orders which they are unable to comprehend. What an outlook for a future war! And even in peace, what a hindrance in all public affairs, business, and communication.

Commerce and industry are declining all over the country through over-taxation, unfavorable treaties with foreign countries, miserable social conditions, encumbrances, caused by federalism and bad political economy; Vienna, once a flourishing, prosperous city, is losing its importance, wealth, and traffic through the jealousy of the non-German nations, wrong government, and reactionary tendencies; the export of the monarchy is decreasing, the wages getting below the possibility of living, the population lessened annually by thousands of strong, able working-men, who have to seek a living through emigration. Only the taxes, the mortgages, the rate of interest, the public debt, the number of prisoners, and paupers, and dissatisfaction are increasing.

From an intimate personal knowledge of Austria, Russia, and Germany and a general acquaintance with political conditions in the rest of Europe, I am forced to the conclusion that Europe stands on the eve of a great war (of which

Austria will most likely be the scene) caused by the impossibility of keeping their standing armies much longer under arms, but the burning social and national questions must lead, sooner or later, to a violent outbreak in Austria. Since Napoleon III. promulgated the device of national crystallization, we have witnessed the union of Italy and Germany and the restless efforts of the Balkan Slavs to group themselves into independent national principalities. Panslavism in Russia, Irredenta in Italy, Chauvinism in France, Pan-Germanism amongst the Germans in Russia, Switzerland, and Austria, prove plainly that the trend of our times is the formation of large states, bound and united by common interest and *one language*. It is very unlikely that Austrian states would prove an exception or be able to resist the temptation to break the heavy chains of historical privileged regime in view of a possibility of being united with nations which speak *the same language*, have the same customs and habits, and *will treat the prodigal sons with equal rights?*

Be it a war with Russia or Germany, be it some striking injustice against one or the other nationality, or a revolution caused by social conditions, which grow more and more unbearable — the first trouble in Austria will be the spark in the powder barrel of accumulated wishes, aspirations, and passions, which *must* cause the complete downfall of a painfully cemented monarchy. Austria of to-day is far from being — “*felix*.”

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.—MORE INTERESTING CASES.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

IN the March number of *THE ARENA*, after an introduction on the general subject, I told several psychic stories which I left the reader to account for, if he could. I vouched for their truth, but declined to dogmatize as to their explanation. This present article will consist almost entirely of additional stories.

Of the truth of what I shall relate, I am as certain as I am of any fact in my own personal history. I select typical specimens out of a large number. Many, and some of them of the most remarkable kind, cannot yet be told, because they are so very personal in their nature; and yet, to those who know these, they are naturally the most striking of all.

The first case, which I shall now detail, is so profusely authenticated that it would be accepted as absolutely conclusive evidence, even in a matter of life and death, in any court in Christendom. I shall tell the story in my own words, but I have in my possession eight separate accounts of eight living witnesses. To these accounts are attached the autograph signatures of their authors, and these are witnessed to by others who know them. With two of the principal ones I am personally acquainted, and can vouch for both their intelligence and truthfulness. I shall not give the real names, for all these people are still living, and investigators more zealous than wise might subject them to personal annoyance.

The events now to be narrated occurred in the year 1864, and in a town not forty miles from Boston. The persons chiefly concerned are these: A Mrs. C., who had been three times married; a son, a young man, child of the first marriage (I shall speak of him by his first name, Charles); two sons by the second marriage, William and Joshua, aged respectively sixteen and thirteen; and Mrs. D., the one who played the principal part, and who tells the principal story.

All these, together with the other witnesses, are still living with the exception of the two boys William and Joshua, around whose fate the story revolves.

On March 25, 1864, Mrs. C. went into Boston for the day. Her son William had been at work in a wholesale drug house in Boston, but for some time preceding this date had been engaged with a similar firm in Portland, Me., during the refitting of the Boston store, which had been burned. On this day, while his mother was absent, he came back from Portland, and was to return to his former position on the following Monday. This day, March 25, was a Friday. He reached home about two o'clock P.M. Not finding his mother, he, with his brother Joshua, started for the station, expecting to meet her as she came out on the five o'clock train. But the mother was delayed, and did not reach home till two hours later. She was met by a friend of the boys, who told her that William had got home from Portland. But when she reached the house the boys were not there. The last trace that was ever found of them alive was the fact that they had started for the station to meet their mother on the arrival of the five o'clock train.

At first the mother consoled herself by thinking that they must have met some friends, and had been detained by them. But when bedtime came and they did not return, she became very anxious, and passed a sleepless night. At this time her husband, the step-father to the boys, was in the army, and she had to rely on her own resources.

The next morning she and the elder son, Charles, began to make inquiries. They not only searched the town, but drove to neighboring towns, searching every place to which it seemed at all likely that they might have gone. Recruiting camps were visited, as it was thought possible that curiosity might have led them on some such expedition. But about five P.M. (this being Saturday) they returned, and reported to the neighbors that no trace had been found. The neighbors then offered their services, and started out in various directions, as their own ideas might guide them. But all efforts proved in vain. Then they came to the mother, and asked if she had anything else to suggest. She replied that, if her husband were at home, she should have the pond searched, for she felt sure that they must be somewhere where they could not get home, or they would not have stayed away so long.

But everybody thought it most unlikely that they were in the pond, and this for two reasons. In the first place, they were timid about being on the water; and in the second place, being in March, it was too cold for them to think of any such thing as swimming or rowing. On Sunday evening, however, to satisfy the mother, and in order that nothing might be left untried, they began to search the pond, and kept on until the darkness compelled them to postpone their labors. On Monday morning early, the engine and church bells were rung, and the citizens were called together to organize a systematic search of the pond. Grappling irons were used, and cannon were fired over all the places where it seemed possible that the bodies might be. Still no trace was discovered.

Such was the situation of affairs when, at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, Mrs. D., one of the neighbors, called on Mrs. C., the mother of the boys, to show her sympathy and ask if there was anything she could do. By this time every known resource had been exhausted. So, as a last resort, the mother asked Mrs. D. if she would not go to Boston and consult a medium. It is important here to note that she was not a spiritualist, but was a believer in Evangelical Christianity, and had never had anything to do with spiritualism. She turned to this as a last desperate resource, because in despair of help from any other quarter.

It must also be noted that Mrs. D. had no faith in it, and had never consulted a medium in all her life. So, although she had offered her services as being willing to do anything she could, she tried to beg off from this, as being both a disagreeable and hopeless errand. But as Mrs. C. urged it so strongly, and said she wished her, and no one else, to go, she at last and most reluctantly consented.

She reached Boston at twelve o'clock noon. Meantime, and with more efficient grappling irons, the search of the pond was continued, but with no results. On arriving in town and not knowing which way to turn, since she was not acquainted with a single medium, she went (as some one had advised her to do) to the office of the *Banner of Light*, the spiritualist paper. They directed her to a place near Court Street. The medium here was engaged, and could not see her. But the man who answered the door sent her to another one in Dix Place. This one also was engaged, and could not

see her. But here they told her to go to a Mrs. Y. on Washington Street near Common Street. By this time it was about three o'clock. A sitter was just leaving, and Mrs. Y. said she was too tired to give any more sittings that day. But when she found that her visitor was from out of town, and that the next day would be too late, she said that if she would wait long enough for her to take a little rest, she would see what she could do. Nothing was said that could give her the slightest clue. Indeed, nothing could be said, for no one had a clue, and it was a clue they all were in search of. It is important here to note another thing. Up to this time Mrs. Y., the medium, had never been in the town where the boys resided.

When the medium came again into the room, she walked directly to the fireplace and stood with her back to Mrs. D. Then, before either of them had spoken a word, by way of preliminary, she said, "They went east before they went west." The railroad station is east from the house in which they lived, and the pond is west. Then she added, "They saw the fire, and so went to the water." It was afterwards found that some men were burning brush near the lake. So knowing it would be some time before the next train, it is supposed that, boylike, they were attracted by the fire, and went to see what was going on. The medium then went on to speak of a boathouse with a hole in its side. This was not mind reading, because Mrs. D. knew nothing of there being any boathouse or boat. She continued and described a boat, — "a narrow boat, painted black." Then she cried out, "Oh, dear, it was never intended that more than one person should get into it at a time!" She told how the boys went through the hole in the side of the boathouse, found the boat, got into it, and pulled out onto the water. She said they had gone but a very little way before the younger brother fell overboard; then the older one, in trying to save him, also fell into the water. Then she added, "The place where they are is muddy, and they could not come to the surface. Why," said she, "it is not the main lake where they are, but the shallow part which connects with the main lake, and they are so near the shore that if it were not this time of the year [March], you could almost walk in and pick them up." She spoke of the citizens' interest in seeking for them, but said, "They will

not find them; they go too far from the shore. They [the bodies] are on the left of the boathouse, a few feet from the land."

Mrs. D. then said, "If they are in the water, they will be found before I can reach home."

The medium replied, "No, they will not be found before you get there; you will have to go and tell them where I say they are, and then they will be found within five minutes after you reach the lake." Then she made Mrs. D. promise to go with them to the lake, and added, "They are very near together. After finding one, you will quickly find the other."

In spite of all that Mrs. Y. had said, Mrs. D. was still as incredulous as before. But she had undertaken to see it through, and so started for home. She arrived at five o'clock. By this time it was known on what sort of errand she had gone to Boston, and a crowd of the curious and interested was at the station. As she stepped on to the platform, a gentleman asked, "What did the medium tell you?" She replied with the question, "Haven't you found them yet?" When they said they had not, she delivered her message. Immediately they took a carriage and started for the lake. As they came in sight of the place, Mrs. D. recognized the boathouse, with the hole in the side, as the medium had described it. The "narrow boat painted black" had also been found drifting in another part of the lake. So by this time, Mrs. D. began to wonder if the rest might not be true. But no one in the crowd seemed to have any confidence in the medium's statements. They felt that they had thoroughly searched the pond, and that the matter was settled. But they went on, and prepared to follow Mrs. D.'s directions.

She stood on the shore while two boats put off in which were men with their grappling irons. In one boat was the elder brother, or half-brother, of the missing boys. He was holding one of the grappling irons; and after only three or four strokes of the oars, he exclaimed, "I have hold of something!" The boat was stopped, and he at once brought to the surface the body of the older boy, William. In a few minutes more, and close to the same place, the body of the other boy, Joshua, was found. The place was shallow and muddy, as the medium had said; and

held by the mud, the bodies had not risen to the surface, as otherwise they might have done. The bodies were now placed together in a carriage, and before six o'clock they were in their mother's house.

At the close of the Boston interview, Mrs. D. asked the medium from what source she got her claimed information, and she said, "The boys' father told me." The boys' father was the second husband of Mrs. C., and had been "dead" for several years, while the mother was then living with her third husband.

Here, then, is the story. I have in my possession the account as given by Mrs. D., who is still living and is a personal acquaintance. I have the account of her daughter, who well remembers it all. I have also the account of Mrs. C., the mother; of Mr. C., the father-in-law; of the elder brother, Charles; of the sister of Mrs. D.; of the lady who was at that time postmistress of the town; of a man who came into Boston after grappling irons with which to search the lake; and also of two or three other persons whose names, if given, would be recognized as connected with one of the distinguished men in American history.

One other item is of sufficient interest to make it worth mentioning. The father-in-law of the boys tells that one day, after his return from the army, the medium, Mrs. Y., visited the town for the first time in her life, and came to his house. She wished to visit the place where the bodies of the boys were found. When within a short distance of the lake, she asked him to fall back. She then became entranced; and picking up a stone, she stood with her eyes closed and back to the water. Then she threw the stone over her head, and landed it in the precise place from which the bodies were taken.

Mr. C., as well as his wife, was an Evangelical in his creed, and had never had anything to do with mediums.

Of the truth of these occurrences, as thus related, there can be no rational doubt. As an explanation, telepathy is excluded, for nobody living was aware of the facts. Clairvoyance seems to be excluded, for Mrs. D. did not tell the medium where she was from nor what she wanted to find out, and clairvoyance requires that the mind should be directed or sent on some definite errand to some particular place. What, then, is left? Will the reader decide?

The incidents I am next to relate occurred two years ago this winter. The place is a large city in a neighboring state. The three persons concerned are a doctor, his wife, and one of his patients. The story, as I tell it, was given me by the wife. She was an old school friend of some of my personal friends, who hold her in the highest esteem. Her husband I have never seen; but a connection of mine was once a patient of his, and speaks of him always with enthusiastic admiration, both as a man and a physician. He is a doctor of the old school, inclined to be a sceptic, and had never had anything whatever to do with mediums. He is not visionary, and this was his first experience out of the normal.

On a winter night, then, two years ago, he was sound asleep. Being very weary, and in order that he might sleep as late as possible, the green holland shade of his own window was down to the bottom, and there was no way by which any light could penetrate his room. His wife was asleep in a room adjoining, with a door open between. She was waked out of a sound sleep by hearing him call her name. She opened her eyes, and saw his room flooded with a soft, yet intense yellowish light. She called, and said, "What is that light?" He replied, "I don't know; come in and see!" She then went into his room, and saw that it was full of this light. They lighted the gas, but the other light was so much stronger that the gas flame seemed lost in it. They looked at their watches, and it was about five full minutes before it had faded away. During this time he explained to her what had occurred. He said he was wakened by a strong light shining directly into his face. At the same time, on opening his eyes, he saw the figure of a woman standing at the foot of his bed. His first thought was that his wife had come in and lighted the gas, as he knew she intended rising to take an early train in order to visit his mother, who was ill. Being very tired and needing sleep, he was about to reproach her for needlessly waking him, when he saw that the figure, from which now all the light seemed to proceed, was not his wife. By this time he was broad awake, and sat upright in bed staring at the figure. He noticed that it was a woman in a white garment; and looking sharply, he recognized it, as he thought, as one of his patients who was very ill. Then he realized that this

could not be so, and that if any one was in the room, it must be an intruder who had no right to be there. With the vague thought of a possible burglar thus disguised, he sprang out of bed and grasped his revolver, which he was accustomed to have near at hand. This brought him face to face with the figure not three feet away. He now saw every detail of dress, complexion, and feature, and for the first time recognized the fact that it was not a being of flesh and blood. Then it was that, in quite an excited manner, he called his wife, hoping that she would get there to see it also. But the moment he called her name, the figure disappeared, leaving, however, the intense yellow light behind, and which they both observed for five minutes by the watch before it faded out.

The next day it was found that one of his patients, closely resembling the figure he had seen, had died a few minutes before he saw his vision, — had died *calling for him*.

It will be seen that this story, like the first one in this article, is perfectly authentic in every particular. There is no question as to the facts. It only remains to find a theory that will explain the facts. Was it a telepathically produced vision, caused by the strong desire of the dying woman to see her physician? Or was it the woman herself coming to him a few moments after leaving the body? I leave my readers to reply for themselves.

I will now relate a death vision that has about it some unusual features. These visions, of course, are very common. I have known many that were striking; but generally there is no way of proving that they are not entirely subjective. The dying frequently appear to see and converse with their friends who have preceded them, but how can any one tell that they are not like the imaginings of those in delirium? I have in my collection two or three that have about them certain characteristics that are hard to explain on that theory. One of the best is the following:—

In a neighboring city were two little girls, Jennie and Edith, one about eight years of age, and the other but a little older. They were schoolmates and intimate friends. In June, 1889, both were taken ill of diphtheria. At noon on Wednesday, June 5, Jennie died. Then the parents of Edith, and her physician as well, all took particular pains to keep from her the fact that her little playmate was gone. They feared

the effect of the knowledge on her own condition. To prove that they succeeded and that she did not know, it may be mentioned that on Saturday, June 8, at noon, just before she became unconscious of all that was passing about her, she selected two of her photographs to be sent to Jennie, and also told her attendants to bid her good by.

Right here is the important point to be noticed in this narration. Dying persons usually see, or think they see, those and only those that they know have passed away. Edith did not know that Jennie had gone, and so, in the ordinary or imaginative vision, she would not have been expected to fancy her present.

She died at half-past six o'clock on the evening of Saturday, June 8. She had roused and bidden her friends good by, and was talking of dying, and seeming to have no fear. She appeared to see one and another of the friends she knew were dead. So far it was like the common cases. But now suddenly, and with every appearance of great surprise, she turned to her father, and exclaimed, "Why, papa, I am going to take Jennie with me!" Then she added, "Why, papa! Why, papa!! You did not tell me that Jennie was here!" And immediately she reached out her arms as if in welcome, and said, "O Jennie, I'm so glad you are here."

Now, I am familiar with the mechanism of the eye and the scientific theories of vision. I know also very well whatever the world knows about visions. But I submit that here is something not easily accounted for on the theory of hallucination. It was firmly fixed in her mind that Jennie was still alive, for within a few hours she had arranged to have a photograph sent her. This also comes out in the fact of her great astonishment when her friend appears among those she was not at all surprised to see, because she knew they had died. It goes, then, beyond the ordinary death vision, and presents a feature that demands, as an adequate explanation, something more than the easy one of saying she only imagined it.

I have read, of course, a good many stories telling of the apparent seeing of "spirit" forms on the part of animals. One such, and a perfectly authentic one, I have in my collection. The friend who gave it me I will call Miss Z. I have known her for seventeen years, and feel as sure of the truth of her narrative as though I had been

in her place. Without any further preface, I will tell her brief story.

In the spring of 1885, on a certain evening, she was alone in the house. All the family, even to the servants, had gone out. It was about eight o'clock, but several gas jets were burning, so that the room was light throughout. It was in the parlor, a long room running the whole length of the house. Near the back of the parlor stood the piano. Miss Z. was sitting at the piano, practicing at a difficult musical exercise, playing it over and over, and naturally with her mind intent on this alone. She had as her only companion a little skye terrier, a great pet, and which, never having been whipped, was apparently afraid of nothing in all the world. He was comfortably placed in an easy chair behind the piano stool.

Such, then, was the situation when Miss Z. was startled by hearing a sudden growl from the terrier, as if giving an alarm of danger. She looked up suddenly to see what the matter was, when, at the farther end of the room, the front of the parlor, there appeared to be a sort of mist stretching itself from the door half-way across the room. As she watched it, this mist, which was gray, seemed to shape itself into three forms. The heads and shoulders were quite clearly outlined and distinct, though they appeared to have loose wrappings about them. From the height and general slope of the shoulders of one, she thought she recognized the figure of a favorite aunt who had died a few years before. The middle figure of the three was much shorter, and made her think of her grandmother, who had been dead for a good many years. The third she did not recognize at all. The faces she did not see distinctly enough so as to feel in any way sure about them.

The dog, always before very brave, now seemed overcome with terror. He growled fiercely several times, and then jumped trembling from his chair, and hid himself under a large sofa, utterly refusing to be coaxed out. His mistress had never known him to show fear before on any occasion whatever.

Miss Z. now watched the figures, while they grew more and more indistinct, and at last seemed to fade through the closed door into the front hall. When they had disappeared, she gave her attention to the frightened terrier. He would not

leave his hiding-place, and she was obliged to move the sofa and carefully lift the trembling little creature in her arms.

Now, the only remarkable thing about this is, of course, the attitude and action of the dog. The "spirits" did not seem to have come for anything. They said nothing, and did nothing of any importance. But—and this is where the problem comes in—what did the dog see? If his mistress had seen the figures first and had shown any fear, it might reasonably be said that her fear was contagious, and that the dog was frightened because she was. But the dog was the first discoverer; the discoverer—of what? If there had been nothing there to see, the dog would have seen nothing. Are dogs subject to hallucinations? Even if they are, and though it were a subjective vision on the dog's part, how does it happen that Miss Z. also sees it? Would she mistake a dog's subjective vision for the figure of her aunt?

Turn it about as you will, it is a curious experience, and one worth the reader's finding an explanation for, if he can.

The limits of this article will make room for only one more story. The lady who had this experience is the one who gives us the account of it, though I tell it in my own words. She was a schoolmate of my brother, and her character and veracity are beyond question. In June, 1886, she was a patient in the family of a physician in a well-known city in a neighboring state. She was suffering much from mental depression, feeling assured in her own mind that she had an ovarian tumor. On this particular day, she was lying alone in her room, unusually oppressed by foreboding fears. Lying thus, absorbed in thoughts of her own condition, she suddenly became conscious as of an open map of the United States being spread before her. Her attention was particularly directed to Virginia, and then westward to, as she then thought, Ohio. At the same time she heard the name "McDowell." At once she thought of General McDowell, as the only one she knew of by that name. But a calm, gentle voice seemed to reply to her unspoken thought, "No, I am not General McDowell, but a physician. I was the first advocate and practitioner of ovarian surgery. By the urgent request of your friends, I have examined your case very carefully. Rest assured, madam, your malady is not of that character. In time you will regain your health, but never be very strong."

With a feeling of awe, gratitude, and wonder which, she says, she could not attempt to express, she rose from the couch on which she was lying, and went at once to the doctor's office in another part of the house. At once she related what had occurred, and asked, "Am I right?" The physician, a lady, went to her library and took down her *Medical Encyclopædia*. From this she read, "Ephraim McDowell, born in Virginia, settled in Kentucky. He performed the first operation in ovarian surgery that is recorded in this country."

She was correct, therefore, in every particular, except the substituting Ohio for Kentucky, and this is quite natural, as it is the next adjoining state.

Several points now it is important carefully to note.

In the first place, this lady has had many psychic experiences, others of which I hope to obtain.

In the second place, until these began, she was a complete sceptic as to continued existence. She tells me that she was a most unwilling convert, and only gave in when compelled to by her own undoubted experiences.

Again, she has never been surrounded by any atmosphere of belief in these things; for even now most of her friends and relatives are violently opposed to everything of the sort, and she has had to suffer much because she could not help but believe.

Once more, I have been in recent correspondence with the physician in whose house she was at the time. This physician completely confirms all the facts, and testifies in the most emphatic way to the noble character and unquestioned veracity of her patient. And yet, though she offers no other theory, she is strongly opposed to any explanation that calls for the agency of any supernormal intelligence. This, however, grows out of the fact that she has always been bitterly prejudiced against everything of the kind.

And lastly, both the physician and her patient are perfectly assured that the name of Dr. McDowell and his work as a surgeon were entirely unknown to the teller of this experience at the time when the voice was heard.

I have many other equally puzzling cases left, but these are enough for the present installment. Who will find a theory that does not lead us into the invisible?

USE OF PUBLIC WAYS BY PRIVATE CORPORATIONS.

BY SAMUEL LELAND POWERS.

THE increasing use of streets and public ways by private corporations engaged in the transportation of passengers, and the transmission of electricity for light, power, and intelligence, has created a public sentiment in favor of requiring such corporations to pay a franchise tax, or make compensation in some form, for the privilege of conducting their business upon locations maintained at the general expense of the public.

The advocates of this kind of taxation claim that such use of streets and highways is inconsistent with the purposes for which they are constructed and maintained, and also that the granting of these privileges to corporations is a benefit conferred upon them at the expense of the general public. They assert that there is a large class of people in every community that do not patronize the corporations to which the free use of streets is granted, and that it is neither just nor right that this class should be compelled to contribute, through the medium of taxation, toward the expense of maintaining streets which are used by these corporations for the purpose of carrying on business for private gain.

It is also claimed, that if a tax is imposed upon the company making use of public ways for the transaction of its business, it will then be paid either by the stockholder or the patron of such company, and the general public will be benefited thereby.

It is not at all singular that a theory which has so many apparently plausible arguments in its support should find many ardent and honest supporters.

The difficulty with this proposed method of taxation is twofold: First, it assumes that public ways are being used for purposes not consistent with those for which they were laid out and are being maintained; secondly, that the benefits arising from such use are confined to a class, and

do not extend to the entire community. Neither of these assumptions is correct, as we shall attempt to prove.

Street-railway, electric-light, telegraph, and telephone companies have been granted the privileges of doing business in our streets, upon the *theory*, at least, that such use of public ways was perfectly consistent with the purposes for which they are maintained. While it is true that the companies engaged in these various methods of business are known as private corporations, nevertheless the character of the business conducted by them is of a public nature. They are engaged in serving the general public; and by the express terms of their charters, they are bound to serve the public without discrimination. A street-railway company must carry every person desiring to ride; it must carry him upon the same terms and conditions as it carries every other. The location of its tracks, the speed of its cars, the motive power used, and the amount of fare charged are determined by the public, and not by the officers of the company. Electric-lighting, telegraph, and telephone companies are under public supervision of the same nature, though not to the same extent. They must furnish service to all applicants, and upon the same terms to all persons receiving the same amount and kind. Corporations belonging to this class are chartered to perform services of a public nature, under such legislative and municipal supervision as may be requisite to insure faithful and efficient service to all citizens alike. The right to use our streets is granted to these companies, for the sole purpose of benefiting the public. If the right so granted benefits the corporation, then it is an incident to the grant, rather than a result intended.

The fact that private gain frequently results from grants intended to benefit the public only, does not in any degree lessen the value of the advantages conferred upon the community, or affect the real purpose for which these privileges are granted.

The courts of last resort in many of the states of this Union have already decided that the operation of street railways is a public use of streets, and consistent with the purpose for which they are maintained. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in the quite recent case of *Pierce vs. Drew*, referring to the object for which land is taken or granted for highways, says: "As every such grant has for its

object the procurement of an easement for the public, the incidental powers granted must be so construed as most effectually to secure to the public the full enjoyment of such easement Although the horse railroad was deemed a new invention, it was held that a portion of the road might be set aside for it, and the right of other travellers, to some extent, limited by these privileges necessary for its use." . . . Referring to the telegraph, the Court says: "The discovery of the telegraph developed a new and valuable mode of communicating intelligence. Its use is certainly similar to, if not identical with, that public use of transmitting information for which the highway was originally taken, even if the means adopted are quite different from the post-boy or the mail coach."

The decisions of the courts, in favor of the legal right of permitting corporations engaged in the transportation of passengers and the transmission of intelligence, to use and occupy public ways, are founded upon the broad principle that such use and occupancy render the streets of greater value and convenience to the public. None of the new methods adopted for the conveyance of our people and the transmission of information have subjected our streets to uses that were not contemplated when they were originally dedicated to public use. The new methods have simply made the streets of greater service to the public. The fact that certain private corporations render our streets more convenient for our people, and by so doing gain profit for their stockholders, in no way detracts from the benefits conferred upon the public. In fact, we may safely assume that the greater the convenience afforded the public by the uses to which streets are subjected, the greater the probabilities of incidental advantages to individuals and corporations. The publisher is permitted to sell his newspapers upon the streets as a convenience to the public; the pedler vends his goods; the cabman, expressman, and forwarder have their stands in the streets — all making free use of the highway, and gaining a livelihood thereby, and permitted to do so because their callings serve the public and render the streets which they occupy of greater convenience to the community. No one has ever as yet suggested that any of these persons engaged in conducting private business in public ways should be taxed for such privilege, and yet the profits from their

business arise from exactly the same relation to the public as do those of the street railway and telephone companies.

In fact, there can be no use of a street or highway that does not result in private gain or convenience to the user. Public ways are intended to serve the convenience of the general public. Taxes are imposed upon the people for the building and maintenance of highways, on the theory that their use is a fair and just equivalent for the tax so levied. No city maintains a street, or town a highway, for the use of its citizens only. They are laid out and maintained by the authority and under the provision of the sovereign state for the benefit of such as may have occasion to pass over them. The citizen of New York is as free to use the streets of Boston as any citizen of Boston, and the citizen of Boston may promenade Broadway without feeling that he is in any way trespassing upon the legal rights of the New Yorker. Each municipality has thrown open its streets to the world, well knowing that these thoroughfares of travel are necessary to the commercial and social life of our people.

But I am aware that the advocate of this new method of taxation will tell us that he does not at present believe in taxing *individuals* who are presumably benefited by the use they make of public ways, but that he would apply his method to corporations only.

It is difficult, however, to understand why this tax should be applied to the corporation and not to the individual. The reason for the application is the same, whether applied to corporations or individuals. Each class is taxed for the maintenance of these highways; each uses them for its own convenience and gain, and in both cases the use is consistent with the purpose for which they are laid out.

The second proposition urged by the advocates of this new method of taxation is that privileges are conferred upon certain corporations at the expense of the general public, and, therefore, either the corporation or its patrons should bear the additional expense so imposed. This proposition assumes that the street-railway, telegraph, telephone, and electric-light systems do not benefit the entire community, but only those who provide the systems, and those who make use of them. If it be true that the benefits arising from the uses made of our public ways by these corporations are confined to a class and do not result in advantage to the general

public, then there is some reason why that portion of the community in no way benefited should bear no part of the burden imposed by taxation for such uses of our streets. But is it true? Are the benefits arising from the introduction of a street-railway system in cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston limited to the patrons of these systems and to the stockholders of the corporations operating them? Can the merchant of New York who goes to and from his store on Broadway in his own carriage, consistently say, "I never patronize the street car; why should I pay taxes for the maintenance of streets, a portion of which is set apart for the use of the street-car system?" Can it be true that these cars, which bring thousands of customers to his store, are of no earthly consequence to him? Has the wealthy real-estate owner in Boston who, perhaps, never patronizes a street car, considered what would be the effect on the value of rents of his property on Washington and Tremont streets if the street-railway system of that city were abolished?

These great agencies of transportation affect the business and property of every individual in our centres of population. There is no one who does not receive benefits from their operation, or who could, if he would, divorce himself from their influence. The prosperous merchant and the wealthy landlord who never enter a street car, are, as a rule, most benefited by the operation of the street-car system. No one can determine the degree nor the extent of the benefit which these street-using corporations confer upon the public. Their influence upon the commercial and social condition of the American people cannot be measured or even estimated with any degree of certainty. The introduction of the street car, telegraph, and the telephone has completely changed the conditions of life and the methods of business. The railway has scattered the population of our large cities, rendering it possible for a large suburban population to reside outside of the city limits, and at the same time attend to their usual vocations within the city proper. Density of population, always injurious to the health of a community, is thereby to a great extent avoided. One half of the business men of Boston reside outside the limits of what may be termed "the city," and depend upon street and steam cars to reach their places of business. Deprive Boston of its street-car accom-

modations, and it would become within a few years a city of tenement houses.

The surface-railway systems of the large cities in Europe are confined largely to districts in which the population is dense, and do not extend into sparsely populated territory, as in most cities in the United States. The effect is clearly shown in the cities of the Old World in the growth and condition of the population. Population increases in density with the growth of a city, and with the increase in density is a corresponding decrease in the health and comfort of the people. There is an average of sixty-six persons living under a single roof in the city of Berlin, as against eight in the city of Boston. More than three fourths of the entire population of Berlin are crowded into tenement houses, and what is true of Berlin is almost equally true of every large city on the continent. This condition of affairs is largely due to the fact that lines of transportation are confined to the dense portions of population, and do not extend into the suburban districts.

If we tax these street-using corporations, the burden ultimately falls upon the patron rather than the stockholder. The result will inevitably be higher fares and rates or poorer service. Thus far the American people have shown great wisdom and foresight in allowing the introduction of new methods of transportation of the people and transmission of intelligence upon terms favorable to their introduction and development. These new agencies are not patronized by the few, but by the great majority of our people residing in the communities where they are operated. They not only serve their patrons, but indirectly benefit the entire community by enhancing the value of property, facilitating the convenience of doing business, and promoting the health and comfort of the people.

The increasing public sentiment in favor of requiring compensation from these corporations for the use of streets has arisen from a misconception of the relations existing between them and the general public. It is a social as well as a political problem, which must be considered at an early day by our lawmakers, and receive a solution at their hands. Careful and thoughtful consideration will ultimately lead to the conclusion that the welfare of the masses is better served by the development, rather than the restriction, of transportation and communication facilities among our people.

THE USE OF PUBLIC WAYS BY PRIVATE CORPORATIONS.*

BY SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

"LADIES and gentlemen," said the late silver-tongued orator, Wendell Phillips, introducing the young agitator, Charles Stewart Parnell to the immense audience assembled in Music Hall to greet him, on his visit to the United States in 1880, "This is the man who has forced John Bull to listen."

Our own famous agitator considered it a great achievement for Parnell to have gained for himself and his cause even a hearing; but nationalism, although it has only lately become an organized party, has not only forced its opponents to listen, but to defend themselves.

"He who excuses, accuses himself," says the French proverb.

The proud monopolies,—street-railway, electric-light, telephone, and telegraph companies, etc., beginning to feel the ground unsteady under their feet, come forward to define their position and defend themselves. A few years since, they would not have even listened to the claims of the people. Now that nationalistic ideas are spreading and preparing the people for a change which shall make monopoly as obsolete as feudalism, the monopolies come forward, asking a hearing in their own defence.

Such a defence is the able paper of Mr. Samuel Leland Powers in the current number of THE ARENA; able, because it champions a cause so feeble and so inconsistent that all the shrewdness and tact of a skilful lawyer are required, to cause the accused to appear in the light of injured innocence.

It is the well-known aim of nationalism to take these great monopolies out of the hands of private corporations, and transfer them to the people, represented by the national, state, or municipal government.

*A reply to Samuel L. Powers, Esq.

Nationalism justly claims that, since the nation is able to carry the mails satisfactorily, it can also carry our bundles, our persons, our telegrams ; that since a city can manage, economically and properly, the sewerage system, the water supply, the fire department, and even public education, it can as well manage street cars and telephones, electric plants and gas lights.

Nothing hinders the consummation of such nationalistic schemes except the inertia of the masses, who, accustomed to existing conditions, leave them alone until they see either the harm arising, or the possible personal profit which might arise from them if changed.

To pave a way for the nationalization of monopolies, it has been proposed to tax the companies for the use of public ways ; and it is against this proposed, but as yet *only* proposed, taxation that Mr. Powers enters the arena to prove — what ?

First, that such taxation would be unjust.

Second, that it would be useless.

Able lawyer that he is, from all the claims the friends of nationalistic measures present, he selects the few that are weak, aims his blows at them, and “knocks them out”; then, believing he has annihilated the whole claim, he demands the laurel crown due to the champion.

It is one of the minor claims raised against these monopolies, that the use they make of streets and highways is inconsistent with the purposes for which these are constructed and maintained, and that the granting of such privileges as are conferred on the corporations is at the expense of the general public ; that it is neither just nor right that people who do not patronize the corporations to which the free use of streets is granted, should be compelled to pay taxes to maintain streets thus used by corporations for private gain ; that, even if such tax were levied, the patrons of the company would either have to pay it in increased rates, or be less well served.

If it will help Mr. Powers, I will admit his premises ; but the real question does not hinge at all upon the point he has chosen for his defence.

It matters little whether or not the public highways were laid out for the purpose of travel on foot, on horseback, or in carriages, or whether they are utilized for the

transfer of passengers by means of horse cars or electric cars; it matters little whether people carry on business in the streets as pedlers or venders, or by transporting carloads of goods through them, or whether a railroad company carries its passengers through them; it amounts to little that the distinction is made between private gain and public benefit, because after all, all that is gained, be it private or otherwise, is in the end a public gain, and whatever is beneficial to the public is always followed by benefits that reach the individual. The point in question is a different one.

When a company is permitted to run a line of cars through a street, or to erect poles for telegraph wires, or to lay pipes underneath the ground for gas or superheated steam, it obtains a monopoly; viz., it obtains the exclusive right to carry on a certain business. Competition is made impossible, because, even if a similiar privilege were granted to another company, no space would be left to carry on the business on separate lines, in the same streets. Whenever such attempts have been made, they have always ended in the amalgamation of both concerns. The public is thus in the hands of the monopoly, as far as convenience and rates are concerned. While the right is reserved to legislature to prescribe locations, speed, and prices, it can never be executed otherwise than on paper. If, for example, the telephone companies should be forced to reduce their rates to a reasonable basis, or if the street-car companies should be compelled to carry passengers at three cents a ride, these companies would soon force up the prices by the insufficiency of accommodations, as they have no competitors to fear.

While they themselves pay no taxes, they burden tax payers in a double way. For the purpose of repairing their tracks or their pipes or their wires, or of introducing some improvements, they will tear up the streets; and although the law compels them to return the streets, after the repairs are made, in the same condition as they have found them, it is obvious that, in the long run, the tax payers will have to bear the expense for paving the streets twice, when once would have been sufficient. To-day a new pavement is laid by the city; within a week a gas or an electric light company tears it open for its purposes; a week later a railroad breaks the ground, and so *ad infinitum*. In the end the

tax payer has to pay for it. Nor is this all. The owners of large business concerns, who are heavily taxed, are as often hindered in their business pursuits as the streets are opened by the various companies. For days and weeks their business has to suffer, because their patrons, unwilling to cross blockaded streets, will transfer their custom to some other business house, or delay their purchases. It is for these annoyances that companies are expected to pay a tax, as a kind of indemnification.

Mr. Powers insists that all such corporations are engaged in serving the general public; that they are not allowed to discriminate, and that they are supervised by legislature; yet, if the public is benefited, they pay fully for the benefaction; and as for discriminations, it is not the philanthropy of the corporations, nor the stipulations of the charter which bar them out. It is in the interest of the companies to carry as many passengers as they can, or to supply as many customers as they are able. I will leave unchallenged the assertions that the benefit derived by a corporation is an incident to the grant, rather than a result intended, but that incident is so immense that a tax can be easily levied upon it.

Mr. Powers would score a point when he says, "The fact that certain private corporations render our streets more convenient for the people, and by so doing gain profits for their stockholders, detracts in no way from the benefits conferred upon the public," if the benefits doled out to the people were not entirely under the control of the companies, while the profits of the stockholders are not under the control of the public. If a street-car company runs fewer cars at a certain hour of the day than is compatible with the comfort of the people, the benefactions to the people are that they have to hang on to an overcrowded car; while the benefits to the company are a greater amount of fares for a lesser number of cars. Or if a gas or electric light company reduces the volume of the light for which the public contracts with them, the benefaction to the public is that they spoil their eyes, or must turn on a greater number of jets, while the benefactions to the companies are of an entirely different nature.

The publisher who sells his newspapers upon the streets as a convenience for the public; the pedler who vends his

goods ; the cabman or expressman who makes free use of the highways, and gains a livelihood thereby, serves the public as the public demands and not as he chooses, because he does not hold a monopoly, being subjected to keen competition.

Lucid as is Mr. Powers in the rest of his arguments, the readers of his article will be unable to penetrate his thoughts when he tells them, at considerable length, that, while the tax payer of the city of Boston pays for the maintenance of her streets, a visitor from New York or Baltimore or San Francisco is still permitted to walk on them untaxed. I, for one, cannot understand in what relation this argument stands to the subject in question, unless it is perhaps referring to the fact that the stockholder of one of these monopolies who resides in some country place, does business (through the company) upon our streets, and that such a person should be considered as being the equal of the visitor from some other city, and should be allowed the privilege of ripping up the streets, and thus impeding travel, untaxed. If this interpretation of that obscure passage is not the correct one, I will try another. The railroad system, the telephone and telegraph service, make it possible for a man to have his residence in one of the suburbs, in which taxes are low, and he may still transact all his business in the city of Boston, where the taxes are high. He is to be considered, according to Mr. Powers' version, like a man, who, peradventure, crosses our streets, and who cannot be supposed to pay a tax for that privilege.

It is quite natural that advocates of such a weak cause as is Mr. Powers' should endeavor to cover up deficiencies in argument by high-sounding words. We find him, therefore, singing in a high pitch the praises of our civilization. He describes the great benefactions which the inventions of the nineteenth century have brought to humanity : how railways, telegraphs, and telephones, gas and electric lights have embellished life, and how even the poorest of the poor has been benefited by them, since these contrivances have given him knowledge, intelligence, and personal comforts which a king of former ages would have envied him.

Ergo, concludes Mr. Powers, how dare you levy a tax upon stockholders ! But the railroad system, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, the gas light, is one thing, and the corporation which monopolizes these inventions is quite

another. Nobody thinks of levying a tax on railroads or electric lights ; the tax is to be levied on the stockholders, for the privilege of selling these commodities to the consumer without fear of competition. If we could have as many railroad companies as we have livery stables, or as many telephone companies as we have dry-goods stores, so that the public could buy where they are served best and at the lowest rates, nobody would think of taxing them ; but for the privilege of using our streets for a monopoly, and almost at their own discretion, it is not more than right that they should be required to give an equivalent. Nobody can deny the fact that, if the people themselves would control all these monopolies, they could have as good, if not a better service and cheaper rates, and that, in addition, the surplus would flow back to them, to be used for other communal purposes. Germany, for example, which runs her own railways, nets a surplus which pays for all her public instruction. If the city of Boston would run the street cars, she would be able to support all her schools by the surplus which she would gain, at four cents a fare ; and at the rate of five cents, she might be able to throw in with free books also free lunches for the children of the poor. Now the city does not run them ; she allows a corporation to pocket the surplus ; she pays even for the wear and tear of the street pavement, which is increased by the running of heavy cars through them. Why should she not have the right to tax a corporation for such a privilege ? The same applies to the telegraph and the telephone, or to gas and electric lights.

At this juncture, I cannot help giving a sample of the ingenious manner in which Mr. Powers tries to mislead the reader. Describing the advantages which street railways have conferred upon a city by permitting it to grow on all sides, to spread the citizens over a larger area, and thus to counteract the dangers of a dense population, he tells us that in the city of Berlin sixty people are living under one roof, while in Boston the average is about eight persons living in one house. Happy Boston ! Unfortunate Berlin ! But does Mr. Powers think, indeed, that there are no Germans living here in America, or that no Americans have ever visited Berlin ! True, sixty people do live under one roof in Berlin, but, please, what sort of a roof ? A roof so large that it would cover one whole block of Boston houses. And

after all, Berlin has street cars as well as has Boston, and its elevated road, "the Ring bahn," is the best-constructed road of that kind in the world.

Closing his paper, the able author says: "Careful and thoughtful consideration will ultimately lead to the conclusion that the welfare of the masses is better served by the development, rather than the restriction, of transportation and communication facilities among our people." But who denies that? Quite the contrary; we shall have better facilities and cheaper ones, too, when cities and states or the nation assume control of these monopolies. To propose to tax them does not mean restricting the development of transportation facilities; it means to force the owners to make returns to the people for the privileges granted to them. It is easy to see why, to the mind of Mr. Powers, taxation of corporations and restriction of travelling facilities appear to be identical. He knows full well that these corporations will not pay the taxes out of their pockets, but that they will be borne by the people, either in that they will have to pay higher rates or receive poorer accommodations; and so do I know full well that to levy such a tax will be useless in the long run. There is but one way to right this matter: viz., that the people themselves make use of the privileges which they grant to corporations; that in all cases where a commodity or an accommodation can be handled to better advantage by one concern, why, that concern must be the people. If a city can build streets, she can run railroads on it; if a city can build sidewalks and erect lamp-posts, she can as well erect poles for electric wires of all kinds; and if money is to be made by such monopolies, there is no reason why the people should not make it for themselves. If these various corporations will haggle about a tax to be paid to the people, partly for the enjoyment of a privilege, partly in payment of the increased wear and tear of the streets; if they will threaten that, if such a tax be levied on them, the facilities of communication shall be restricted, it is high time that such a power be taken out of their hands.

ZOROASTER AND PERSIAN DUALISM.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES T. BIXBY, PH. D.

THE Jewish race, existing in banishment for eighteen centuries, has been continually pointed at as a standing miracle. But there is in India a still more singular spectacle: a nation of exiles whose numbers are but a handful compared with the Jews, and whose antiquity as a nation probably long antedates the Exodus of the Jews from Egypt. For four thousand years they have been true to their sacred laws; and still to-day, although a mere remnant of a race, surrounded by idolaters, without any such hope of restoration to their own land as keeps the Jews together, or any such distinctive rite as circumcision, the faith in Ahura-Mazda, the one good Creator, remains as ardent as when it first flamed forth on the Bactrian plain. The distinctive moral virtues inculcated in their sacred books (but which are notoriously lacking in the Hindu populace, in the midst of which they have had to live), viz., truth, chastity, industry, and beneficence, still distinguish them, as in the days of yore. Such a thing as a pauper is said to be unknown among them in Bombay, where they mostly reside. Their enemies and conquerors, in Persia, so confide in their virtue that they are the only laborers allowed in the gardens adjoining the Shah's harem; and of all the splendid charities in the world, none equal in princely generosity those of the great Parsee merchant of Bombay, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, who in his own lifetime gave away three and a half millions of dollars to various beneficent causes, without discrimination of race or religion.

This remarkable people are the Parsees, now reduced in number to about one hundred and fifty thousand souls in all, but whose history, achievements, character, and religion make them one of the most interesting races in the world.

It is of their ancient faith and its founder, Zoroaster, that I purpose to give an account. Distant in time as they lie, far back almost at the beginning of history, their thought

and life are with us to-day, as living parts of our spiritual inheritance; for it is to that remote time and distant land, indeed, that we must refer our inquiries, if we would find the beginning of that movement which has given morality its present prominence in our religious and social life.

The knowledge of this ancient faith has been preserved to us in the book called the Zend-Avesta. The name Zend or Zand means the commentary; Avesta means the sacred wisdom or revelation. By a curious accident, the name of the original holy law has been put last. If we would not have the cart before the horse, we should say, the Avesta-Zand. Of this Avesta or sacred revelation, the oldest part is what is called the Gathas,— Psalms, commandments, and prayers that were ascribed directly to Zoroaster and his immediate disciples.

According to the traditions of these sacred books, the original home of the Parsees was not in Persia, but far to the north in Central Asia. They loved to picture this primitive home as a place of unalloyed bliss, an earthly paradise. Indeed, our own word "paradise," comes from their language.

This Persian Eden, called Aryano-Vaejo, was the first and best of all lands; but after a while, Angro-Mainyus, the death-dealing, produced a huge serpent and hostile demons. This cloud serpent and his fellow-demons poured cold rains and snow upon the land. Even during the summer it was so chilly that there were only two months of warm weather left; the good pasturage which the country had furnished was destroyed, and the country became so inhospitable that they had to emigrate to the South with their cattle and red, blazing fires.

In this primitive home, the original cradle of the Aryans, the ancestors of the Parsees and of the Hindus had dwelt together; but before they left (or when on their journey to the South), a bitter feud broke out between them. The branch which afterward settled in Persia was industrious and inclined to agriculture. The branch which afterward settled in India preferred to live by hunting or to roam about with their flocks over the plains, and resented the enclosure of the land by the Parsee branch. This hostility of nomad tribes to whatever neighbors engage in the husbandry of the soil is a natural and common occurrence. It is not only the love of booty that incites the nomad to assail his industrious

neighbor, but the instinct of self-defence, which looks on the plowing of the land as an encroachment on the old right of unrestricted hunting or pasturage. Following out this instinct, the nomadic Brahmans would periodically descend upon the agricultural Parsees, kill or carry off their cattle, and lay waste their fields. From these raids, there resulted not only a social and political schism, but a religious schism also.

The evidence of language shows that originally the religion of both these branches of the Aryans was one and the same: a primitive nature worship, in which especially Dyaus (the bright sky), Indra and the Maruts (the storm winds), the sun, fire, and other forces of nature were the chief objects of adoration. Not only were the natural objects worshipped in these two branches of the Aryan races originally the same, but the names under which they were adored were substantially the same.

But as a consequence of these predatory attacks and the hostility excited by them, a curious change in the religion of the Parsees took place. When the Brahman warriors went forth to their raids, they preceded them, as barbarian tribes still do, with prayers to their gods, sacrifices, incantations, and the imbibing of intoxicating drinks made from the sacred soma plant. Under the exhilarating influence of this fermented juice, the warriors rushed to the attack, full of fury, primed for devastation and slaughter, and with loud cries to Indra and Siva on their lips.

Among the Parsee Aryans, naturally, this fiery soma juice soon lost its sacred character, and was looked upon with abhorrence; Indra and Siva and the other gods invoked by the marauding Brahmans became detestable, and were regarded as evil beings, not good. The very word "daevas," which to the Brahmans meant "the divinities," came to be used by the Parsees as the name for the demons; and on the other hand, the good deities of the Parsees, the Ahuras or Asuras, became the word for evil beings among the Brahmans. And so it has come about that even in our own English language, the two words "divinity" and "devil," which are derived from one and the same root, and originally meant the same thing, now denote the widest contrast of ideas.

Such was the struggle in which Zoroaster came forward,

not only as a leader of a religious reform, but as a pioneer of social progress. The agricultural Parsees seem to have been hard pressed, and it required a man of iron will and glowing zeal to rouse the people to band together against their enemies. Zoroaster's work was to rally all the peaceable and industrious-minded about the standard of their god, Ahura-Mazda, and lead them to forswear solemnly all those deeds of violence and rapine, that destroyed civil order and made the pursuit of agriculture impossible. They must abjure, also, as works of devils, those intoxicating soma draughts, that inflamed the passions, and all those magic arts to which their enemies resorted.

The movement of Zoroaster was plainly, then, from the outset a moral movement; a grand forward step in civilization; in fact, the very earliest of such social reforms of which we have any historic record.

Who, then, was this great reformer? A veil of thickest mystery rests upon his history. His name, as it appears in the Avestan language, was Spitama Zarathushtra. Spitama seems to have been his family name. Zarathushtra, which the Greeks and Romans twisted into the name Zoroaster, by which we know him, was undoubtedly a mere title. It means the venerable master or chief elder, and was a title equivalent to that of high priest or archbishop. As to the time when he lived, there is the greatest diversity of opinion. The best modern authorities say from 2000 to 1200 B. C. It was unquestionably before the Brahmins entered India.

Tradition has not failed to wreath his name with plenty of those wild fables which ever follow in the wake of the great man, like the glowing coruscations that mark the path of the comet through the skies. When the babe was born, it was said, he burst at once into a hearty laugh, which filled the magicians present with consternation. When he grew up to youth, he was translated bodily to heaven; there he was admitted to the presence of God, his heart miraculously taken out of his body and put back again, and he received from the Creator revelations teaching him that God is formed of light and the devils of darkness. The whole Avesta was taught to him, and he was commanded to proclaim it to the world. Before he came, the demons ran over the earth in the visible form of men, and wrought evil; but when Zoroaster brought law into the world, he

broke the bodies of the devils in pieces; and from that time, when they wished to do any evil, they could not do it in the form of men, but had to take the form of an ass or some other animal.

Such are a few specimens of these extravagant legends by which later reverence fancied it might honor the great prophet.

The historical facts which the ancient records show are much more sober, but contain vastly more that is truly noble. According to the oldest Gathas, the most authentic source of information, Zoroaster called himself "the reciter of hymns, the messenger of Ahura-Mazda, the listener to the sacred words revealed by God."

He was undoubtedly one of the already established order of fire priests or Soshyantos, whose earnestness and zeal made him the natural leader of the new movement. He began his mission (the Zend-Avesta tells us) by assembling the people before the sacred fire, and delivering a remarkable inaugural address, as we should say. He boldly called upon his countrymen, as Elijah called upon the people of Israel in his contest with the priests of Baal, to choose that very day whom they would serve.

He reminds them of their renowned ancestry; recalls to them the wise sayings and good deeds of their god, Ahura-Mazda, the ever-living omniscient one, and says he has summoned them there to hear the sublime truth which he sees rising out of the sacred flame, the ancient symbol of Ahura-Mazda, about which they are gathered. "Contemplate the beams of fire with a pious mind. Every one, both men and women, ought to-day to choose between the worship of the evil Daevas and the worship of the good Ahura-Mazda."

With a philosophic grasp of the subject of sin and misery, remarkable in that distant past, he traces the distinction of good and evil back to the very dawn of creation, even before creation. "In the beginning," says Zoroaster, "there was a pair of twins; two spirits, each active; the good and the base; and these two spirits created all things; the one created good and true things; the other illusion and deceit. Of these two spirits you must choose one; you cannot belong to both. Be good, then," he adjures them, "not base. Let us be such as help the life of the future. The

wise living spirits are the greatest supporters of it. The prudent man wishes only to be there where wisdom finds its home."

Zoroaster states very plainly here the object of his reform. It is a solemn renunciation of the old Aryan polytheism or worship of the Daevas, and a social reorganization on the basis of the peaceful and industrial life of agriculture.

The Daevas of the nomadic Brahmans are henceforth to be looked upon as enemies and devils, the source of all evil and sin. All sorceries and dabbling in the black art are to be eschewed. Zoroaster's followers must adore only the one great spirit, Ahura-Mazda, who is the life and intelligence of all things. The disciple of Zoroaster must attribute all that is good in the universe to the beneficent Ahura-Mazda, the pure and the majestic. Everything on the earth and in the starry firmament is declared to be his. All life, light, and goodness proceed from him.

In the Khordah Avesta, the Parsee catechism, Zoroaster is represented as asking Ahura-Mazda what is his best and greatest name. And this is the remarkable answer that is given: "My name is He who may be supplicated; the most pure; he who takes account of the actions of men. My name is the Living One; the all-beholding one; the desirer of good for my creatures; he who cannot be deceived; the tormentor of tormentors; the creator of all."

What a wonderfully exalted conception of the Divine Nature is given here! What a remarkable summary of the chief and highest attributes of God,—especially when it is remembered that this was in the days when Rome and Greece were still barbarian haunts, when Egypt and Assyria were full of idols, and when neither the Pentateuch nor the Psalms of David were as yet composed.

Zoroaster hardly seems to have reached a strict monotheism, inasmuch as beneath the supreme Ahura-Mazda he retained as subordinate divinities the old sun god, Mithra; Aryaman, the god of fruitfulness; Athar, the fire god, and a number of other divine spirits. But no other religion, at that time, came nearer to strict monotheism; for even the early Hebrew faith recognized other gods besides Jehovah, denying not their existence, but only their equality with Jehovah and worthiness to be worshipped by the children of Abraham.

No images of the Supreme have ever been used by the

Zoroastrians, and idolatry has been looked upon with as much abhorrence by them as by Moses or Elijah. The only outward symbols of the Ever-living One which they have recognized are found in the sun and the temple-fire, ever kept burning on the altar.

What Ahura-Mazda is made to say in the Zend-Avesta,—“My light is hidden under all that shines,”—that was and still is the pious faith of every devout Parsee. On the contrary, all the powers and ways of darkness, everything that worked in concealment or by deceit, was to be forsaken and opposed by the true Zoroastrian.

Mr. Moncure Conway tells of a lady in Hampshire in England who said to a friend of his: “Do you make your children bow their heads whenever they mention the Devil’s name? I do,” she added, solemnly, “I think it is safer.”

Of this expedient duplicity, which takes care to make friends with the lord of unrighteousness, there was no particle in the frank, outspoken Zoroaster. He was a prophet of the most uncompromising spirit, and made no truce with the powers of evil.

While the prudent Hindus thought it a cunning and useful measure to propitiate the evil powers, the honest-hearted Zoroaster made his motto “incessant warfare on them”—execration and renunciation of all the deeds of the prince of lies. Man is gifted with free will. He can choose his course, and those who are worthy of being his disciples must be manly enough to resist openly the powers of darkness. The soul’s salvation came not from any mere belief or self-torture (such as the Hindu ascetics practiced), but by the man’s own life and acts; by purity in thought, word, and deeds.

When Zarathushtra asks the Supreme, “What is that prayer which in goodness and beauty is worth all that is between earth and heaven?” Ahura-Mazda answers: “That prayer, O Zarathushtra, when a man renounces all evil thoughts, words, and works.” And in the Yacna, it is re-affirmed in that most striking declaration, “To arrive at prayer is to arrive at a perfect conscience.”

If a soul has lived purely in this world, then after death it travels toward the realm of departed spirits; on the third night a wind meets it, blowing with balmy breath from the south, and in that wind there comes to meet him the

figure of a maiden, beautiful and shining, as fair as the fairest of creatures. It is his own past,—the good thoughts and words and deeds of his life. Then the soul of the pure man passes the narrow trembling bridge of Chinvat (a word meaning that which gathers the faithful together), and with the first step reaches the heaven of happy thought; with the second step, the heaven of blessed words; with the third, the heaven of blessed deeds, and then arrives at the Eternal Glory. There Ahura-Mazda himself welcomes him, orders for him sweet food, meet for his pure life.

But when the soul has led a bad life, its course is the reverse. It is met by an ill-smelling wind and a hideous hag, the embodiment of his own evil character. Ahriman, the arch-fiend, receives him and gives him poison; he plunges from the narrow, razor-edged bridge down to the dark and noisome dwelling of the devils, where he expiates his sins in torment till the time of the general resurrection.

It is evident, then, that to the believing Zoroastrian this life is no time for idle play, but for sternest warfare. He battles for an infinite reward. He must ever be on his guard against the pitfalls that lead to eternal death. The service of Ahura-Mazda and the path to heavenly bliss consists in the performance of all pure and beneficent works. The disciple of Zoroaster must repent of all his sins. In the general confession which the penitent must make, there is an astonishingly full enumeration of all possible transgression. Pride, covetousness, slander, anger, envy, discontent with the arrangements of God,—in regard to each one of these, the penitent must examine his conscience, and if guilty, confess it. And not only these commoner faults are reckoned sins which would hinder the soul guilty of them from passing over the bridge Chinvat to Paradise, but the sins of omission also are mortal sins: e. g., to see evil and not warn him who does it; to fail to give alms to the needy; to turn from repentance; to say there is no God; to teach doubts of the good. Every one of these must be shunned. Even the secret thoughts must be carefully governed. What more searching confession could be required of any man than the following? “That which was the wish of Ahura-Mazda, and I ought to have thought and have not thought; that which I ought to have spoken and done, and have not spoken nor done,—of these sins I repent.”

And when the confession was finished, then the disciple was called upon for new resolutions of virtue of the most earnest spirit: "As long as life endures, I will stand fast in good thoughts in my soul, in good words in my speech, in good deeds in my action. With all good am I in agreement, with all evil am I at variance. With the punishments of the future life I will be contented. May the power of Ahriman be broken! May the reign of Ahura-Mazda be increased!"

The old rabbins used to say, "Prayers which say nothing about the kingdom do not deserve the name of prayers." Until a man cares for righteousness, for some higher end than his own personal advancement or bliss, he is only in the alphabet of religion. It is only when the soul loves truth and justice for their own sacred worth and authority, and attains a loyalty to the King of Righteousness in which the thought of his own individual interests sinks from sight, that it begins to breathe the true air of religion. This is one of the noblest traits of this old Zoroastrian faith, that every day the believer prayed to his God, "thy kingdom come." "May the power of Ahura-Mazda increase, may Ahriman's power be broken," was his daily petition. And whatever he himself could do of benefit to man or in accordance with purity and truth, he rejoiced in, as his contribution to the victory. Not only the attainment of all personal virtues, but all social obligations and religious rites were helps to the grand end. Every daily duty thus became sacred to the Zoroastrian. Especial emphasis was put on the duty of tilling the soil. "He who cultivates barley, it is said, cultivates righteousness, and extends the religion of Ahura-Mazda as much as though he resisted a hundred demons, made a thousand offerings, or recited ten thousand prayers. An old Avestan verse celebrates the moral and magic power of these agricultural operations.

The demons hiss when the barley's green,
The demons moan at the threshing's sound;
The demons roar as the grist is ground,
The demons flee when the flour is seen.

The Parsee religion is pre-eminently one of thrift. Poverty and asceticism, so commonly praised by oriental faiths, have no place in its catalogue of virtues. Mortification of the flesh is not merely folly, but an act of base ingratitude towards the good God. To put under a ban the good things

which Ahura-Mazda has given man, and abstain from their enjoyment is to show one's self a despiser of the beneficent Creator and an ally of the demons.

Every Zoroastrian was required to practice some useful industry. He must destroy all noxious and unclean animals,—such as snakes, rats, lizards, frogs,—as servants of Ahriman; but all good animals he must recognize as creatures of Ahura-Mazda, and be kind and merciful to them. Especial care was to be given to dogs. These canine regulations are exceedingly curious, but, so far from deserving the ridicule that has been poured on them, exhibit rather the wisdom of the ancient legislator in protecting animals whose domestication was an indispensable condition to the preservation of their flocks. Ahura-Mazda the Divine assures Zoroaster that he himself has made the dog, "with his own clothing and his own shoes," as it is quaintly said, "with keen scent and sharp teeth, faithful to men as protection to the cattle and sheep folds." The Creator orders therefore that before the dogs who watch and nothing comes, they shall place milk and meat and fat, that they may be properly nourished. He who gives bad food to a dog shall be punished with lashes, from fifty to two hundred. He who wounds a dog shall be condemned to receive from five hundred to eight hundred lashes. For killing a water-dog the expiation required is so enormous that the soul of the slayer is hopelessly consigned to Dousahk, the Parsee Hell.

Wherever the conscience becomes scrupulous about petty sins, there morality is apt to run into ceremonialism. It is not therefore strange to find Zoroaster's punctilious care for entire purity develop into a most elaborate system of ritual, outward washings, and sacramental defences against evil. The Vendidad, or "defence against the demons," is full of these pious safeguards. To be demon-proof, the Zoroastrian must be perpetually on his guard against the slightest defilement. To come into contact with any unclean object, especially a corpse, was a terrible thing, and required most elaborate purificatory rites before the man was clean again. The mere touch of a human corpse or a dead dog made the man impure, and required complicated mystical ceremonies, with consecrated liquids and cakes and sacred vessels, and scores of prayers and washings of the whole body. Nay

more, even the water or the piece of wood that touched the corpse became unclean, and might communicate the taint, it was believed ; and the field where an animal died must lie fallow for a year ; and if a man cultivated it, he must be punished by two hundred lashes. He who would keep the demons at a distance, must be diligent in reciting the confession, and the texts of incantation, must wear the sacred shirt of white linen, and gird himself with the holy girdle, coiling it thrice around his body, and tying it with a particular knot, and five times a day take it off and put it on again, repeating the sacred prayers. Not only must men protect their own bodies and souls from defilement, but they must be equally careful not to defile the earth, fire, nor water. And for this reason dead bodies are never to be buried in the earth, but to be exposed on lofty towers, called towers of silence, there to be devoured by birds of prey. When a man pares his finger nails or trims off a lock of hair, he is guilty of a terrible sin if he allows the scrap to fall loosely on the ground. It must be buried in a place distant from fire, water, and the residence of men, and a long string of prayers recited over it.

This consciousness of sin and the necessity of warring constantly against it, is the characteristic trait of the Parsee religion. It is eminently dualistic ; not in the sense sometimes used, of accepting two hostile deities, for it does not permit any worship or propitiation of the evil deities. But it is dualistic, to speak more exactly, in its philosophy ; i. e., in supposing a radical division throughout all creation ; two antagonistic primitive principles ; two ever-opposed kingdoms — one of light, life, and good ; the other of darkness, destruction, and evil.

Like so many other great thinkers, Zoroaster was confronted by a great problem — the origin of evil. That evil exists, cannot be denied by any sane man. How did it come into existence ? Brooding over this problem, Zoroaster's profound thought traces back smaller to greater evils, effects to causes, until he reached in his speculation the very beginning of things in the Divine Power. Everywhere, as he has gone backward in his searchings, he sees the good and the evil associated. The refreshing shower and the destructive thunderbolt, the fire that warms and the flame that burns, always go together. By some eternal and immutable law, the two opposites seem to be involved one with another.

There is never a day without a succeeding night; no life without death; no good without evil. Hence Zoroaster supposed in the Supreme Being a primal pair of twins, two original and opposite principles: Spinto-Mainyus, i. e., the beneficent mind, and the Angro-Mainyus, the "striking" mind, i. e., the destructive and evil principle. These are the two creators who create all things. The good mind constructs and perfects all excellent things. The bad mind destroys and corrupts life, and breeds all sin and evil.

In Zoroaster's original thought, as we see in the oldest sections of the Zend-Avesta, these two opposite principles are not independent beings, but only antithetic tendencies or phases of the one Supreme God. But gradually Ahura-Mazda, the Supreme, came to be identified with the beneficent spirit; and as a result of this elective affinity, to use Professor Evans' chemical figure, "Angro-Mainyus, the destructive spirit, was set free, and became developed into an independent being,—the personified essence of all evil, divorced from all good, and the constant adversary of Ahura-Mazda. Each became sovereign in his own sphere, and had his own council and army."

In the later Parsee scriptures, especially the Bundehesh, we find this idea of the existence of two independent and hostile hierarchies — one striving to promote life and diffuse truth, the other plotting and laboring as vigorously to destroy life and spread evil and falsehood — fully elaborated. Indeed, the idea of the personality of Ahriman and his independence was followed out so far, that the monotheistic doctrine seemed to be endangered; and to repair the breach, the Parsees of the time of the Sassanides, i. e., about 300 B. C., taking advantage of an obscure text which spoke of both the good and bad spirits having been created in boundless time, exalted this boundless time, Zervane Akerana, to the position of the Supreme Being, the first cause of both Ahura-Mazda and Ahriman. This mythology of the Bundehesh, which soon became the accepted scripture and basis of the orthodox faith of the Parsees from that time onward, is very picturesque.

From Zervane Akerana, this boundless time, were created, by his word, out of nothing, the twin forms Light and Darkness (i. e., Ormuzd and Ahriman) and the Feroyers, or Spirits of all things. All were at first equally pure and

good; but soon Ahriman became envious of Ormuzd, and strife broke out. To punish Ahriman for this evil feeling the Supreme Being condemned him to twelve thousand years' imprisonment in a dungeon of rayless darkness. Then Ormuzd created the heavenly universe; he raised an exceeding high mountain, Alborsh, the snow peak, and on its summit he fixed his throne. During the first three thousand years, Ahriman and his host remained quiet; but when Ormuzd had withdrawn to his heavenly seat, Ahriman and his legions forced their way out of their dark prison, by boring through the shell of the cosmic egg, and sprang upon the earth in the form of a serpent. Then began a great conflict between the two factions. Comets make havoc in heaven; by a flood Ormuzd seeks to sweep the evil spirits from the earth; Ahriman is worsted, but Ormuzd cannot altogether expel him from the earth. Thereby the world becomes one of mixed nature; and night, cold, scorching heat, and varied evils came into being wherever the influence of Ahriman predominated.

Next, Ormuzd resolves to strengthen his forces, by uniting the good spirits with earthly bodies. He creates the vegetable kingdom, cattle, and the first human pair,—Meschia and his wife Meschiane. As creatures of Ormuzd, this first pair ought to have stood upon his side; but Ahriman gave them fruits which they ate, corrupted their thoughts, and destroyed their happiness. They ceased to honor Ormuzd, but instead became worshippers of Ahriman and the devils. Then, in the reign of Jemshid, Ormuzd revealed himself to Hom, the first Zarathustra or prophet of Ormuzd. In spite of the fall of mankind, men had retained a remnant of the primitive paradisiac purity, and this divine beam enabled them to receive and obey the revealed law, and climb to heaven by the stairway of its three grand steps,—purity of thought, of word, and deed. At the time of Zoroaster, the decision was still trembling in the balance, and every well-disposed soul was bound to fight on the side of Ormuzd for truth, right, and goodness. In the next three thousand years, Ahriman would redouble his efforts; then two more great prophets would appear, summoning men to repentance; then Sosiosh, the Redeemer, last and greatest of these sons of Zoroaster, would appear, complete the conquest of Ahriman, and introduce the last world period. Then the

earth will attain unalloyed prosperity, and life become perfect bliss. The dead will reawake in the order in which they were born, and their souls will be reunited with the resurrected bodies. Sosiosh, the Parsee Saviour, will sit in judgment on the risen ones. The just will ascend straightway to heaven; the unjust shall be purified with fire for three days and three nights; the hills shall melt with the fervent heat; Ahriman and his devils shall burn in the sea of molten brass, and all their impurity shall be dissolved and annihilated therein. The purified bodies shall become ethereal, no longer needing nourishment, casting no shadows. Mankind shall all be of one speech and language, and shall join in unceasing praise to Ormuzd; the arch-devil himself, Ahriman, shall be foremost in this adoration of the good and victorious Ormuzd, and the souls of the transfigured, drinking of the waters of life, shall put on incorruption, and rest in perfection and peace as long as time shall endure.

Such were the glorious and poetic visions in which later Parseeism indulged. As to who was the author of this masterpiece of pious idealism, no one knows; but he was undoubtedly an imaginative genius of the first order. And when we recall the fact that the book containing this splendid apocalypse dates back three hundred years before the Christian era, it is evident how very much of the popular Christian traditions of creation and Eden, resurrection and the judgment day have been drawn from it. Maimonides, the great Hebrew scholar, says that the Jews derived all their knowledge of the angels from the Persians at the Captivity. The legendary and imaginative descriptions in Genesis, the book of Daniel, and the book of the Revelation of John have all been more or less indebted to these Parsee traditions; and in the popular idea of Satan, as it existed in the Middle Ages or is embalmed for us in Dante's and Milton's great poems, no one can fail to see a close reproduction of the Persian Ahriman.

When we recall the elaborate ceremonial prescriptions of Parseeism, its minute distinctions of clean and unclean things, and its fussy methods of purification, it must be admitted that there was much in it that was childish, even ridiculous. Whole pages of their sacred scriptures are but dreary wastes of foolish superstitions and the emptiest, most irrational formalities. Some of these rites were absolutely disgusting.

In a dozen pages of the Avesta, a modern mind will hardly find more than one page that seems to be more than chaff.

'Nevertheless, amidst this chaff, are to be found the purest and most shining jewels of spiritual truth. The fundamental idea that underlay all this puerile mummery was a true and noble one; viz., that all about us there is going on a conflict between the good and the evil forces of the universe, in which every honest-hearted man should take his stand on the side of the right, and should not only keep himself ever pure, but do his utmost to help forward the coming of the reign of the good God.

It was the first of all the ancient religions to associate worship with morality, as an indispensable requirement of the Divine. So familiar is this view to us now that it is with a distinct shock of surprise that we come across passages such as that in Pliny, where Servius Sulpitius gives rules for propitiating the deities, and says that "they are to be pacified even by our vices," or where Cicero says, "All mortals hold that we receive from the gods external advantages, but no one ever attributed human virtue to a divine power as if it had been received from him."

Strange as such declarations seem to us, yet a moment's recalling of the impure rites current in Babylonia, Phoenicia, and India, or the character and adventures attributed to such pagan gods as the drunken Bacchus, the wanton Venus, the cruel Moloch, and devouring Siva,—even Father Zeus himself,—shows that in most of these ancient nature faiths, neither their gods nor the acts required by their gods of men were necessarily righteous. Religion with them was a kind of fortune-telling and magic; a series of ceremonies, intended to propitiate a not very good-tempered nor good-mannered race of supernatural tyrants, who haunted earth and sky. In lifting up religion to the ethical plane and making purity, not only of deed but even of word and thought, indispensable to acceptable worship of his Supreme God, Zoroaster took the most notable forward step in religion that had, at his epoch, been taken.

The Parsee religion is a healthy and a manly one. It has no room for cowardice nor hypocrisy nor pious shirks. No man is to be saved by shifting his responsibilities to some priestly or divine substitute, but only by his own personal righteousness. Parseeism is a trumpet call to men to show

forth all that is highest and noblest in their nature. It incites men to make the most of themselves and their circumstances, rather than drift as weeds in the current of the world. And its appeal to men to battle with the wrong is made not merely, as in so many Christian revivals, alas! we hear it urged, solely or chiefly from the selfish motive of individual salvation, but from the larger, more disinterested motive of lessening the reign of sin and extending the kingdom of the good God in the world. Every man who struggles for purity and righteousness is a fellow-combatant with God, who needs and values his services in overcoming the adversary. This idea, that the humblest person may, by his own earnest aspiration and resistance to temptation, not only put around himself the armor of righteousness, but contribute to the ascendancy of right in the universe, and determine which of the two great powers, that of good or that of evil, shall conquer,—this is surely a sublime thought; one which we may still cherish to-day, and feel our own blood stirred by it to a more heroic warfare against the sins of the world.

In this sense of co-operation with the Lord of Hosts in his righteous plans, and the dignity which such an idea gives to human life, the Parsee faith is one with Christianity. And, moreover, Parseeism in one point, in this connection, is decidedly superior to the orthodox creed, and should elicit special appreciation from all inclined to a more liberal form of Christianity. I refer to the coming triumph of the kingdom of goodness and purity over that of the kingdom of evil.

While orthodox Christians attribute to Satan and the sinful a power of eternal resistance to the holy influences of God; while they make the conditions of salvation such that a large proportion of humanity must probably fail to attain it, and while they attribute to the punishments of God so little efficacy that the wicked are not at all reformed or purified thereby, and the sympathies of all the good are painfully wrenching by this hopeless, unconquerable weight of evil, in the Parsee faith, on the contrary, the hearts of all the faithful are lightened and cheered, in their struggle, by the sure hope of a final triumph over Ahriman and his rebellious host. Ahura-Mazda and the righteous, who are his allies, are always, since the days of Zoroaster, gaining a little over their

enemies ; and when, at the close of the twelve thousand years, the last three terrible days of fervent heat and unspeakable torment shall come, the baptism of fire shall destroy all corruption and sin ; purify the earth, annihilate hell, cleanse the wicked, and even convert from their foolish rebellion the arch-fiend himself and his host. All created beings shall join in the worship of Ahura-Mazda, Ahriman himself leading the songs of praise to him, and the universe shall remain pure forevermore.

This final, permanent, and universal triumph of the good over, not only all ordinary sinners, but also the Prince of Demons, is a bright and shining feature in the Parsee picture of the future, which those familiar with such representations of hell and its denizens as Calvinism has endeavored to spread throughout Christendom, will gratefully appreciate.

And lastly, this ultimate regeneration of the arch-fiend and his host, with their re-enlistment in the cause of the beneficent Ahura-Mazda, teaches another grand lesson, suggested in more than one passage of the Parsee scriptures. It is that evil is only temporary in its nature, an illusion and an incident of the Divine Providence ; not an end nor a reality in itself.

In the popular thought, the origin of all the evil and sin in the world is ascribed to the arch-fiend, Satan, whom Christian tradition has taken, with hardly any other change than that of name, from the later Parsee mythology. This Prince of Darkness, as we still call him, is looked upon as an independent and eternal power, the all-sufficient explanation of all that is bad in God's universe.

But a little consideration shows that the responsibility for evil cannot be shifted from the divine so easily. As the little boy said, " If Satan is the cause of all this, why does not God kill Satan, and stop it for good ? " Either he cannot (in which case he is not supreme, but Satan is rather the supreme) or else God has some good reason for permitting evil in the world. No solution but the latter is philosophical. For the more closely we examine evil, we find that it is no independent thing, separable from good, but, as the Zend-Avesta calls it, twin-born with it, from one and the same divine source. The pain and bane of the world are but the incidents and attendants of its blessings ; no more divisible from them than the shadow from the sunlight in

the forest, or the negative from the positive pole in a magnet.

Evil is but good in the ripening ; and all the storms of spring, and heats of midsummer, and frosts of autumn are the conditions which give us at length the mellow and luscious fruit which is to be the end of all. Want is the staircase to wealth ; suffering to enjoyment ; effort to progress.

Unless we commit the intellectual folly of denying either the wisdom, power, or love of God, we must recognize that his world must be in all points good—entirely good ; i. e., in origin, and purpose, and in its destined results.

The thing that we must ever remember is that we are not yet at the stage where these results appear ; not half-way to that glorious end. We are still, as the old Parsees saw, in the intermediate age of imperfection and struggle. And while we are thus far from the end, we wofully mistake, when we judge as wrongs and ills, those things that are the means and ends to the perfect but distant goal. The divine creation is no quiescence, but that eternal “onward march,” that ceaseless development, in which the divine will is ever “from seeming evil still educating good in infinite progression.”

If Zoroaster had taught no other truth, this alone would entitle him to be considered a worthy forerunner of the Christ, a Prophet of the Most High, who sought with all his heart and might to build up that kingdom of truth, righteousness, and purity which is the most genuine kingdom of God.

THE WOMAN'S CAUSE IS MAN'S.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

AMIEL says in his wonderful journal, "The test of every religious, political, or educational system is the man that it forms."

If possible, this is even more true in the modern movements of the gentler sex. Each is most of all judged by the women that it forms. Carefully let us consider the question: What sort of a woman is made by devotion to society? to culture? to reform? to philanthropy? to patriotism? to religion? What sort of women are the white ribboners? Our whole cause rises or sinks with that decision. God help us to "walk uprightly, work righteousness, and speak the truth in our hearts."

By a great variety of processes we are seeking that one result which is alone worthy to be the ultimate endeavor of any life or any association, — I mean character. Do not let us forget that by parity of reasoning every trustworthy man and woman is our friend, in fact whether they are in theory or not. It is reputable people alone that can make a reputable world. I never see an honorable man upon the street without thinking how much we owe to him for simply being what he is. The character and habitudes of such a man bring more protection than police and courts can ever give; bring safeguards that watchman and burglar-alarm could never render us. The clear eye, the untainted breath, the clean hand, the modest demeanor, the chastity of spirit of such a man stand as a barrier between the home and its greatest enemy, and deserve the honest homage of every woman's heart. Such a man makes it easier for every mother to bring up her boy in the tempted years of the first and second decades, for the very atmosphere he breathes is one of purity, of manliness, and self-restraint.

The best thing that dogma does is to furnish the working hypothesis of a life. No building can be erected in forms of utility and symmetry except according to a plan previously

existing in the builder's mind; and that fairest of all structures, character, must be lifted to the sky according to a plan. Christianity affords that plan and specification. This is its sufficient guarantee, and only as our work proves that Christ's working hypothesis of a life has been taken as our own shall we survive.

“Thy greatness makes us brave as children are
When those they love are near.”

The impartation of enthusiasm, the free using of one's gifts of brain, and hand, and heart — this is the best result of the highest Christian experience. We should study the largeness of life and not its limitations. We should be divine optimists

“Who rowing hard against the stream
See distant lights of Eden gleam,
And know the dream is not a dream.”

Nothing that I have lately read has seemed more suggestive than this from one of our chief religious weeklies: —

“There is a quality in every genuine nature which is peculiar to itself; something so individual and personal that it is unique. . . . But so great is our deference to the opinion of others, so sensitive are we to the traditions and influences surrounding us; so difficult is it to attain and hold faith in the highest things, that very few of us ever express consistently and continuously our best selves; we take refuge in something lower.”

It is my happy hope that the return to nature, this last and loveliest *renaissance* in whose delicious dawn we dwell, is warming us to the expression of our individuality. That subtle personal flavor of character, as unmistakable as the smell of cedar or sandal wood, as pungent as spikenard or sassafras, how delightful it is, and how rare. It breathes upon our spirits the freshness of primeval nature; it is like the air of forests on a summer noon.

Frances Power Cobbe wittily says of woman: —

“She is like a collie dog who may indeed be taught to live sleekly and behave himself admirably on the drawing-room rug, but who never shows himself for what he is worth, and is never so gleeful as when he is sent to gather all the stray lambs on the side of the mountain.”

Inspiration and aspiration are becoming equalized as time

goes on — the two forming the breath of God in the soul of man.

Thou friendly God with thine ancient love for us, thy heart has never grown cold toward thy children, wayward though we have been. Help us women of the crusade to live out thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, until his gentleness shall make us great. "That ye may be the sons of God without rebuke." The whole constitution and course of nature culminates in the evolution of sons and daughters of God. Otherwise there is no explanation of the scheme of things. In the household of faith the equal home of all, these sons and daughters must "share and share alike." This is the "woman question" in a nut-shell.

When you see a procession stopped on the highway, you naturally ask the reason why. In many a country of the world, the procession is stopped. The trouble is, women have fallen across the track. This is so in India, it is so in China, it is so in Germany, and, alas! it is so to some extent even in our own land. We know how hard men work to clear an obstruction when the procession has been rudely interrupted because it hinders so much that is important. For precisely the same reason, we women are hard workers, for we would relieve those who have not been able to keep step in the swift procession of the human race. We would set them on their feet again for their own sake, and besides all that, we desire "with desire" to see the great procession march untrammeled to its godlike goal.

If women had a little more ingenuity it would be well for them. There is not a college now closed to us, nor a professional school that would not open with a wedge of gold. If we had given to woman's cause all we have given to theological seminaries there would not be a shut-up college in America to-day. Rich women must pry open for us these barred entrances to liberty, as Miss Garrett did, when she with such a single purpose set herself to found, in connection with Johns Hopkins University, a medical college which should be open to women. There is not to-day a barrier in Church and State that would not melt at the high temperature of molten gold.

A phrase used in my recent address as President of the National Woman's Council has been much criticised by those who did not understand it. Congratulations were expressed

in view of the fact that within later generations woman "has risen from the plane of sexhood to that of humanhood," and sapient men of the quill have said that so far as they understood she had been always human. The point intended to be made was simply this: that the noblest way in which to think of men or women is to think first of their more enduring nature, their spiritual part, that which all human beings have in common, and by which they are separated from the lower orders of creation. The more we can think of each other on this plane the nobler will be our treatment of each other, because we cannot help reverencing the spiritual for the reason that it is the highest, it is the most enduring, it is the most godlike. All else will some day fall away from us, but spirituality is an undying characteristic. To legislate for a woman first of all as a being endowed with intellect, sensibilities, and will, is the truest way to legislate. To educate her because she has these characteristics is the noblest way in which to give her an education. To think of her in these categories helps him who thinks more than the thought of her can help him otherwise. The whole intention of the woman movement is not to declare the rights of women, or to usurp power, or to alienate men, but on the contrary it is to unite men and women on the most enduring plane; to study the harmonies between them; to prove that their interests are indissolubly linked; and it is a far more scientific, sensible, and Christian way of dealing with one half of the human race, because it is equally in the interest of the two halves.

These are the two lines along which the great argument proceeds: Conservatives say, "Let man have his virtues and woman hers;" Progressives answer, "Let each add to those already won the virtues of the other." Man has splendid qualities, courage, intellect, hardihood; who would not like to possess all these? What woman would not be the nobler and the greater if they were hers? And what man would not be grander, happier, more helpful to humanity, if he were more patient, gentle, tender, chaste?

The frowns of fate are but the smiles of God. Woman's high development is impossible except through the struggle not only to be but to become. She has always excelled in being; she is learning that becoming is part of the price and well-nigh all of the power. She is learning the greatness and sacredness of power, that there is nothing noble

in desiring not to possess it, but that to evolve the utmost mastership of one's self and the elements around one's self that can be is, to the individual, the highest possible attainment, if only these forces are used in the spirit of the utmost beneficence toward whatever has life, no matter if it be as lowly as a blossom or as high as a seraph, for life should have as its ultimate to bless all other lives.

Three million women in the United States earn their own living. Four thousand four hundred branches of gainful occupations are now open to "wage-earners." Twenty-five years from now we shall have the joy of eliminating that expression from the language. The only wage will be character then and co-operation will be the method of every-day living. We want this to be no longer Attila's world, or Alexander's, or Napoleon's, struck off to the highest bidder. We want it to be no longer the monastic world of men and women, who in isolation, like that of mountain peaks, look down upon their brothers and sisters in the valley. We want it no more to be the world where the harem makes women but the sport and joy of men. But we want it to be the homelike world, the world of Barak and of Deborah, of Albert and Victoria, of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, of Daniel and Mary A. Livermore, of Henry Blackwell and Lucy Stone, the world of high and holy comradeship that shall endure when this earth shall be rolled up as a scroll and we go onward into others that gleam yonder in space. It is for such a world that the W. C. T. U. prays, works, and waits. This new life more abundant is not coming, it has come. Its signs and tokens are all about us, and he who runs may read. Lord Salisbury stands up in Great Britain to say that the mother island has a million more women than men, and that they should be placed in a position to protect themselves through the ballot which shall give them voice in the laws by which they are governed. Sir George Gray, of New Zealand, the greatest soul in a new civilization under the Southern Cross, carries this measure through one branch of the newly elected legislature, and barely misses it in the other. Hannah Whitall Smith writes us that the candidates in England expect the co-operation of women on the hustings; indeed she has been there herself with her beautiful daughter by her side. A few weeks ago the Liberal candidate at a bye-election attributed to the singing of his wife

who accompanied him throughout his canvass not a little of the warmth of his following.

Notice these straws upon the surface of events:

Within a few weeks, a civil service examination in the Chicago post-office, wins for a lady from scores of masculine competitors a prominent position.

An entrance examination recently secured for a lady in our University at Evanston the scholarship only given to the best-equipped high school graduate in Cook County, of which Chicago is the centre.

A Scotch lassie was one of the sixteen hundred, mostly lads, who aspired to gain admission to London University this autumn, and when the admission examination figures were published, behold, she stood at the head of the entire column.

By correspondence with Doctor Adams, who is one of its high priests, I learn that it is intended that women shall profit as much as they will from the idea of a universal mission to the human mind to be carried on by a voluntary association of scholarly men from the old centres of learning in Europe and America, who will go out to tell the best things that they have learned in simple language to all who may gather to listen. This is the widest extension of the Chautauqua idea, and will bring the higher pleasures of the intellect to aspiring sons and daughters of toil. I hope our local unions will everywhere to the utmost of their ability co-operate in this magnificent evolution, and that in this new gospel-work of university extension, women scholars may be sent out to speak and teach, as well as men.

Forty thousand girls are now studying in colleges. What a revolution this little sentence holds; how much of hope for the world's evangelism and the home's uplift. For there are three strands in the cable that anchors man's adventurous heart to home. Religion and affection are two of these, but the third this age is weaving, and it is *intellectual sympathy*—than which no holier or more enduring bond survived the curse of Eden.

If there is one proof more cogent than another of the beneficent influence of women, it is that two classes of men are the noblest, purest, and best, namely: Those who are faithful to their marriage vows, and young men trained in co-education schools. The world has no two other classes

who so grandly illustrate what the highest mental opportunity, when correlated with the truest loyalty of heart, may produce as a specimen of manhood. No law of mathematical proportion can estimate the different degrees of deterioration in men more accurately than it is measured by their degree of separation from the influence of good women. It is strange that a fact so salient should not have led thinking minds among statesmen to conclude long ago that it is not good for man to be alone. This is a law of scope as wide as man's existence. Wherever he goes alone, he falls into deterioration. The same is not true of women as to their morality, and the record proves it. We do not claim that this is so because woman is inherently better than man (although his voice has ten thousand times declared it); we are inclined to think it is her more favorable environment, and for this reason we would make his environment as helpful to his higher nature as hers is now; nay, a thousand times more favorable would we make the surroundings of both, until society, through industrial reform, universal education, parental (*not paternal*) government, and every-day religion, should become simply a larger home in which no human being should be any longer forgotten or forlorn. The ideal that we have set before us is nothing less than this. It grows upon us with every added year, and never seemed so practicable and reasonable as it does now.

If this is woman's century, and the next is to be humanity's, there is a reason for it. The value of physical force as the instrument of Nature's subjugation has been reduced to its lowest terms. Man was the hare, but his inventions have helped on the tortoise until she is overtaking him, and once aboard steamship or railway train, hare and tortoise have an equal chance to reach their goal. Education is the conjuring wand that is transforming the Sleeping Beauty into the wide-awake Minerva.

To-day education and property are the two great powers of the world, and they stand related in the order I have named. They outrank physical force by as much as the tick of the telegraph outranks the pounding of a Percheron's hoof on the highway.

Meanwhile the alcohol and the tobacco habits are stunting the physique and deteriorating the brain of man until, as Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson declares, but for the purer

blood and better brawn of English motherhood, the point of irremediable degradation would not be far off. Much as we mourn this loss of power in men we cannot fail to see that it puts such a premium on clear brains and steady hands, as speeds women on their way to full partnership in all this world's affairs and helps the hope that out of present sin and loss, poor old humanity with its outraged but ever sacred aspirations shall in the twentieth century emerge into the broad, bright, shining upward path where man and woman "shall woo *perfection* side by side."

It is not now so great a thing to be president or bishop, senator or judge, as it was fifty years ago, because in this age of universal education one half of the race is arbitrarily ruled out of a competition in which its fittest survivals should all participate on equal terms, and then let the ablest win. I do not believe the ablest men will be long content thus to rule out their peers, weighting with encumbering and artificial disabilities those that were "born free" in greatness of spirit and of power.

A pathetic little poem in the *Union Signal* was noticed by many of us last year entitled, "Why Is There no Flag at Half-mast When a Woman Dies?" The question must have often occurred to us, who do our own thinking, and the answer is not far to seek. Women are not yet in the old accepted grooves of promotion. They have to sharpen their weapons in plain sight of the enemy and win their laurels in unaccustomed fields, but within half a century they will be in all the direct lines of promotion, for all careers will then be open to talent and none closed to success. Meanwhile I would refer with appreciation to the fact that when Mrs. Ex-President Polk, a friend whom I loved and honored, recently passed from this life in her eighty-ninth year (a woman whose character and conduct had dignified human nature from the first, and who at the White House had illustrated the higher qualities of womanhood), the flags of the city of Nashville where she had lived so long were placed at half-mast. Some day some woman in her own right and not because of the position her husband held, will share the same token of her country's love and pride.

The conditions are changing so fast that we cannot keep pace with their record, but what does this mighty evolution of woman as a soul, an intellect, a hand, foreshadow? What

but a coming day — and not far off, — when the world shall be better taken care of than it is now; when more convolutions of individualized brain shall be at the public service; more mellow hearts shall barricade the weak and helpless from the assaults of sin; more quick, firm hands shall help and heal the hurt of old humanity. The change is being wrought after this fashion; nearly all lawyers are willing that we should be doctors; nearly all doctors think we would do well as lawyers; nearly all ministers are willing that we should join any other learned profession, but when it comes to theirs their exclamation is, "Take any shape but *that!*" Meanwhile the lawyers and physicians would gladly put us out of their preserves and into pulpits so that by the reaction of different interests upon each other we seem likely to make our way out on the tidal waves, rising equally at last upon all shores.

Wonderful are the lessons that Olive Schriener has been learning beneath the Southern Cross. Doubtless we have all read her matchless "Dreams," one of which is the most powerful arraignment of wine that I have seen, and another is conclusive of the woman question, the moral of which is, "You chose Freedom; had you not, Love would have been lost." For this wide-seeing English girl knows that a race of men most nobly free (with the freedom that delights to have all mankind equal sharers in its joy), cannot be born of mothers who are slaves.

There are great souls among men. None greater have been born. I wish we thought about them more and repeated their grand sayings, letting the farthing phrases of the cheaper natures fall out of sight by their own specific gravity. In my own town of Evanston we have a doctor of divinity, Miner Raymond by name, who, when he heard some fledgling theologues who sat around him at a dinner table quoting the divine book as having forever sealed the position of woman relative to Church and State, brought down his sturdy fist on the table till the jingle of forks and knives gave way to that of glass and silver, and said: "Boys, if she can do it well, I am willing to see a colored woman President of the United States."

We have two protesting parties to-day, the Prohibition and the Peoples; does it mean nothing that both agree more closely on the plank in their platforms declaring for the

enfranchisement of women than upon any other? Is there for the leaders of these two hosts no lesson in a fact so unexampled hitherto? I believe its lesson to be wholly providential, and beseech them, gibbeted as they are to-day at the cross-roads of public opinion, to win a glorious resurrection by following the finger-board sure to guide them to the promised land, and which bears the magic words, "Woman's vote is the highway to home protection and humanity's release."

It has been happily said by Edward Bellamy that Herbert Spencer's recent change of base, whereby he now opposes as he formerly favored woman suffrage, does not illustrate an evolution even in the great intellect of the nineteenth century Baconian, for his argument is in effect that whereas woman's mental condition shows that the effect of depriving her of liberty has been injurious she shall therefore continue to be deprived of liberty! "It is needless to point out that this is the argument that is always used against every attempt at human enfranchisement, whether from bodily or mental slavery. The argument is as cruel as it is illogical, and deserves to stand on a par with that other outworn belief advocated by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton and others of her order, who say that the extension of larger rights to woman will unsex her, when the expression merely means that it will modify certain traditional ideas of her place and function in society. To assume that to modify these ideas would have a bad effect is to assume that the place and functions of woman in society are at present what they ought to be, which is precisely the point in dispute." In China, for example, a very vigorous process of "unsexing" in this sense would be necessary in order to bring to life the real and normal type of womanhood; and it is the belief of woman's champions that China is very far from being the only country in which this is true.

That airy Frenchman, "Max O'Rell," thinks that "unsexing" in America has been a blessed thing for us. He says we are more spirited, natural, agreeable, and companionable than any other women living. Note his language and then say that "the Cause" is not on the crest of the wave:—

The freedom enjoyed by American women has enabled them to mould themselves in their own fashion. They do not copy

any other women — they are original. I can recognize an American woman without hearing her speak. You have only to see her enter a room or a car, and you know her for Jonathan's daughter. Married or unmarried, her air is full of assurance, of a self-possession that never fails her. And when she looks at you, or talks to you, her eyes express the same calm consciousness of her worth. They say in France that Paris is the paradise of women. If so, there is a more blissful place than paradise; there is another word to invent to give an idea of the social position enjoyed by American ladies.

If I had to be born again, and I might choose my sex and my birthplace, I would shout at the top of my voice:

“Oh, make me an American woman !”

It is only for the present distress that we emphasize so strongly some aspects of the woman question. Let it be remembered that we have six thousand years time to make up in which that question has been hardly mentioned. It looks, perhaps, as if in the W. C. T. U. conducted and controlled only by women we were denying our theory by our practice, but the truth is, ours is a training school for greater days whose dawn we see already. Let it be remembered that if anything was true outside of holy writ it is that word of Tennyson,

“The woman's cause is man's.”

All men are sons of women, all women are daughters of men. They have, between them, but one great river of blood, one great battery of brain. They can have no separate history. They have had no separate destiny, for the degradation of one has evermore dragged down the other, and in raising one we lift the other. Heredity is with us in its teachings, for the finest survivals of women inherit their father's gifts, and men the gifts of their mothers.

It will not be many years before the eyes of men will be opened to see what a mistake they are making when they put a premium on the celibate condition among women. When, for instance, they say that no married woman shall hold a position in the public schools, as some small-souled educational boards have done in certain cities that shall be nameless. It is the utmost unwise to bestow the ballot on single women and to withhold it from those who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. It is consummate folly to give the unmarried mother the custody of her child, and to

withhold it from the married. These unjust discriminations, combined with the love of liberty and largeness of life which is native to all human beings, will keep many of the largest natured women from sacrificing their influence and bread-winning power upon the marriage altar. Men who decorate that altar with all that can command the holiest ambitions and the loftiest aspirations of the women who are their daughters and who have inherited from them the love of a forceful reaction on their environment — the wise men of the future, will place upon the brows of those most dear to them, above the wreath of Venus, the helmet of Minerva. Good men have already given us such large standing-room in the great world so long their undivided inheritance, that it will not be nearly as much more should they some day give us all we ask, that is, an undivided half of the round earth. I wish some of our young and vigorous speakers would take this as a theme, "The woman's cause is man's." It seems to me no greater subject has been chosen, or one that would more strongly conciliate the good-will and enthusiasm of the best.

Some men still urge the old saw that "women cannot fight, and therefore must not vote." Force to them means bayonets and cannon balls. But the silent and unseen are still the strongest powers of all. Fifteen pounds to the square inch represents the pressure of the viewless air upon us, every one; gravitation draws us with resistless force, but nobody has seen it; heat penetrates like a sword-blade but it is a power unseen. So are electricity and magnetism, and behind all is the wonder-worker "Whom no man hath seen at any time." We must rectify our opinions as to force. A scientific age is proving what faith has always taught, that Thought and Will and Love are the only forces that endure; all others are but phenomena and change like figures in a kaleidoscope. Behind the star on the policeman's breast gleams the star of empire, yea, more, the star of Bethlehem. Hercules, with his club, is no match for the winged feet of Diana or the calm brow of Minerva.

In a recent sermon David Swing has these wise words:—

"Man having exhausted his intellect upon the rights of woman and having denied her suffrage, completes the amazing task of his brain by affirming that woman cannot reason. Her study of men would almost kill the desire. Did those men reason who framed

the Westminster Creed? Did those men reason who made laws for the government of Ireland? Did our nation reason when it founded the slave trade? Did it reason when it made whiskey as free as education? Reason is by no means a masculine attribute. It belongs to men and women alike, and it says to all alike: 'They that seek me early shall find me.' Now that woman has come, what good can she do? Much, if she comes to improve the quality of society. The only addition the world needs is the addition of goodness. The stream of society does not need greater volume but greater purity. It will not bless the world therefore if woman comes imitating that masculine factor that has long been here. If she smokes tobacco, it will be difficult to prove that two smokers are better than one. If she comes drinking wine or playing games for money, that will be asking us to believe that two drunkards or two gamblers are better than one. If woman is drawing nearer the liberty of man, she must not betray the fact by imitating his vices. The masculine mind is very much of a ruin. Woman may well covet his freedom and opportunity, but not the use he has made of those. The number of noble men is increasing. But upon men as a mass the world's moral failure is written, and unless woman comes as a reformer we need not welcome her.

"So far as one's mothers and sisters are attempting to promote temperance, they are acting an ideal part. We self-constituted men may look upon this womanly contingent as made up of raw troops. But it has often happened in history that new soldiers have made up in patriotism what they wanted in tactics. It seems, therefore, as woman is coming into our nation she must come only as a loving reformer, as an eloquent protest. Our age asks for a woman who is clasping a redeemed world to her heart. Her reform must be sweeping. She must work with the noblest men of her race, because it will require all the virtue of the world acting in harmony to meet in gathering battle all the world's vices. If these two souls are one in essence, their aims and methods must become one."

I am glad the *Union Signal* has begun to edit its index expurgatorius. Words have souls, nay, what is worse, they have ghosts. Men are more frightened by words to-day than by ideas. If one can but couch his thought in acceptable forms it will be received in quarters where, did he utter it squarely, he would be cast out as evil. We must admit this is a proof of the childhood of our condition, "pleased with a rattle, and tickled by a straw," living in forms and fashions rather than in thoughts and things; but so it is. Words are the boulders so ponderous in weight

that they are still held on the track whence the force of new ideas has swept everything else. They are like the ice that stays in the hidden upland valley when the snow has smitten the brows of the mountains and warmed the bosoms of the lakes. We must get after them with pick and crowbar and hasten their departure, these old words and epithets that are but the links of heavy chains still fettering our flight to God's sweet heaven of truth.

First of all I denounce the word "female," and pronounce upon it the anathema maranatha of the white ribboners. As used in current speech it applies equally to a hen and to the mother of Abraham Lincoln. All fine thought has precision, is clear-cut, uses the word it means, as a dentist with his deft fingers singles out the tool he wants. Let a woman be called a woman, and if I had the power a statute should declare it.

Another phrase that we must chase out of the dictionary of common speech with a scourge of small cords is the phrase "an illegitimate child." There never was one born. Every child that has appeared on this sphere came here in the direct line of those natural laws which are laws of God, and are perfectly legitimate. I even dare to hope that the mother of one of these poor little waifs, as we are wont to call them, is made legitimate by the awful sacrament of pain and shame that she endures. The only illegitimate factor in the problem is the father who endures nothing, who is pillowled in peace and comfort, while she, who by the laws of nature and of God, in this hour of her immeasurable need, should have been surrounded by his love and sentinelled by his protection, is left in the night of her agony, with no eye to pity, and no arm to save.

THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF THE PEOPLE'S MOVEMENT.

BY EVA McDONALD-VALESH.

THE rapid growth and popularity of the political movement known as the People's Party invest it with an importance that leads the general public to scan it closely for those indites which mark all really great industrial movements. If it has not certain characteristics, it may excite passing comment, but will be dismissed merely as one of those momentary outbursts of discontent emanating from a single class, only to die of inanition or be buried under a storm of well-directed ridicule.

A political movement, to be an instrument of real industrial progress, ought to be general enough in its scope to embrace all classes of workers whose conditions are affected by the same general causes. To-day there is the agricultural population, on one hand, producing more than enough to feed the world; on the other, the city workmen, producing, in their many occupations, more than enough to clothe and supply all other civilized needs of the race. The two classes are quite distinct, so far as environment is concerned; yet consuming each other's products and supplying both necessities and luxuries to all other classes, there is between them a bond of common interest, stronger than either realizes. Both classes, while conceding the immeasurable superiority of their present condition over that of their ancestors of any time, still feel that many differences are yet to be adjusted before industry attains the dignity warranted by the achievements and progress of the nineteenth century. Each division of the industrial body has various grades of expressed discontent with the present and hope for the future. Some teachers try to satisfy the masses by philosophic precept; seeing in gradual evolution and improvement a sure and equitable solution, even though it comes not in the immediate future. From this school one may descend all grades, even to those rendered desperate by a contemplation of

grave evils, and desiring to tear down existing institutions, though they have no better to offer.

The People's movement combines a fair proportion of the theoretical and practical thought existing in agricultural sections, and, as there happens at times, a fusion of all efforts for progress, resulting in a concerted advance in one direction. It may be that such a time is at hand, and this new movement will unite the industrial forces of city and country through the hitherto almost unknown medium of political action. Several circumstances point to such a result, though the ultimate scope of the movement must be judged rather by its possibilities and the causes leading to its formation, than from its present inchoate state.

The apparent situation is this. A general arousing of the agricultural classes from a state of apathy to one of intense excitement; the sudden appearance of a vast organization whose phases of development follow each other with bewildering rapidity, finally crystallizing into demands for national legislation of a far-reaching nature. Thus far they take but little cognizance, however, of any class of workers except those engaged in agriculture or kindred pursuits.

In contrast with them, an equally important body of urban workmen, possessing an organization in many respects superior to that of the Farmers' Alliance, equally determined to accomplish certain reforms, yet, strange to say, almost ignoring political means.

The two great bodies of organized discontent are working independently and by different methods on the same problem,—the distribution of wealth. In the past, having observed so little their relations to each other, or the local conditions seeming to form a barrier between them, they now appear to have but faint sympathy or community of interest.

It is of vast significance that the two organizations have the same reason for existing, and are trying to solve the same problem. Some combination of circumstances must soon reveal this community of purpose, and from that moment the workers of the farm and the factory will be bound by that strongest of ties, self-interest. The industrial world is becoming convinced that the People's Party will be this agent.

The recent conference at St. Louis showed that a surprisingly large number of reform elements already agree on the

general principles, leaving details to the future. In fact, every organization of note among the agricultural classes was fully represented, whether nominally industrial, political, or benevolent, proving that the new movement has not only organized elements hitherto without organization, but has even permeated those already existing, whose supposed mission was much more restricted in character. Still, to those familiar with industrial organization in cities, this conference revealed that the mass of city workers was unrepresented. Did this silence mean antagonism, or even indifference, it might prove fatal to the success of the new movement. For if the People's Party, in its ultimate development, only represents a class, no matter how large that class, its work must necessarily partake of a sectional character, and, from lack of breadth and depth, fail to accomplish those great reforms which mark epochs in civilization.

To a casual observer, the participation of the Knights of Labor in the St. Louis conference might warrant the assumption that practically the union of all important classes of producers is an accomplished fact. Investigation shows this assumption not borne out by facts.

While at one time in its history the Knights of Labor had a numerical strength, making it thoroughly representative of the views of workingmen generally, yet of late years, from causes perhaps inherent in the nature of the organization, its list of numbers has decreased greatly. "Quality of membership rather than numerical strength," is now the criterion, as tersely expressed by one of its prominent officers; so that the presence of a Knights of Labor delegation at the St. Louis conference must, strictly speaking, be regarded as rather the personal endorsement of intelligent and far-seeing leaders than as an assurance of the assent and co-operation of the masses of city workmen.

The trades unions, from their numerical strength and permanency of form, afford the fairest criterion for judging the average of opinion among those working for wages. These unions, originally confined to skilled trades, are now becoming numerous among the unskilled in the form of federal unions. The more powerful national divisions, massed under the head of the American Federation of Labor, present a numerical strength, financial resources, discipline, and an ability to secure better conditions unknown to other

organizations. Somewhat conservative and intensely practical in method, it seems strange that they neglect so powerful an auxiliary as political means, and depend almost wholly upon education among members and appeals to public opinion to make their reforms effective. They have attained many objects without utilizing political methods. They have organized an excellent system of insurance and benefits; accomplished a general reduction of the hours of labor, an ascending scale of wages, habits of increased sobriety and industry, and more educational advantages for themselves and children. Such benefits have been secured gradually and with but comparatively little friction between opposing interests. Yet no one realizes more keenly than the trades unionist, that securing these reforms does not prevent the growth of a general monopoly of natural opportunities which puts industry more and more in a defensive and dependent condition. The more intelligent are also realizing that the advantages mentioned might have been secured equally well while exercising their political privileges, and that each branch of activity naturally aids rather than retards the other.

The tendency to depend upon systematic agitation and organization, and even to wait patiently until public opinion concedes the justice and utility of their reforms, seems to farmers unexplainable and even a waste of energy.

The difference of environment furnishes one of the best reasons for the different customs prevailing in city and country. The farmers organized industrially on becoming convinced that there were grave causes for discontent. To make this organization potent through political measures is but following the path of the least resistance. The Alliance speedily became aggressive, and declared that politics should be made a science of government rather than a means of securing offices and patronage. This idea, of course, excited ridicule and abuse from that class, peculiar to America, who, making politics a profession, long ago lost sight of the higher significance of the term. The Alliance replied at the polls in a manner that taught the professionals a lesson in their own science. Stimulated by local success, predominance in county or state affairs was a logical sequence. Moreover the farmer is somewhat familiar with political methods from childhood, and finds in the country districts fewer of the repulsive practices so common in city politics. For the

↓ farmer to assert political independence does not at all injure his chances for gaining a livelihood, as he is usually his own employer. It enhances rather than injures his standing in the community, because he then becomes an uncertain factor to the canvassers, who formerly knew just where to list him.

✓ The workingman has a far different set of surroundings. His hours of labor are often so long or of such an exhaustive character that it requires a painful exertion to devote himself to a study of politics. If familiar with party machinery as managed in cities, he not unreasonably acquires an aversion for the whole system. It appears a compound of compromise and patchwork, from which no permanent progress can be expected. These very objections might furnish a good basis for independent or reformative political effort. But another factor must be considered. The workingman, as a rule, depends upon an employer for work. He is far less independent of external circumstances than the farmer. Lack of employment means destitution, not only for himself, but what is worse, for his family. It seems a harsh statement, but it is unfortunately true, that in many sections of the country a laborer's means of existence depends either directly or indirectly upon his voting according to conditions, either expressed or tacitly implied. Such circumstances make the road of political independence a difficult one, even for those disposed to seek it.

Then during the years that the agricultural classes slept, politically, workingmen were essaying independent campaigns in various sections of the country, with some measure of success. The more intelligent, however, always realized that such attempts must fall short of real success without the co-operation of the farmers. As there seemed no immediate prospect of such aid, the notion of political unity gradually died out, and was replaced by a feeling of indifference. Thus the Alliance movement, since its inception, has been watched with great interest to see whether it had the elements of growth or stability. Even sceptics are now conceding that it has both. Then the existing parties, conscious of the value of the workingmen's vote, instituted the custom of offering local concessions in the shape of "labor legislation," of which nearly every state has a share. This legislation is good so far as it goes, but is too meagre, both in quality and quantity, to be generally satisfactory.

Despite obstacles, the workingman is far from ignorant of matters political. His trade organization is a school of political economy, where the present system is discussed and new theories analyzed. The influence of these teachings is also felt by those not actually connected with the organizations.

So that the agricultural classes, in seeking the aid of city workmen, find neither ignorance nor indifference nor even serious divergence of opinion in regard to general issues. Rather a promising field of work opens to view, although it still needs cultivation. Workingmen understand the value of the right of suffrage and its importance in securing industrial reform. They cannot fail to be keenly dissatisfied with the prospect held out by existing parties. The agricultural classes equally need just the elements that the cities could contribute. Each organization would be the gainer from close contact and interchange of views with the other.

There is still an element wanting to insure harmonious action. It is a peculiarity of the People's movement that it has not yet produced a leader. It has teachers,—earnest, thoughtful, and progressive. It has statesmen of good parts. But a leader, in the true sense, is yet wanting. No century produces more than a few whose genius and wisdom confer on them this title. The coming leader of the People's movement will be to it what Jefferson was to the independence of this country; what Lincoln was to the war of the rebellion, or, industrially, what Henry George is to the single-tax idea. Such a leader will brush away, like cobwebs, whatever misunderstandings remain between the laborers of city and country. A true leader can unite them in so irresistible a force that by a peaceful revolution of ballots, great abuses will be swept away and replaced by more equitable conditions inuring to the benefit of all society.

Nor should such a coalition of the forces of farm and factory be feared by the most conservative. The *world will advance*, in spite of remonstrances from those who are perfectly satisfied with the existing order. Reforms, working in peaceful and legitimate channels, are a sure guarantee against the violence which, in preceding eras, has so often accompanied popular movements.

ALCOHOL IN ITS RELATION TO THE BIBLE.

BY HENRY A. HARTT, M. D.

THE crusade against the evil produced by the abuse of alcoholic beverages, during a large part of the nineteenth century, will ever be regarded as one of the most remarkable events in the history of mankind. Originating with a few peasants in a small village in the State of New York, it soon enlisted in its service, on both sides of the Atlantic, immense armies, inspired with an enthusiasm which eclipsed even the fiery zeal of the ancient hermit and his chivalrous followers. New orders of knights and templars arose who made the earth resound with the clangor of their arms; but notwithstanding all their daring exploits the banner of the infidel still flaunts defiantly over the ruin of sacred temples, and the desolation of Christian homes, and just when the world was anxiously expecting a grand assault upon his strongholds, with amazement it beholds them pause to quarrel with their allies, and to discharge their ammunition in thundering and incessant volleys against them. The parties thus furiously assailed have hitherto borne the attack with exemplary forbearance. Profoundly interested in the overthrow of the common enemy, and deeply impressed with the heroism and generous self-sacrifice of these gallant crusaders, they have watched their progress with the most intense solicitude, in the hope that, sooner or later, they would be taught by experience, and learn by repeated discomfiture and the failure of their plans, to correct their tactics, and adopt a true, scriptural, and scientific basis of operations.

In every moral war it is necessary not only to comprehend the nature and dimensions of the evil to be combated, but, also, after the manner of the great French commander, to concentrate directly upon it all the battalions and forces that can be brought into the field for its immediate and utter destruction. No time should be wasted in the discussion of questionable issues; and no mistake can be made so cer-

tainly fatal to success as that of associating with the error or the wrong which constitutes the object of attack, a particle of truth or right. The conflict which recently shook this country to its foundations was initiated by a body of noble men, who, notwithstanding their uncompromising hostility to slavery, forgot that a crime so foul and monstrous had not and could not have any constitutional rights, and therefore demanded, as a preparatory step, the dissolution of the Union.

Oh, if the untiring energy, the indomitable courage, the enthusiasm of humanity, and the overpowering and immortal eloquence, which, for many a weary year, were expended in the cause of that unfortunate combination, had been devoted to the advocacy of emancipation on the basis of compensation, not with the view of recognizing the "wild and guilty phantasy" that man can hold property in man, but as a measure of conciliation which we were bound in honor and justice to proffer, in consequence of our long complicity with the South in the support of their unhallowed institution, we would not now, perchance, be called to mourn over the ghastly wrecks and ruins of civil war.

The champions of temperance commit a similar error. In their anxiety to destroy the sin of drunkenness with its melancholy train of evils, they confound essential distinctions, remorselessly trample upon the records of universal experience, misinterpret the judgment of Scripture, and distort the instructions of science.

It has been laid down by some of the most eminent authorities, that a man who devotes himself to a course of research in any of the higher branches of science should sedulously guard his mind against all bias on the subject of religion, or, in other words, should remain purposely and deliberately without faith and without God in the world. This proposition is totally repugnant to the spirit of a true philosophy. The primary duty and interest of every intelligent being, when he finds himself encircled and bewildered by the mysteries of life, is to institute an earnest and vigorous search for the author of his existence, and if, haply, there come within his reach a book which purports to furnish him with the knowledge that he is in pursuit of, should he not hail it with eagerness, and make it the subject of a rigid and exhaustive investigation? And if he discover an overwhelming weight of evidence both in the book itself and

in the records concerning it, to show that it is a special revelation from the eternal source of life and light, setting forth his being, attributes, and will, and giving a sketch of his mighty works of creation and providence, should he not bind it to his heart with gratitude and joy, and take it with him as the man of his counsel and the guide of his steps in all the ways and walks of his earthly pilgrimage, assured that it can never mislead him, nor conflict with any fact that he may encounter in any department of study? The principle, "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine," applies not less to the orbs of heaven, the rocks of earth, and the wondrous processes of chemical agencies, than to the higher elements of spiritual truth. With what majesty and power and almost celestial intelligence did Newton and Miller pursue their chosen paths with the Bible in their hands, delighted not only with the resistless manifestations of design which beamed forth from countless combinations, contrivances, and adjustments, but also with the beautiful correspondences which flashed upon them between the wonderful works and the still more wonderful Word of God! If the leading explorers in our day could catch their spirit, and enter the venerable sanctuary of the rocks with reverent heads and prayerful hearts, they would not become the Quixotes of science, mistaking the fossilized tracks and feathers of birds for links, and "Paradise Lost" for the Bible. They would, probably, have perceived, ere now, the fallacy of supposing that each of the great periods of creation must have expired before its successor began; for inasmuch as geology discloses that divers species of plants and animals, both marine and terrestrial, appeared during the enormous range between the commencement of the Silurian and the termination of the Tertiary epochs, they would have inferred that those species were the products of repeated acts of creation, and that the periods which the different classes embrace necessarily overlapped each other. And they would have seen, moreover, that the Mosaic vision determines only the order in which the periods began, and that the revelations of nature entirely agree therewith.

It is a significant fact that the first instance in which we observe the mention of wine in the Bible, it appears in all its potency, and lays prostrate in his tent the noble patriarch who had miraculously escaped the deluge. I pass by the

imposition practised upon Lot to contemplate one of the most impressive scenes in history. A majestic personage comes forth with bread and wine to meet the father of the faithful who gives him tithes of all. In the one hundred and tenth Psalm a notable allusion is made to him. "The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek." And Saint Paul in his great epistle to the Hebrews, says: "For this Melchizedek, king of Salem, priest of the most high God, who met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings, and blessed him: to whom also Abraham gave a tenth part of all; first being by interpretation King of Righteousness, and after that also King of Salem, which is King of Peace; without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God; abideth a priest continually." Was this he who afterwards appeared in the same likeness walking in the midst of the burning fiery furnace?

In the Hebrew Scriptures frequent reference is made to wine as a blessing:—

"Thou shalt observe the feast of tabernacles seven days; after that thou hast gathered in thy corn and thy wine; and thou shalt rejoice in thy feast.

"If ye shall harken diligently to my commandments . . . to love the Lord your God, and to serve him with all your heart and with all your soul, I will give you . . . the first rain, and the latter rain, that thou mayest gather in thy corn, and thy wine, and thine oil."

"But it shall come to pass if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, that all these curses shall come upon thee; thou shalt plant vineyards and dress them; but shalt neither drink of the wine, nor gather the grapes. The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far . . . which shall not leave thee corn, wine, or oil.

"If ye shall hearken to these judgments, the Lord thy God . . . will love thee and bless thee; he will also bless the fruit of thy land, thy corn, and thy wine, and thine oil."

"Surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies; and the sons of the stranger shall not drink thy wine for which thou hast labored; but they that have gathered it shall eat it, and praise the Lord; and they that have brought it together shall drink it in the courts of my holiness."

The combination of wine with flour and oil in their sacrifices and offerings demands consideration.

"One lamb thou shalt offer in the morning, and the other lamb thou shalt offer at even; and with the one lamb a tenth deal of flour, mingled with the fourth part of an hin of beaten oil, and the fourth part of an hin of wine for a drink offering."

"And ye shall offer when ye wave the sheaf an he lamb, without blemish, of the first year, for a burnt offering unto the Lord. And the meat offering thereof shall be two-tenth deals of fine flour mingled with oil; . . . and the drink offering thereof shall be of wine, the fourth part of an hin."

The character of the wine should be noted.

"In the holy place shalt thou cause the strong wine to be poured unto the Lord, for a drink offering."

But I will not linger in the twilight. The long foretold era arrived, and the light of the world appeared. The prophet of Nazareth was about to enter upon his illustrious ministry. He attended a marriage festival and chose as the subject for his first miracle the conversion of water into wine. He went forth among the people a mighty teacher and a genuine man. He came eating and drinking, and the benighted Pharisees cried out: "Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners!" The great tragedy in the annals of time drew near. In an upper chamber he held his last interview with his disciples, and instituted that blessed Sacrament, which will continue as the memorial of his dying love till he shall come again in his glory, and all the holy angels with him; and he selected as one of the elements of that sacred institution, that very juice of the grape which he had already consecrated at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, and said unto them: "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins; but I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until I drink it anew with you in my Father's Kingdom." And then, as they were about to go out into the awful shadows of Gethsemane he added: "I appoint unto you a Kingdom as my Father has appointed unto me, that you may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

An attempt has been made to destroy the whole force of this argument by the pretence that the wine which was made

and approved by Christ, and all that is sanctioned by Scripture, was simply the unfermented juice of the grape. It is inconceivable to me, that any man who has thoroughly examined the subject could entertain for a moment such an unwarrantable assumption. The glaring cases of Noah and Lot seem like two great tower bells forever ringing, to notify mankind throughout all generations that the wine of Scripture was a genuine stimulant, and that, if taken in immoderate quantities, it would act as a narcotic. The unfermented juice of the grape is an insipid beverage, difficult, if not impossible, to preserve for any length of time, of no special advantage as an article of food, and utterly worthless for medicinal purposes. It was never in vogue among the Jews except in connection with some of their ceremonials or fasts, and then as an instrument of penance. It is incredible that its production was the result of the miracle which ushered in the Christian dispensation, and it is obvious from the rebuke administered to the Church of Corinth, that it was not the description of wine appointed to be used in the holy communion: "When you come together, therefore, into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's Supper; for in eating, every one taketh before other his own supper, and one is hungry and another is drunken. What! have ye not houses to eat and to drink in, or despise ye the Church of God, and shame them that have not?" Besides, on the word of a physician I solemnly declare that it is a libel upon that prince of men, the Apostle Paul, to suppose that he recommended to Timothy this caricature of a medicine "for his stomach's sake, and his often infirmities." If our antagonists sincerely believe in its virtues; if they think that it is pre-eminently delicious, nutritious, restorative, and in every way desirable to make men healthy and wise, why do they not expend a portion of their energies in an effort to effect its manufacture on a large scale, and its substitution for that which they deem the deadly poison of alcohol?

The questions which have been raised with regard to the philology of the subject are of little importance. It is possible that *tirosh* may admit of a double signification; but there can be no doubt that both *yayin* and *oinos* are used only to denote fermented wine, and they are employed in a sufficient number of cases to determine the point in dispute with absolute certainty.

It has latterly become the fashion in certain circles to denounce alcohol on account of the meanness of its origin. It is, we are told, the offspring of fermentation, and is indebted for its existence to the death of food, and, therefore, it must be reduced to the lowest grade of venomous and detestable poisons.

The following emphatic language is taken from a pamphlet issued by the Temperance Publication House of New York:—

“Alcohol is not found in nature. God never created a particle of it. . . . Having no legitimate use as a drink or remedy, being a poison and a curse, a deadly enemy to health, peace, and human happiness, a special weapon of warfare against morality, virtue, and Christianity, the production, sale, or purchase of alcohol, giving it to others, or its use as a beverage in the form of spirituous liquors, . . . is a blasphemous defiance of Almighty God, a war waged for the frustration of His divine purposes and designs, a violation of every one of the Ten Commandments and of every precept of the Gospel, and it is the blackest and vilest treason against humanity. . . . Alcoholic spirits, wine, or beer, can only be produced by the destruction of food.”

“Oh, fools, and slow of heart, to believe all that the Scriptures have written! Do ye not know that from the gloom, and agony, and ignominy, and death of the cross, life and immortality have sprung to light? ‘Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.’

“‘Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.’ It is just this fact that wine possesses a stimulating and vitalizing force which has come forth from the death of food, which gives it all its prominence and significance in the Bible. It is only thus fitted to become an emblem of that infinite power, of beneficence and love, and source of spiritual and eternal life, the blood of a crucified Saviour. In a similar allusive sense, corn and oil are employed throughout the Scriptures; the one to represent his body, the bread of life, of which, if any man eat he shall live forever; the other, as shown by the parable of the ten virgins, to denote his grace. In the light of this interpretation, with what interest do we look back upon the whole field of Jewish history! What a halo of splendor encircles the brow of Melchizedek, the king of peace, as he comes forth with bread and wine to meet the august representative of the system of typical sacrifices and ordinances! How pregnant now with prophecies of future blessedness seems every festival, sacrifice, and offering, with its invariable admixture of corn, and oil, and wine! And

when Jesus at length appears at the marriage feast, do not our hearts burn within us as we gaze upon that stupendous miracle, in which he presents to the admiring guests a gift, which to them is a source of joy and gladness, but to him a symbol of his own dissolution? And as he sits at meat in the houses of Simon and Zaccheus, and in every season of social converse and enjoyment with his followers, while words of wisdom and mercy flow continually from his lips, and he eats and drinks with them freely in token of fellowship, and all rejoice under the influence of his divine magnetism, his soul is absorbed with the magnitude and glory of the work which lies before him, and dwells with profoundest interest upon the decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem, and upon the sublime and ineffable consequences which, throughout the cycles of time and of eternity, would proceed therefrom. And when the hour has come, again we behold the King of Peace holding in his hands the bread and wine, which now he gives to the appointed ministers of the new and better covenant, commissioned to go out into all the world and proclaim the glad tidings of salvation through his blood, saying unto them: 'As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.'

The proximity of the powers of good and evil in alcohol is sometimes a source of perplexity. But, everywhere, in all the realms of observation and experience, we meet with an equal mystery; in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth; in lightning, in fire, in steam, in the explosive power of gunpowder, dynamite, and nitro-glycerine, in common salt, and, more than all, in water, sparkling, beautiful water; for if alcohol, through its abuse, has slain its thousands, water has slain its ten thousands. Beneath the placid bosoms of lakes and rivers, and in the unfathomed caves of oceans, lie the mouldering bones of myriads who have trusted themselves to its deceitful arms. Even the Gospel itself is a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death; and it is written: "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day;" and on the other hand: "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself."

I have thus endeavored to show that alcohol is a gift of God, exalted by Him to the first rank among earthly substances. But, in proportion to our appreciation of its importance and worth, must be our abhorrence of the depravity

and impiety with which it has been perverted from its benevolent design, and made the direful source of unspeakable calamities. It has long been the custom to treat this perversion with unaccountable lenity and indulgence, as if it were the sign of an amiable weakness, or unlucky predisposition transmitted from past generations. It has often been made the subject of guilty merriment, and the sweet strains of music, and the beauties of song, have combined to cast a radiance around it to guild its loathsomeness. It is time that this preposterous policy was abandoned. It is time that we tore the mask off from this abomination which maketh desolate, and began to regard it as a wilful, unreasonable, and remorseless crime, without palliation and without excuse. How long, through our incomprehensible infatuation, shall alcohol be permitted to serve as a scapegoat? There is no more cause of complaint against it, as a source of temptation, than there is against the usages and institutions of society which are pleaded in extenuation of the crimes of theft and murder. Nor should any weight whatever be attached to the consideration of hereditary taint. The law which provides that the sins of the fathers should be visited upon the children is imbedded in the very constitution of our nature, and forms a part of that system of retribution and trial which is designed to expand our highest faculties of faith, and fortitude, and persistence, to their fullest development. The divine standard to which all questions of morality should be referred, gives no countenance whatever to this maudlin sympathy. With unvarying voice, and in tones of burning indignation, it denounces drunkenness as a crime, and affixes to it the most rigorous penalties.

“ If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son who will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and who, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them; then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place, and they shall say unto the elders of his city, this our son is stubborn and rebellious; he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones that he die.”

“ Lest there should be amongst you a root that beareth gall and wormwood, and it cometh to pass when he heareth the words of this curse, that he bless himself in his heart, saying, I shall have

peace though I walk in the imagination of my heart to add drunkenness to thirst; the Lord will not spare him, but . . . all the curses that are written in this book shall lie upon him, and the Lord shall blot out his name from under heaven."

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night till wine inflame them."

"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink."

"Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim. . . . The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet."

"While they are drunken as drunkards, they shall be devoured as stubble fully dry.

"Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, . . . and so that day come upon you unawares."

"But now I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be . . . an idolator, or a railer, or a drunkard, . . . with such an one, no, not to eat. For what have I to do to judge them also that are without? But them that are without, God judgeth."

"Be not deceived; neither . . . thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

"Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, . . . murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have told you in time past, that they who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

Under the Jewish law, in certain cases, the crime of drunkenness was deemed equivalent to that of murder. The young man who madly broke loose from the restraints, and resisted the endearing influences of home; whom no kindness could win, and no authority control; who sacrificed all the higher faculties of his nature on the altar of criminal pleasure, and luxuriated day and night in the excesses of gluttony and drunkenness; upon the presentation of the indictment and evidence by his father and mother, without any inquiry with reference to their conduct, or the habits of his ancestors, was summarily put to death.

Christianity in its commencement did not directly interfere with the laws or policies of civil government, and, therefore, in its treatment of drunkards restricted itself to their excommunication from the fellowship of the Church, and their exclusion from the kingdom of heaven.

In one of the quotations which I have made from the writings of Saint Paul, a specific rule is given for the guidance of the Church with respect to drunkards and other wilful offenders, both in the case of those who had a nominal connection with the brotherhood, and of those who had not. In the one case it required a withdrawal from all intercourse; in the other, a remission to the judgment of God. There can, of course, be no contradiction in the canons of Scripture, and therefore when, in another place, the same inspired writer says: "It is good neither to eat meat, nor to drink wine, if thereby my brother is offended or is made weak," he does not allude to intentional violators of law either in the Church or out of it; but merely to those who were young in the faith, and who, just emerging from the darkness of superstition, were not wholly prepared for the light and liberty of the sons of God; whose consciences were only partially enlightened, though, perhaps, exquisitely tender and sensitive; who would be liable to criticise and take offence at certain acts on the part of those who were more advanced than themselves; or, on the other hand, might be induced by their example to do that which in itself was perfectly lawful, but which, *through their ignorance, was unlawful to them*, and so be brought under the condemnation of their own hearts and be made weak. For the sake of these earnest seekers after a higher and better life, thus groping their way under immense disadvantages, the Apostle to the Gentiles enjoined the duty of personal sacrifice upon those who were wiser and stronger while laboring to help them up to a full comprehension of the rights and privileges of their spiritual inheritance.

A RIOT IN ROME.

BY W. H. McCRACKAN, A. M.

OUR little apartment was perched high in air on the *via Quattro Fontane*. The sun poured into it for half the day, and for the other half the varying winds of a Roman winter crept through the ill-fitting windows and chilled the stone floor.

In February there came a dull day,—moist, unwholesome, and threatening rain. I was reading the *Tribuna* after lunch when something made me start to my feet and step out upon the miniature balcony that overlooked the street. There was a sound in the direction of the Corso I had never heard before: a distant, ill-defined, elemental murmur, as of the sea, and yet not so common a sound; without apparent pulsations, but rising on a cumulative crescendo that betrayed no gradations of increase; a smooth, compressed roar, heart-sickening, and not devoid of a certain grawsome harmony.

Pigeons darted and flapped, as usual, over the house tops, or strutted on the roofs; a gray sky lowered upon the sunless city; the stone cutters, at work on the Canadian convent opposite, chipped noisily from their Travertine stone, but in the street there seemed to have arisen a vague alarm. It communicated itself, with mysterious rapidity, to the people on the pavement, to the drivers of cabs and carts in the middle of the street, and finally to the shopkeepers. People were seen to stop suddenly, and then hurry off in new directions. Carriages, coming from the *via Nazionale* and going towards the *Vente Settembre*, pulled up, and started back on a gallop. The owner of the *pizzicheria*, on the corner, came out in his white apron, to put up his iron shutters, rattling them violently, in trembling haste. The stone cutters and masons from the Canadian convent stole cautiously from their work, pale with apprehension and uncertainty, and peered up and down irresolute.

As the sound approached, it lost its harmonious character. It could now be differentiated into its component parts.

There was the steady fundamental note made by the rumble of the city, but the superimposed noises of panic could be distinguished from one another. Doors slammed; bolts were pushed forward; men ran through the emptying streets, shouting incoherent warnings; a runaway horse trailed his torn harness behind him. The shopkeepers watched before their doors with ashy-gray countenances. Then came a crashing sound, which dominated all other notes,—inexplicable, ominous, full of nameless terrors,—and after that the rioters themselves appeared over the brow of the hill.

They were mostly young fellows, some mere boys, clad in the canvas and corduroy of the Italian workmen. They carried shovels and picks, and dashed them, as they ran, against the unprotected shop windows. It was this constant crash of breaking glass which had given warning of their coming. A spirit of exaltation seemed upon them. Some overpowering force was directing their actions, and had stamped a look of purpose upon their faces which excluded all fear for the future. Undersized, and ill-fed, as they doubtless were, they ran with a toss of the dark hair which was truly magnificent—these votaries of a goddess whose name was Revolution.

It was, indeed, a hideous frenzy, but it had its noble aspect, too. How else could those poor devils fitly remonstrate against the all-encircling injustices in which they and their fathers had toiled through the centuries, that others might the better live at ease? Ah, the pity of it, that this destructive violence should be the necessary product of our social organization!

There was a driver from the country who had left his cart standing full of firewood, cut, Italian fashion, into long sticks. The rioters quickly overturned this cart, and, discarding their heavy tools, armed themselves with the handier sticks. In our street they did not stop to steal or even scatter the contents of the shop windows, but hurried on in the service of their implacable goddess, to do their utmost before, exhausted by their mad exertions, they should fall an easy prey to the police, who now began to show themselves. One fellow struck the photographer's showcase, on our ground floor, a resounding blow, shattering the glass into a thousand splinters. Over at the convent the vacillation of the employed, in the face of the excesses of the

unemployed, was a study in itself. It was evident that the stone cutters and masons felt the contagion of the moment; for at sight of the rioting, they rushed hither and thither witlessly, uncertain whether to make enemies of their employers or of their poorer brothers. I cannot tell, to this day, whether or not I was disappointed when they decided to return to their work, casting furtive glances about to see if their momentary sympathy with the elements of disorder had been observed.

Just beyond the *via Nazionale*, however, a really charming scene was enacted. A young lieutenant had stationed himself in the middle of the street, in front of the glass-covered Galleria Marguerita, to bar the way of the stragglers. He stood with drawn sword, his army mantle hanging from his shoulder like a Roman toga, posed as for a painter. The whole had just that theatrical touch which appeals to the Italian character, and made him next day the talk of the cafés. It was a brave sight; he did his duty, stopping some panting youngsters who were still able to keep up the struggle for a while. But what irony there is in our modern civilization! How grotesque those forces which pit against each other such fine young fellows, the hope of the nations, instead of allowing them to co-operate on an equality of opportunity! How wasteful to shed such blood! How very unscientific and unnecessary these hideous injustices!

In truth, the Roman riot of February 1889 had almost spent itself before it reached our quarter in the *via Quattro Fontane*. Its full force was felt principally in the Corso, the *via Frattina*, and the *del Tritone*, as well as in the direction of the Capitoline Hill. For an hour the Eternal City had been completely in the power of the rioters, police and soldiery alike being unable to cope with their spontaneous fury.

And the causes of this sudden outbreak—what were they?

When we had arrived in Rome a few months before, the city was passing through a season of tumultuous rejoicing. The German emperor, newly crowned, was expected on a visit to his ally, King Humbert. No outlay for his entertainment could be vast enough; no military display could quite suffice to parade before the war lord. And when

the royal visitor drove through the city, nodding haughtily to the Roman populace, the politicians hobnobbed over the fact that Italy's admission into the triple alliance had now received the personal sanction of the sovereigns; that the Pope, in the Vatican, must grind his teeth over *Roma Intangibile*. It was all very fine as a spectacle; but while royalty banqueted, there was a fermentation in the rockeries of the poor—the city was ripening for revolt.

When Rome became the capital of Italy, in 1870, its grass-grown streets and deserted piazzas took on another aspect. A real-estate boom was started, as pronounced as that of any Western town, which attracted laborers from the provinces in unheard-of numbers. A great rejuvenation was begun in the ancient quarters; new suburbs rose, mushroom-like, beyond the walls; the hitherto unprotected marvels of antiquity were set apart for public edification; vast sums were expended on improvements of all sorts. Then came the reaction. During the ensuing period of stagnation, men were appalled at the debts they had contracted, at the boodle the politicians had appropriated under the cover of popular services; but worse than all, the unemployed workmen haunted the *trattorie*, to talk over their grievances. They had brought their families with them from the country districts, and now found themselves stranded, with the margin of starvation slowly receding.

To add to the general misery of the situation, Italy had joined the triple alliance. The army and the navy must be inordinately increased, to satisfy the demands of the allies. The Budget, which had for some years been coaxed into an annual surplus, showed a deficit. Increased taxation followed. The necessities of life rose steadily in price, as high tariffs on imports were decreed; for in Italy, as elsewhere, war, or the fear of war, goes hand in hand with so-called protection of native industries.

The unemployed finally met in open assemblies to take counsel, usually on the drill-ground, which lies between the churches of St. John Lateran and of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem. They were victims of economic conditions not of their own seeking, brutalized by want, but still bearing their ills with that marvellous patience of the Italian people, preferring to endure for a time, if perchance work might be given. In our civilization the man who gives work is

considered a benefactor by a strange irony which is not, however, apparent to most of us; and so a committee was finally sent to beg the Syndic of Rome for relief works. But how was it possible to involve the municipal finances, already on the verge of bankruptcy, in further outlays? Besides, confidence was shaking, credit poor; and so the committee returned empty handed. Several days passed, several more meetings were held, growing noisier as they progressed. Further refusals of help were reported, until one day violent counsels prevailed over the customary advices of prudence. A few Socialists and Anarchists by profession, spoke of the great revolution which must come some day; they urged concerted action against capital. Then some fellow exclaimed that the time for talking had passed; the moment for action was at hand. Shouts rose from the ranks. A moderate orator tried to make himself heard above the hoarse din; but when some one took a stone from a pile which lay there for building purposes, and hurled it at a passing carriage, the long-pent-up, savage hatred of those thousands had burst its bonds. They issued from the square a cursing, howling mob, to overrun Rome until the evening.

That night the stars looked down upon a great UNINHABITED waste, lying all around the Eternal City. It was the Campagna, breeding malaria for want of tillage. A few noble families, sprung from papal orgies, alone have the right to graze their sheep and horses upon it.

Ever and anon a buffalo strode through the moonlight, sniffing the night air with outstretched head, its black sides glistening in the light. The ruined aqueducts seemed always on the march across the plain from Tivoli or from the silver-blue Alban Hills. St. Peter reared its dome silhouette, and the broken tombs watched wearily beside the Appian Way.

But in Rome itself the prisons were full of starving wretches; for that same human greed which had reserved the Campagna for the cattle, had also robbed them of their heritage.

REFORM.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE time has come when men with hearts and brains
Must rise and take the misdirected reins
Of government, too long left in the hands
Of aliens and of lackeys. He who stands
And sees the mighty vehicle of State
Hauled through the mire to some ignoble fate
And makes not such bold protest as he can, is no American.

A SPOIL OF OFFICE.

A STORY OF THE MODERN WEST.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

PART V. IN POLITICS.

CARGILL was not at the table the next morning, but he came in later, and greeted Bradley brusquely, as he flung his rag of a hat on the floor.

"Well, legislator, what is on the tapis this morning? Anything I can do for you?"

"No, I guess not. I am going to look up a new boarding-house."

"What's the matter with this?"

"Too rich for my blood."

"Just repeat that, please."

"Can't stand the expense."

Cargill poured the cream on his oatmeal before he replied: "But, dear sir, nothing is too good for a representative. Young man, you don't seem to know how to farm yourself out."

All day Saturday the Richwood rotunda swarmed with men. The speakerships, the house offices, were being contested for here; the real battle was being fought here, and under Cargill's cynical comment the scene assumed great significance to Bradley's uninitiated eyes. He and Cargill that night took seats on the balcony which ran around the "bear pit," as he called it. Around them, flitting to and fro, were dozens of bright, rather self-sufficient young women.

"This is one of the most dangerous and demoralizing features of each legislature," he said to Bradley. "These girls come down here from every part of the state to cajole and flatter their way into a State House office. You see them down there buttonholing every man they can get an introduction to, and some of them don't even wait for an introduction. They'd be after you if you were a Republican."

Bradley looked out upon it all with a growing shadow in his eyes. He suddenly saw terrible results of this unwomanly struggle for office. He saw back of it also the need for employment which really forced these girls into such a contest.

"They soon learn," Cargill was saying, "where their strength lies. The pretty ones and the bold ones succeed where the plain and timid ones fail. It has its abuses. Good God, how could it be otherwise! It's a part of our legislative rottenness. Legal labor pays so little, and vice and corruption pay so well. Now see those two girls button-holing that leprous old goat Bergheim! If it don't mean ruin to them both, it will be because they're as knowing as he is. Every year this thing goes on. What the friends and parents of these girls are thinking of, I'll be damned if I know."

Bradley was dumb with the horror of it all. He had such an instinctive reverence for women that this scene produced in him a profound, almost despairing sorrow. He sat there after Cargill left him, and gazed upon it all with stern eyes. There was no more tragical thing to him than the woman who could willingly allure men for pay. It made him shudder to see those bright, pretty girls go down among those men, whose hard, peculiar, savage stare he knew almost as well as a woman.

They did not know that he was a legislator, and he escaped their importunities; but he overheard several of them, as they came up with some member,—sometimes a married man,—and took seats on the balcony near him.

"But you had no business to promise Miss Jones. How could you when I was living?" "But I didn't know you then!" "Well, then, now you've seen me, you can tell Miss Jones your contract don't go," laughed the girl. "Oh, that wouldn't do, she'd kick." "Let'er kick. She ain't got any people who are constituents. My people are your constituents."

Bradley walked away sick at heart. As he passed a settee near the stairway, he saw another girl with a childish face looking up at a hard-featured young man, and saying with eager, wistful voice, her hands clasped, "Oh, I *hope* you can help me. I need it *so* much."

Her sweet face haunted him because of its suggested helplessness and its danger. His heart swelled with an indefinable and bitter rebellion. Everywhere was a scramble for office,—everywhere a pouring into the city from the farms and villages. Why was it? Was he not a part of the movement as well as these girls? Did it not all spring from the barrenness and vacuity of rural life?

Bradley went to church, for the reason that he had nothing better to do, and, in order to get as much out of it as possible, went to the largest sanctuary in the city. The hotels were thronged by men who took little thought of the day. The rotunda echoed with roaring laughter and the tramp of feet. Every new member was being introduced and manipulated, but

Bradley shrank from declaring himself. His name, B. Talcott, conveyed no information to those who saw it on the register, and so he sat one side of the crowd all day, untouched by the male lobbyist or the girl office seekers.

He went next day, according to promise, to call at Cargill's office, which was on the fifth floor of a large six-story building on the main street. There were two ornamental ground-glass doors opening from the end of a narrow hall. One was marked, "Bergen & Cargill, Commission Merchants, Private," and Bradley entered. A man seated at a low table was operating a telegraphic machine. He was in his shirt sleeves, and wore blue checked over-sleeves, and carried a handkerchief under his chin to keep his collar from getting soiled. He sat near two desks which separated the private room from the larger room, in which were seated several men looking at one side of the wall, which was a blackboard checked off in small squares by red lines. Columns of figures in chalk were there displayed.

Cargill did not seem to be about, and the busy operator did not see the visitor. A brisk young man of Scandinavian type was walking about in the larger office with a piece of chalk in his hand. He came to the desk and looked inquiringly at Bradley, who started to speak, but the sonorous voice of the operator interrupted him.

"Three eighths bid on wheat," he called, and handed a little slip of paper to the brisk young man with the flaxen mustache.

"Wheat, three eighths," he repeated in a resonant tone, and proceeded to put the figures in a small square under the section marked "Wheat" on the blackboard. When he came back, Bradley asked for Cargill.

"He'll be in soon; take a seat."

"Three eighths bid. They still hammer the market as they sold short," shouted the operator.

Bergen repeated the telegram to the crowd. "Of course they'll do that," said one of the smokers, a young man with an assumption of great wisdom on all matters relating to wheat. He looked prematurely knowing, and spit with a manly air.

As Bradley took a seat at the desk, Bergen was calling into the telephone in a high, sonorous, monotonous voice, "Wheat opened at ninety-three, three quarters; sold as high as ninety-four; is now ninety-three and three eighths. Corn opened at forty-two; is now forty-one and seven eighths. Bradstreet's decrease on both coasts the past week, two and a quarter millions. Cables very strong."

Cargill came in a little later, and greeted Bradley with a nod while crossing the room to look at the blackboard.

"Draw up a chair," he said, and they took a seat at the table, while the business of the office went on. "You'll be interested in knowing something about this business," he said to Bradley. "It's as legitimate as buying or selling real estate on a commission; but so far as the popular impression goes, there is no difference between this and a bucket-shop."

"It's all very new to me," said Bradley. "I don't know the difference between this and the bucket-shop."

"Ninety-three and seven eighths bid on wheat," called Bergen from a slip, as he walked back and chalked the latest intelligence upon the board.

"Well, there is a difference. In this case, we simply buy and sell on commission. These are real purchases and sales. The order for wheat is transmitted to Chicago and registered, and has its effect upon the market; whereas in a bucket-shop the sale does not go out of the office, and, if there is a loss to the customer, the proprietor gains it. In other words, we buy and sell for others, with no personal interest in the sale; the bucket-shop is a pure gambling establishment, where men bet on what other men are going to do. But that ain't what I had you call to talk over. I want you to meet Bergen. Chris, come over here," he called. "I want to introduce the Honorable Talcott of Rock River. He started in, like yourself, to reform politics.

"The reason why I wanted you to meet Bergen," Cargill went on, "is because he is a sincerer lover of literature than myself, and like yourself, I imagine, believes thoroughly in the classics. He's translating Ibsen for the Square Table Club. His idea of amusement ain't mine, I needn't say."

"New York still hammers away on the market. Partridge quietly buying to cover on the decline."

"Excuse me a moment," said Bergen, returning to business.

Cargill took an easy position. "I don't know why I have sized you up as literary in general effect, but I have. That's one reason why I took to you. It's so damned unusual to find a politician that has a single idea above votes. And then I'm literary myself," he said, his face a mask of impenetrable gravity. "I wrote up the sheep industry of Iowa for the Agricultural Encyclopædia. That puts me in the front rank of Des Moines literary aspirants.

"Towns like this," he said, going off on a speculative side track, "have a two-per-cent population who are inordinately literary. They recognize my genius. The other ninety-eight per cent don't care a continental dam for Shakespeare or anybody else, barring Mary Jane Holmes, of course, and the five-cent story papers. But literary Des Moines *is* literary. They stand by Shakespeare and Homer, I can tell you, and they

recognize genius when they see it. By the way, Bergen," he said, calling his brother-in-law to him again, "we must make this young man acquainted with our one literary girl."

"Wheat is ninety-four bid. New York strong." It was impossible to hold Bergen's attention, however, with a sharp bulge on the market, and Cargill was forced to turn to Bradley again.

"There is a girl in this town who has the literary quality. True, she has recognized my ability, which prejudices me in her favor, of course. In turn I presented her with my report on the sheep industry."

Bradley laughed, but Cargill proceeded as if there were nothing funny in the situation:—

"And she read it, actually, and quoted it in one of her great speeches. It made the reporter bug out his eyes. He said he had observed of late quite a vein of poetry running through Miss Wilbur's speeches, which lifted them out of the common rut."

Bradley lost sight of the humor in this speech at the sound of Ida's name, and his face flushed. He had not heard her name spoken by a third person in months, and had never dared to say it out loud himself.

Cargill went on: "She's an infernal heretic and suffragist and all that, but she's a power. Her name is Wilbur—Ida Wilbur. Used to lecture for the Grange or something of that kind. Is still lecturing, I believe, but the Grange has snuffed out."

Six or eight men came into the larger room talking loudly and excitedly about the market, and Cargill's attention was drawn off by the resonant reports of the Chicago market.

"The market shows great elasticity. Western advices contribute to the Bull feeling."

"Do you know Miss Wilbur?" Bradley asked when Cargill came back, being afraid Cargill would forget the topic of conversation.

"Yes, I meet her occasionally. I meet her at the Square Table Club, where we fight on literature. They call it the Square Table Club, because they disagree with the opinions of the most of us real literary people of the town."

Bradley astonished himself by saying, in a comparatively firm tone of voice, that he had heard of Miss Wilbur as a Grange lecturer, and that he would like to know more about her.

"Well, I'll introduce you. She ain't easy to understand. She's one of these infernal advanced women. Now, I like thinkers, but what right has a woman to think? To think is our manly prerogative. I'm free to admit that we don't exercise it to much better advantage than we do our prerogative to vote; but then, damn it, how could we stand wives that think?"

Bradley had given up trying to understand when Cargill was joking and when he was in earnest. He knew this was either merciless sarcasm or the most pig-headed bigotry. Anyhow he did not care to say anything for fear of drawing him off into a discussion of an impersonal subject, just when he seemed likely to know something about Ida's early life.

It was a singular place to receive this information. He sat there with his elbow on the desk, leaning his head on his palm, studying Cargill's face as he talked. Over at the other end of the room, the operator was feeding himself on a pickle with his left hand, and receiving the telegrams from the far-off, roaring, tumultuous wheat exchange, every repeated message being a sort of distant echo of the ocean of cries and the tumult of feet in the city. They were as much alone and talking in private as if they were in Cargill's own room at the hotel. Cargill talked on, unmindful of the telephone, the telegraphic ticking, and the brisk, business-like action of his partner.

"Yes, I have known her ever since she was a girl. Her father was a queer old seed of a farmer, just out of town here, cranky on religion—a Universalist, I believe. Had the largest library of his town; I don't know but the largest private library outside of a city in the state. His house was literally walled with books. How he got 'em I don't know. It was currently believed that he was full of information, but I never heard of any one who was able to get very much out of him. His wife had been a beauty; that was her dowry to her daughter."

"The girl went to school here at sixteen. I was a student then, six or seven years older than she, and I remember there were about six of us who used to stand around the schoolhouse door to carry her books for her; but she just walked past us all without a turn of the head. She didn't seem to know what ailed us. She was one of these girls born all brains, some way. I never saw her face flushed in my life, and her big eyes always made me shiver when she turned them on me."

"Wheat falls to ninety-three and a fourth. There is a break in the market. New York is still hammering," called the operator, his mouth full of pie.

Cargill was distinctly talking to himself, almost as much as to Bradley. The hardness had gone out of his eyes, and his voice had a touch of unconscious sadness in it.

"Does Miss Wilbur live here?" Bradley asked, to start him off again.

"Yes, she went into the Grange when she was eighteen, just after she graduated from our university here. Had a good deal of your enthusiasm, I should judge. Expected to revolutionize things some way. I don't take very much interest in her public

work, but I thoroughly appreciate her literary perception." He had got back to his usual tone.

"Chris, when does the club meet next?"

"Friday night, I believe."

"All right. I'll take you up, and introduce you into the charmed circle. They pride themselves on being modern up there, though I don't see much glory in being modern."

Bradley stood for a moment at the door, looking at this strange scene. It appealed to him with its strangeness, and its suggestion of the great battles on the street which he had read of in the papers. The telegraph machine clicked out every important movement in Chicago and New York. The manager called up his customers, and bawled into the telephone the condition of the market and the significant gossip of the far-off exchange halls. It was so strange, and yet so familiar, that he went away with his head full of those cabalistic sentences:—

"New York still hammering away. Partridge quietly buying to cover on the decline."

II.

That the invitation to attend the Square Table Club overshadowed the importance and significance of Bradley's entrance into public life, was an excellent commentary upon his real character. The State House, however, appealed to his imagination very strongly as he walked up its unfinished lawn, amid the heaps of huge limestone blocks, his eyes upon the looming façade of the west front. He walked the echoing rotunda with a timid air; and the beautiful soaring vault was so majestic in his eyes, he wondered if Washington could be finer. There were a few other greenhorns, like himself, looking the building over with the same minute scrutiny. He entered all of the rooms into which it was possible to penetrate, and at last into the library, a cheerful, rectangular room, into which the sun streamed plenteously.

There was hardly any one in either the Senate or the Representative Halls except farmer-like groups of people, sometimes a family group of four or five, including the grandmother or grandfather. They were mainly in rough best suits of gray, or ostentatiously striped cheap cashmere. The young men wore wide hats, pushed back, in some cases, to display a smooth, curling wave of hair, carefully combed down over their foreheads. He was able to catalogue them by reference to his old companions, Ed Blackler, Shep Watson, Sever Anderson, and others.

Soon the crowds thickened, and groups of men entered, talking and laughing loudly. They were wholly at their ease, being

plainly old and experienced members. They greeted each other with boisterous cries and powerful handshaking.

"Hello, Stineberg, I hoped you'd git snowed under. Back again, hay?"

"Well, I'll be damned. Ain't your county got any more sense than to send such a specimen as you back? Why weren't you around to the caucus?"

The House was called to order by one of the members of the Capital county, and prayer was offered. Bradley sat quietly in his seat as things went on. He felt so alien to it all that he scarcely took the trouble to vote; and when the committee on credentials was appointed, he felt nervously in his pocket to see that his papers were safe. He felt very much as he used to when, as a boy, he went to have his hair cut, and sat in torture during the whole operation, in the fear that his quarter (all he had with him) might be lost, and trembling to think what would happen in such a case. The session adjourned after electing temporary speaker, clerk, etc.

That night he moved to a new boarding-place. He secured a room near the Capitol, and went to supper in a small private house near by, which had a most astonishing amplitude of dining-room.

He wrote a note to Judge Brown, telling him that he was settled, but was taking very little part in the organizing of the House. He did not say that he was disappointed in his reception, but he was; his vanity had been hurt. His canvass had attracted considerable attention from the Democratic press of the country, and he had expected to be received with great favor by them. He had come out of Republicanism for their sake, and they ought to recognize him. He did not consider that no one knew him by sight, and that recognition was impossible.

He was at the Capitol again early the next morning, and found the same scene being re-enacted. Straggling groups of roughly dressed farmers loitered timidly along the corridors, brisk clerks dashed to and fro, and streams of men poured in and out the doors of the legislative halls. Bradley entered unobserved, and took a seat at the rear of the hall on a sofa. He did not feel safe in taking a seat.

It was a solemn moment to the new legislator as he stood before the clerk, and, with lifted hand, listened to the oath of office read in the clerk's sounding voice. He swore solemnly, with the help of God, to support the Constitution, and serve his people to the best of his ability; and he meant it. It did not occur to him that this oath was a shuffling and indefinite obligation. The room seemed to grow a little dimmer as he stood there; the lofty ceiling, rich in its colors, grand and spacious to

him, seemed to gather new majesty, just as his office as lawmaker gathered a vast and sacred significance.

But as he came back to his seat, he heard a couple of old members laugh. "Comin' down to save their country. They'll learn to save their bacon before the term is up. That young feller looks like one of those retrenchment and reform cusses. Bet a dollar he's one of the fellers who never want to adjourn — down here fer business, ye know."

Their laughter made Bradley turn hot with indignation.

The selection of seats was the next great feature. The names of all the members were written upon slips of paper and shaken together in a box, while the members stood laughing and talking in the back part of the house. A blind-folded messenger boy selected the slips; and as the clerk read, in a sounding voice, the name on each slip, the representative so called went forward and selected his seat.

Bradley's came about the tenth, and he went forward timidly, and took his seat directly in the centre of the House. He did not care to seem anxious for a front seat. The Democratic members looked at him closely, and he stepped out of his obscurity as he went forward.

A young man of about his own age, a stalwart fellow, reached about and shook hands. "My name is Nelson Floyd. I wanted to see you. I'm from Wapello."

Floyd took the first opportunity to introduce him to two or three of the Democratic members, but he sat stiffly in his seat during the whole session, and took no part in the speakership contest, which seemed to go off very smoothly. He believed the speaker implicitly, when he stated the usual lie about having no pledges to redeem, and that he was free to choose his committee with regard only to superior fitness, etc., etc., and was shocked when Floyd told him that a written contract had been drawn up and signed, before the legislature met, wherein the principal clerkships had been disposed of to party advantage. It was his second introduction to the hypocrisy of officialism.

If he had been neglected before, he was not now; all sorts of people came about him with axes to grind.

"Is this Mr. Talcott? Ah, yes! I have heard of your splendid canvass,—splendid canvass! Now—ahem!—I'd like you to speak a good word for my girl, for the assistant clerkship of the Ways and Means;" while another wanted his son, Mr. John Smith, for page.

He told them that he had nothing to say about those things. "I am counted with the Democrats, anyhow; I haven't any influence."

They patted him on the shoulder, and winked slyly. "Oh, we know all about that! But every word helps, you know,"

Going out at the close of the session, he met Cargill.

"Well, legislator, how goes it?"

"Oh, I don't know; smoothly, I guess. I've kept pretty quiet."

"That's right. The Republicans have everything in their hands this session."

"Hello, Cargill!" called a smooth, jovial voice.

"Ah, Barney! Talcott, this is an excellent opportunity. This is Barney, the great railway lobbyist. Barney, here is a new victim for you,—Talcott of Rock."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Talcott."

Bradley shook hands with moderate enthusiasm, looking into Barney's face with great interest. The lobbyist was large and portly and smiling. His moustache drooped over his mouth, and his chin had a jolly looking hollow in it. His hazel eyes were frank and honest.

"Cargill is an infernal old cynic," he exclaimed, "and he is corporation mad. Don't size us up according to his estimate."

It did not seem possible that this man could be the great tool of the railway interest, and yet that was his reputation.

Cargill moralized on the members, as they walked on: "Barney's on his rounds getting hold of the new members. He scents a corruptible man as the buzzard does carrion.

"Every session young fellows like you come down here with high and beautiful ideas of office, and start in to reform everything, and end by becoming meat for Barney and his like. There is something vitiating in the atmosphere of politics."

Bradley listened to Cargill incredulously. These things could not be true. These groups of jovial, candid-looking men could not be the moral wrecks they were represented. He had expected to see men who looked villainous in some way, with bloated faces,—disreputable, beery fellows. He had not risen to the understanding that the successful villain is always plausible.

When he left the Capitol and went down the steps with Cargill, he felt that he had fairly entered upon the work of his term.

"Now, young man," said Cargill, as they parted, "let me advise you. The fight of this session is going to be the people against the corporation. There are two positions and only two. You take your choice. If you side with the corporation, your success will be instantaneous. You can rig out, and board at the Richwood, and be dined out, and taken to see the town Saturday nights, and retire with a nice little boost and a record to apologize for when you go back to Rock River; that is, you can go in for all that there is in it, or you can take your chances with the people."

"I will take the chances with the people."

"Well, now, hold on! Don't deceive yourself. The people are a mob yet. They are fickle as the flames o' hell. They don't

know what they do want, but in the end the man that leads them and stands by them is sure of success."

Bradley had come to like Cargill very much. He was very thoughtful in his haphazard way, but not at all like Radbourn. Bradley compared every man he met with Radbourn and Judge Brown, and every woman suffered comparison with Ida Wilbur.

He went down to meet Cargill on the night of the promised call. He found him seated on the small of his back, his hands in his pockets. His absurd little hat (that seemed to partake of his every mood) was rolled into a point in front, and pulled down aggressively over his eyes. He was particularly violent, and paid no attention to Bradley.

"No, sir; I am not a prohibitionist. My position is just this: If we vote prohibition in Iowa, the government has no business to license men to sell contrary to our regulations."

"That's state's rights!" burst in the other man, who was trembling with rage and excitement.

Cargill slowly rose, transfixing him with a glare. "Go way, now; I won't waste any more time on you," he said, walking off with Bradley. "Let me see, we were going to the club to-night." He looked down at his boots. "Yes, they are shined; that puts a dress suit on me." As he walked along, he referred to Miss Wilbur. "She is a great woman, but she is abnormal from my point of view."

"Why so?" inquired Bradley.

"Well, look at the life she leads. On the road constantly, living at hotels. A woman can't hold herself up against such things."

"It depends upon the woman," was Bradley's succinct protest against sweeping generalizations.

It was crisp and clear, and the sound of their feet rang out in the still air as if they trod on glass at every step. They talked very little. Bradley wanted to tell Cargill that he had already met Miss Wilbur, but he could not see his way clear to make the explanation.

The Norwegian girl ushered them into a pretty little parlor, where a beautiful fire of coal was burning in an open grate. While they stood holding their stiffened hands to the warming blaze, Ida entered.

"Mr. Cargill, this is an unexpected pleasure."

"I wonder how sincere you are in that. This is my friend Mr. Talcott."

Ida moved toward Bradley with her hand cordially extended. "I think we have met before," she said.

"I call him my friend," said Cargill, "because he has not known me long enough to become my enemy."

"That is very good, Mr. Cargill. Sit down, won't you? Please give me your coats." She moved about in that pleasant bustle of reception so natural to women.

Cargill slunk down into a chair in his disjointed fashion. "We came to attend the intellectual sit down."

"Why, that doesn't meet to-night! It meets every other Friday, and this is the other Friday."

"Oh, is it? So much the better; we will see you alone."

Ida turned gravely to Bradley. "Mr. Cargill is not often in this mood. I generally draw him off into a fight on Mr. Howells vs. Thackeray or Scott."

"She prefers me in armor," Cargill explained, "and on horseback. My intellectual bowleggedness, so to say, and my moral squint are less obtrusive at an altitude."

Ida laughed appreciatively. "Your extraordinary choice of figures would distinguish you among the symbolists of Paris," she replied.

This all seemed very brilliant and droll to Bradley, and he sat with unwavering eyes fixed upon Ida, who appeared to him in a new light, more softly alluring than ever,—that of the hostess. She was dressed in some loose, rich-colored robe, which had the effect of drapery.

"When did you get back?" Cargill inquired, a little more humanly.

"Yesterday, and I am just in the midst of the luxury of feeling at home, with no journeys to make to-morrow. I have a friend I would like to introduce to you," she said, rising and going out. She returned in a few moments with a tall young lady in street dress, whom she introduced as Miss Cassiday.

In a short time Cargill had involved Miss Cassiday in a discussion of the decline of literature, which left Ida free to talk with Bradley. It was the most beautiful evening in his life. He talked as never before. He told her of his reading, and of his plans. He told her of his election to the legislature.

"Ah, that is good!" she said; "then we have one more champion of women in our State House."

"Yes, I will do what I can," he said.

"I will be here to hear you. I am one of the committee in charge of the bill."

The firelight fell upon her face, flushing its pallor into a beauty that exalted the young farmer out of his fear and reticence. They talked upon high things. He told her how he had studied the social question, since hearing her speak in Iowa City. He called to her mind great passages in the books she had sent him, and quoted paragraphs which touched upon the fundamental questions at issue. He spoke of his hopes of advancement.

"I want to succeed," he said, "in order that I may teach the new doctrine of rights. I want to carry into the party I have joined the real democracy. I believe a new era has come in our party."

"I am afraid not," she said, looking at the fire. "I begin to believe that we must wait till a new party rises out of the needs of people, just as the old Free-soil Party rose to free the slaves. Don't deceive yourself about your party in this state. It is after the offices, just the same as the party you have left. They juggle with the tariffs and the license question, because it helps them. They'll drop any question and any man when they think they are going to lose by retaining him. They'll drop you if you get too radical. I warn you!" she said, looking up at him and smiling with a touch of bitterness in her smile; "I am dangerous. My counsel does not keep men in office. I belong to the minority. I am dangerous."

"I'm not afraid," he said, thrilling with the intensity of his voice. "I'll trust human reason. I'm not afraid of you—I mean you can't harm me by giving me new thoughts, and that's what you've done ever since that day I heard you first at the picnic. You've helped me to get where I am."

"I have?" she asked, in surprise. His eyes fell before hers. "It will be strange if I have helped any one to political success."

Bradley was silent. How could he tell her what she had become to him? How could he tell her that she was woven into the innermost mesh of his intellectual fibre.

"You've taught me to think," he said, at last. "You gave me my first ambition to do something."

"I am very glad," she replied, simply. "Sometimes I get discouraged. I speak and people applaud, and I go away, and that seems to be all there is to it. I never hear a word afterwards; but once in a while, some one comes to me or writes to me, as you have done, and that gives me courage to go on; otherwise I'd think people came to hear me simply to be amused."

She was looking straight into the fire; and the light, streaming up along her dress, transfigured her into something alien and unapproachable. The easy flex of her untrammelled waist was magnificent. She had the effect of a statue, draped and flooded with color.

Cargill's penetrating voice cut across that sacred pause like the rasp of a saw file. He had been listening to his companion till he was full of rebellion. He was a bad listener.

"But what is success? Why, my dear young woman"—

"Don't patronize us, please," Ida interposed. "I speak for poor Miss Cassiday, because she's too timid to rebel. Nothing angers me more than that tone, Call us comrades or friends,

but don't say 'My dear young woman!'" She was smiling, but she was more than half in sober earnest.

Cargill bowed low, and proceeded with scowling brow and eyes half-closed and fixed obliquely upon Ida. "Dear comrades in life-battle, what is success? You remember the two lords in Lilliput who could leap the pack thread half its width higher?"

"Don't drag Swift into our discussion," Ida cried. "Mr. Cargill's a sort of an American Swift," turning to Bradley. "Don't let him spoil your splendid optimism. There is a kind of pessimism which is really optimism; that is to say, people who believe the imperfect and unjust can be improved upon. They are called pessimists because they dare to tell the truth about the present; but the pessimism of Mr. Cargill, I'm afraid, is the pessimism of personal failure."

There was a terrible truth in this, and it drove straight into Cargill's heart. Bradley was delighted to see Ida dominate a man who was accustomed to dominate every one who came into his presence. There was a look on her face which meant battle. She did not change her attitude of graceful repose, but her face grew stern and accusing. Cargill looked at her, wearing the same inscrutable expression of scowling attention; but a slow flush, rising to his face, showed that he had been struck hard.

There was a moment's pause full of intense interest to Bradley. The combatants were dealing with each other oblivious of every one else.

"I admire you, friend Cargill, but your attitude is not right. Your influence upon young people is not good. You are always crying out against things, but you never try to help. What are you doing to help things?"

"Crying out against them," he replied, curtly.

Ida dropped her eyes. "Yes, that's so; I'll admit that it has that effect, or it would if you didn't talk of the hopelessness of trying to do anything. Don't feel alarmed," she said, turning to the others, "Mr. Cargill and I understand each other very well. We've known each other so long that we can talk plain."

"This is the first time she ever let into me so directly," Cargill explained. "Understand we generally fight on literature, or music, or the woman question. This really is the first encounter on my personal influence. I'm going home to stanch my wounds." He rose, with a return to his usual manner.

Ida made no effort to detain them. "Come and see me again, Mr. Talcott, and don't let Mr. Cargill spoil you."

The two men walked on a block in silence, facing the wind, their overcoats drawn up about their ears.

"There's a woman I like," Cargill said, when they turned a corner and were shielded from the bitter wind. "She can for-

get her sex occasionally and become an intellect. Most women are morbid on their sex. They can't seem to escape it, as a man does part of the time. They can't rise, as this woman does, into the sexless region of affairs and of thought."

Bradley lacked the courage to ask him to speak lower, and he went on. "She's had suitors enough and flattery enough to turn her into a simpering fashion-plate; but you can't spoil brains. What the women want is not votes; its brains, and less morbid emotions."

"She's a free woman?" said Bradley.

"Free! Yes, they'd all be free if they had her brains."

"I don't know about that; conditions might still"—

"They'd make their own conditions."

"That's true. It all comes back to a question of human thinking, doesn't it?"

This seemed a good point to leave off the discussion, and they walked on mainly in silence, though two or three times during the walk Cargill broke out in admiration. "I never saw a woman grow as that woman has. That's the kind of a woman a man would never get tired of. I've never married," he went on, with a sort of confession, "because I knew perfectly well I'd get sick of my choice, but"—

He did not finish—it was hardly necessary; perhaps he felt he had gone too far. They said good night at the door of the Richwood, and Bradley went on up the avenue, his brain whirling with his new ideas and emotions.

Ida had rushed away again into the far distance. It was utter foolishness to think she could care for him. She was surrounded with brilliant and wealthy men, while he was a poor young lawyer in a little country town. He looked back upon the picture of himself sitting by her side, there in the light of the fire, with deepening bewilderment. He remembered the strange look upon her face as she rebuked Cargill. He wondered if she did not care for him.

III.

The first three or four weeks sickened and depressed Bradley. He learned in that time, not only to despise, but to loathe some of the legislators. The stench of corruption got into his nostrils, and jovial vice passed before his eyes. The duplicity, the monumental hypocrisy, of some of the leaders of legislation made him despair of humankind and to doubt the stability of the republic.

He was naturally a pure-minded, simple-hearted man, and when one of the leaders of the moral party of his state was dragged out of a low resort, drunk and disorderly, in company

with a leader of the Senate, his heart failed him. He was ready to resign and go home.

Trades among the committees came obscurely to his ears; hints of jobs, getting each day more definite, reached him. Railway lobbyists swarmed about and began to lay their cajoling, persuasive hands upon him; and he could not laugh when the newspaper said, for a joke, that the absent-minded speaker called the House to order one morning by saying: "Agents of the K. C. & Q. will *please* be in order." It seemed too near the simple fact to be funny. The School Book Lobby, the University Lobby, the Armour Lobby, each had its turn with him, through its smooth, convincing agent.

He reached his lowest deep one night after a conversation with Floyd, an ex-clerk, and a couple of young fellows who called upon him at his room. Floyd noticed his gloomy face, and asked what the trouble was. He told them frankly that he was disgusted.

"Oh, you'll get used to it!" the ex-clerk said. "When I first went into the House, I believed in honesty and sincerity, like yourself; but I came out of my term of office knowing the whole gang to be thieves. My experience taught me that legislators in America think it's a Christian virtue to break into the government treasury."

The others broke out laughing, believing him to be joking; but there was a ferocious look on his face, and Bradley felt that he might be mistaken, but he was not joking.

"Every device, every imaginable chicanery, every possible scheme to break into the state money box, is legitimate in their eyes, and worthy of being patented. Public money is fair game; and yet," he said, with a change of manner, "we have the fairest, purest, and most honorable legislators, take it as a whole, that there are in the United States, because our state is rural, and we're comparatively free from liquor. Our legislature is a Sunday school, compared to the leprous rascals that swarm about the Capitol at Albany or Springfield."

"My idea is that there are very few men who take money."

"I admit that, but they'll all trade their job for another job. Honesty is impossible. The Angel Gabriel would become a boodler under our system of government. The cure is to abolish government."

This conclusion, impotent to Bradley, was practically all the savage critic had to offer. Either go back to despotism or go ahead to no government at all.

After they went out, Bradley sat down and wrote a letter to Judge Brown, embodying the main part of this conversation: "It's enough to make a man curse his country and his God

to see how things run," he said, at the end of writing out the ex-clerk's terrible indictment. "I feel that he is right. I'm ready to resign, and go home, and never go into politics again. The whole thing is rotten to the bottom."

But as the weeks wore on, he found that the indictment was only true of a certain minority, and it was terribly true of them; but down under the half-dozen corruptible agents, under the roar of their voices, there were many others speaking for truth and purity. The obscure mass meant to be just and honest. They were good fathers and brothers, and yet they were forced to bear the odium that fell on the whole legislature whenever the miscreant minority rolled in the mire and walked the public streets.

There was one count, however, that remained good against nearly all of the legislators: they seemed to lack conscience as regards public money. Bradley remembered that this dishonesty extended down to the matter of working on the roads in the country. He remembered that every man esteemed it a virtue to be lazy, and to do as little for a day's pay as possible, because it came out of the town. He was forced to admit that this was the most characteristic American crime. To rob the commonwealth was a joke.

He ended by philosophizing upon it with the judge, who came down in late February to attend the session during the great railway fight.

The judge put his heels on the window sill, and folded his arms over the problem.

"Well, now, this thing must be looked at from another standpoint. The power of redress is with the voter. If the voter is a boodler, he will countenance boodling. Here is the mission of our party," he said, with the zeal of an old-fashioned Democrat, "to come in here and educate the common man to be an honest man. We've got a duty to perform. Now, we mustn't talk of resigning or going out of politics. We've got to stay right in the lump, and help leaven it. It will only make things worse if we leave it."

The judge had grown into the habit of speaking of Bradley as if he were a partner. Bradley, going about with him on the street, suddenly discovered that the judge's hat was just a shade too wide in the brim, and his coat a little bit frayed around the button holes. He had never noticed before that the judge was a little old-fashioned in his manners. No thought of being ashamed of him came into his mind, but it gave him a curious sensation when they entered a car together for the first time, and he discovered that the judge was a type.

When Bradley made his great speech on the railway question,

arraigning monopoly, the judge had a special arrangement with a stenographer. He was going to have that speech in pamphlet form to distribute, if it took a leg. He was already planning a congressional campaign.

On the day when the judge was to return, as they walked down to the train together, he said, "Well, Brad, we'll go right into the congressional campaign."

"I don't believe we'd better do that, judge."

"Why not?"

"Well, I couldn't be elected — that's one thing."

The judge allowed an impressive silence to intervene.

"Why not? I tell you, young man, they're on the run. We can put you through. You've made a strong impression down here."

"I don't believe I want to be put through. I'm sick of it. I don't believe I'm a politician. I'm sick all through with the whole cussed business. I never'd be here only for you, pulling wires. I can't pull wires."

"You needn't pull wires. I'll do that. You talk, and that's what put you here, and it'll put you in Congress."

Bradley was in a bad mood.

"What's the good of my going there? I can't do anything. I've done nothing here."

"Yes, y' have. You've been right on the railroad question, on the oleo question, and the bank question. It's going to count. That speech of yours, yesterday, I'm going to sow broadcast in Rock County. The district convention will meet in June, early. Foster will pave the way for your nomination, by saying Rock County should have a congressman. We'll go into the convention with a clear two-thirds majority, and then declare your nomination unanimous. You see, your youth will be in your favor. Your election will follow, sure. The only fight will be in the convention."

"Looks like spring to-day," Bradley said. It was his way of closing an argument.

"Well, good by. You'll find the whole pot boiling when you come home," the judge said, as the train started.

As Bradley looked upon these suggestive scenes, the earth-longing got hold upon him again. It was almost seedtime, with its warm, mellow soil, its sweeping flights of prairie pigeons, its innumerable swarms of tiny clamorous sparrows, its whistling plovers, and its passing wild fowl. The thought came to him there, for the first time, that nature was not malignant nor hard; that life on a farm might be the most beautiful and joyous life in the world. The meaning of Ida's words at last took definite and individual shape in his mind. He had assimilated them now.

Bradley gave himself up to the judge's plans. He went home in April with eagerness and with reluctance. He was eager to escape the smoke of the city and reluctant to leave behind him all chance to see Ida. This feeling of hungry disappointment dominated him during his day's ride. He had seen her but twice during his stay in Des Moines, and now — when would he see her again?

This terrible depression and sharp pain wore away a little by the time he reached home, and the active campaign which followed helped him to bear it. He still wrote to her, and she replied without either encouragement and without explicit displeasure. The campaign was really the judge's fight. Bradley was his field officer. Victory in the convention only foreshadowed the sweeping victory in October. He resigned as legislator, to become a congressman.

IV.

That ride from Chicago to Washington was an epic to Bradley. It was his next great departure, his entrance into another widening circle of thinking. He had never seen a mountain before; and the wild, plunging ride among the Alleghany Mountains was magnificent. He sat for hours at a time looking out of the window, while the train, drawn by its two tremendous engines, crawled toward the summit. He saw the river drop deeper and deeper, and get whiter and wilder; and then came the level of the summit, and then the train began its descent. While the reeling car alternately flung him to the window and against the seat, he gazed out at the wheeling peaks, the snow-laden pines, and the mighty gorges, through which the icy river ran. On every side were wild hillsides meshed with fallen trees, and each new vista contained its distant peak. It was the realization of his imaginings of the Alleghanies.

The valley broadened out, and the great mountains moved away into ampler distances. The river ran in a wide and sinuous band to the east and the south. He realized it to be the Potomac, whose very name is history. He began to look ahead to seeing Harper's Ferry, and in the nearing distance was Washington!

He had the Western man's intensity of feeling for Washington. To him it was the centre of American life, because he supposed the laws were made there. The Western man knows Boston as the centre of art, which he affects to despise, and New York appeals to him as the home of the millionaire, of the money lender; but in Washington he recognizes the great nerve centre of national life. It is the political ganglion of the body politic. It appeals to the romantic in him as well. It was historical; it was the city that made history.

Slowly the night fell; the outside world vanished; and when

the brakeman called "Washington," it was nearly eight o'clock of a damp, chilly night. He was so eager to see the Capitol, which the kindly fat man behind him had assured him was but a few steps away from the station, that he took his valise in his hand, and started directly for the dome, which a darky with a push-cart, pointed out to him with oppressive courtesy.

There was an all-pervasive, impalpable, blue-gray mist in the air, cold and translucent; and when he came to the foot of the grounds, and faced the western front of the Capitol building, he drew a deep breath of delight. It thrilled him. There it loomed in the misty, winter night, the mightiest building on the continent, blue-white, sharply outlined, massive as a mountain, yet seemingly as light as a winter cloud! Weighing myriads of tons, it seemed almost as insubstantial as the mist which transfigured it. Against the cold white of its marble, and out of the gray-white enveloping mist, bloomed the warm light of lamps, like vast lilies with hearts of fire and halos of faint light.

He stood for a long time looking upon it, musing upon its historic associations. Around him he heard the grinding of wheels, the click of the horses' hoofs upon the asphalt pavement, and heard the shouts of drivers. Somewhere near him water was falling with a musical sound in a subterranean sluiceway. At last he came to himself with a start, and found his arm aching with the fatigue of his heavy valise. He struck off down the avenue. It seemed to swarm with colored people. They were selling papers, calling with musical, bell-like voices,—

"Evenin' Sty-ah!" "Evenin' Sty-ah!"

Horse cars tinkled along, and a peculiar form of elongated bus, with the word "carette" painted upon it, rolled along noiselessly over the asphalt pavement. An old man in business dress, with rather aristocratic side-whiskers, came toward him, walking briskly through the crowd, an open hand bag swung around his neck; and as he walked he chanted a peculiar cry,—

"Doctor Ferguson's, celebrated, double X, Philadelphia, cough-drops, for coughs *and* colds, sore throat or hoarseness; five cents a package."

Innumerable signs upon the sidewalk invited him to "Meals at 15 and 25 cts." "Rolls and French drip coffee, 10 cts." "Oysters in every style," etc.

The oyster saloons were, in general, very attractive to him, as a Western man, but specially he did not like the locks of the places in which they were served. He came at last to a place which seemed clean and free from a bar, and ventured to call for a twenty-five cent stew.

After eating this, he again took his way to the street, and walked along, looking for a moderate-priced hotel. He did

not think of going to a hotel that charged more than seventy-five cents for a room. He came at length to quite a decent-looking place, which advertised rooms for fifty cents and upwards. He registered under the clerk's calm misprision, and the brown and wonderfully freckled colored boy showed him to his room.

It was all quite familiar to him,—this hotel to which a man of moderate means is forced to go in the city. The dingy walls and threadbare carpet got geometrically shabbier at each succeeding flight of stairs, until at length the boy ushered him into a little room at the head of the stairway. It was unwarmed and had no lock on the door; but the bed was clean, and, as he soon found, very comfortable.

He woke in the morning from his dreamless sleep with that peculiar familiar sensation of not knowing where he had lain down the night before. There was something boyish in the soundness of his sleep. He heard the newsboys calling outside, although it was apparently the early dawn. Their voices made him think of Des Moines, for the reason that Des Moines was the only city in which he had ever heard the newsboys cry. He sprang from his bed at the thought of Radbourn. He would hunt him up at once! He was surprised to find that it had snowed during the night, and everywhere the darkies were cleaning the walks.

On the street he passed a window where a big negro was cooking griddle-cakes, dressed in a snowy apron and a paper cap. He looked so clean and wholesome that Bradley decided upon getting his breakfast there, and, going in, took his seat at one of the little tables. A colored boy came up briskly.

"I'd like some of those cakes," said Bradley, to whom all this was very new.

"Brown the wheats!" yelled the boy, and added in a low voice, "Buckwheat or batter?"

"Buckwheat, I guess."

"Make it bucks!" the boy yelled, by way of correction, and asked again in a low voice, "Coffee?"

"If you please."

"One up light."

While Bradley was eating his cakes, which were excellent, others came in, and the waiters dashed to and fro, shouting their weird orders.

"Ham and, two up coff, a pair, boot-leg, white wings."

Bradley had a curiosity to see what this order would bring forth, and, watching carefully, found that it secured ham and eggs, two cups of coffee, a beefsteak, and an omelet. He was deeply interested in the discovery.

As he went along, he noticed the very large number of "Rooms to Let," and the equally large number of signs of "Meals, Fifteen

and Twenty-five Cents." Evidently there would be no trouble in finding a place to board.

As he entered Radbourn's office, he saw a young lady seated at a desk, manipulating a typewriter. She had the ends of a forked rubber tube hung in her ears, and did not see Bradley. He observed that the tube connected with a sewing-machine-like table and a swiftly revolving little cylinder, which he recognized as a phonograph. At the window sat Radbourn, talking in a measured, monotonous voice into the mouthpiece of a large, flexible tube, which connected with another phonograph. His back was toward Bradley, and he stood for some time looking at the curious scene and listening to Radbourn's talk.

"Congress brings to Washington a fulness of life which no one can understand who has not spent the summer here," Radbourn went on, in a slow, measured voice, his lips close to the bell-like opening of the tube. It had a ludicrous effect upon Bradley—like a person talking to himself.

"The city may be said to die when Congress adjourns. Its life is political; and when its political motor ceases to move, the city lies sprawled out like a dead thing. Its streets are painfully quiet. Its street cars shuttle to and fro under the burning sun, and its teamsters loaf about the corners drowsily. The storekeepers keep shop, of course, but they open lazily of a morning and close early at night. The whole city yawns and rests and longs for the coming of the autumn and Congress.

"It is amusing and amazing to see it begin to wake up at the beginning of the session. Then begins the scramble of the hotels and boarding-houses to secure members of Congress. Then begins —

The girl suddenly saw Bradley standing there, and called out, "Some one to see you, Mr. Radbourn!"

Radbourn stopped the cylinder, and turned.

"Ah, how do you do," he said, as if greeting a stranger.

Bradley smiled in reply, knowing that Radbourn did not recognize him. "I'm very well. I don't suppose you remember me, but I'm Brad Talcott." Radbourn leaped up with great cordiality. "Well, well, I'm glad to see you," he said, his sombre face relaxing in a smile, as he seized Bradley by the hand. "Sit down, sit down. I'm glad to see an old classmate."

"Don't let me interrupt your work. I was interested in hearing you talk into that thing there."

"Oh, yes, I was just getting off my syndicate letter for this week. Sit down and talk; you don't interrupt me at all. Now tell me all about yourself. Of course I have heard of your success, state legislature and Congress and all that, but I would like to have you tell me all about it."

"There ain't very much to tell. I had very little to do with it," said Bradley.

They sat near the window, looking out upon the square, and upon the great, desolate, gray-granite structure, that rose out of the centre of the smooth, snow-covered plat, across which the sun streamed with vivid white radiance.

There was a little pause. Radbourn leaned his head on his palm, and studied Bradley earnestly. He seemed older and more bitter than Bradley expected to see him. He asked of the old friends in a slow way, as if one name called up another in a slowly moving chain of association. They talked on for an hour thus, sitting in the same position. At last Radbourn said: —

"How far I've got from all those scenes and people! and yet the memory of that little old town and its people has a powerful fascination. I never'll go back, of course. To tell the truth, I am afraid to go back; it would drive me crazy. I am a city man naturally. I am gregarious. I like to be in the centre of things. It'll get hold of you, too. This city is full of ruined young men and women, who came here from the slow-moving life of inland towns and villages, and, after two or three years of a richer life, find it impossible to go back; and here they are, struggling along on forty-five cents a day at hash-houses, living in hall bedrooms, preferring to pick up such a living, at all kinds of jobs, than to go back home. I'd do it myself, if I were" —

He broke off suddenly, and looked at Bradley in a keen, steady way. "And so you're a congressman, Talcott? Well, I'm glad of your success, because it shows a man *can* succeed on the right lines,—in a measure, at least."

"Well, I've tried to live up to most of your principles," smiled Bradley. "I've read all the things you've sent me."

"Well, you're the wildest and most dangerous lunatic that ever got into Congress," Radbourn said, gravely. "Do you expect to talk any of that stuff on the floor?"

"Well, I—I hoped to be able to say something before the session closes."

"If you do it will be a miracle. Well, suppose we go out and walk about a little. Where are you stopping?"

Bradley named the hotel with a little reluctance. He knew how cheap it was; and since he had discovered that congressmen were at a premium in boarding-houses, he saw that he must get more sumptuous quarters than he had hitherto occupied.

They went out into the open air together. The sun was very brilliant and warm. The eaves were running briskly. The sky was gentle, beautiful, and springlike. The fact that he was in Washington came upon Bradley again, as he saw the soaring dome of the Capitol at the head of the avenue.

"What you want to do is to get on good social terms with the so-called leaders," Radbourn was saying. "Recognition goes by favor on the floor of the House. "We might go up to the Capitol and look about," he suggested after a silence.

They walked up the steps leading to the west front of the building. Everywhere the untrodden snow lay white and level.

"This is the finest part of the whole thing," Radbourn remarked, as they reached the level of the esplanade. "It has more beauty and simple majesty than the main building itself, or any structure in the city."

It was magnificent. Bradley turned and looked at it right and left with admiring eyes. It gleamed with snow, and all about was the sound of dripping water, and in the distance the roll of wheels and click of hoofs. The esplanade was a broad walk extending the entire width of the building, and conforming to it. It was bottomed with marble squares, and bordered with a splendid wall, breast-high on one side, and by the final terrace running to the basement wall on the other. Here and there along the wall gigantic brazen pots sat, filled with evergreens, whose color seemed to have gradually dropped down and entered into the marble beneath them. The bronze had stained irregular sections of the coping with rich, dull green.

Below them the city was outspread. Radbourn pointed out the Pension Office, the White House, the Treasury, and other principal buildings, with a searching comment upon their architecture. The monument, he evidently considered, required no explanatory word.

As they entered the dome, they passed a group of fellows whose brisk, bluff talk and peculiar swagger indicated their character — legislators from small country towns.

"Some of your colleagues," Radbourn said, indicating them with his thumb. As they paused a moment in the centre of the dome, one of these fellows, a handsome fellow with a waxed mustache and hard, black eyes, gave a stretching gesture, and said: "I'm in the world now."

His words thrilled Bradley to the heart. He was in the world now. Des Moines and its Capitol were dwarfed and overshadowed by this great national city, to which all roads ran like veins to the heart. He lifted his shoulders in a deep breath. It was glorious to be a congressman, but still more glorious to be a citizen of the world.

V.

Bradley took no part in the organizing of the House, and attended but one caucus. He accepted quietly a place on one or two minor committees. His life was very quiet. Attending Congress was quite like attending the state legislature. Every morn-

ing the members went up to the great building, which they soon came to ignore, except as a place to do business in. They trooped there quite like boys going to school. It was the state legislature aggrandized — noisier, more tumultuous and confusing.

In a little while, Bradley ceased to notice the difference in gilding and jim-crackery between the Senate and Representative ends of the corridors. He no longer noticed the distances, the pictures, or the statues in the vaulted dome, but passed through the vast rotundas with no thought of them. The magnificence of it all grew common with familiarity.

The vast mass, and roar, and motion of the hall itself soon ceased to confuse or abase him. He soon found, as in Des Moines, that these men were human like himself; and in most cases his self-respect told him they were not his superiors. In proportion to membership, he doubted whether there were more able men there than in the state legislature. They were more acute politicians; they were wilier, and talked in larger terms, manipulating states instead of counties—that was all. The routine of the day was of the same general character, and gave him no trouble.

Some of the more famous of the leaders he absolutely loathed—great bloated, swaggering, unscrupulous, treacherous tricksters. “I’ll lend you my *support*,” they said, as if it were something that could be loaned like a horse. He often talked them over with Radbourn, whose experience in and about Congress as a newspaper correspondent had given him an intimate knowledge of men, and had rendered him contemptuous, if not bitter.

“The men counted party leaders are manipulators, as a matter of fact. They subordinate everything to party success. We’ve got to have another great political revolution to—to de-centralize and de-machinize the whole of our political method. Our system will break of its own weight; it can’t go on. It is supposed to be popular, when, in fact, it is getting farther and farther away from the people every year. Just see the departments. Do you know anything about them?”

“No, I don’t,” Bradley admitted.

“You’re like all the rest. Every year the army of useless clerks increases; every year the numbers of useless buildings increases. The whole thing is appalling, and yet the people are getting apparently more helpless to reform it. Laws pile upon laws, when the real reform is to abolish laws. Wipe out grants and special privileges. We ought to be legislating toward equality of opportunity in the world, and here we go with McKinley bills, and the devil knows what else. By the way, to change the subject, what has become of Milton Jennings? He started out to be a great Republican politician.”

"Well, he lives there yet; he's still in politics, but doesn't seem to get higher than a county office."

"He was a brilliant fellow, but he started in on the wrong side; there is no hope for him on that side in the West."

"He's married, lives just opposite the seminary, seems to be reasonably contented."

Radbourn turned suddenly. "You're not married?"

Bradley colored. "No, I'm not."

Radbourn mused a little. "Seems to me, I remember some talk about your marrying that little—Russell girl?"

"Well, I didn't." Bradley had just a moment's temptation to tell Radbourn his whole secret, but he gave it up as preposterous.

Bradley's life at the capital was not entirely that of the politician. He had in him capabilities for appreciating art and literature, which most of his colleagues had not. He studied upon economic problems, rather than upon partisan politics, and tried to grasp the meaning of social change and social condition, and to comprehend economic causes and tendencies. He spent many hours upon problems which were unconsciously unfitting him for partisan success. The librarian came to know him.

His life was very full and happy, save for the dull hunger at his heart whenever he thought of Ida. He wrote to her still, but her replies still kept their calm, impersonal tone. One night, when he returned from the Capitol, he found a letter from her enclosing some clippings.

"I have joined the Farmers' Alliance," she wrote. "I begin to believe that another great wave of thought is about to sweep over the farmers. The *spirit* of the grange did not die. It has passed on into this new organization. The difference is going to be that this new alliance of the farmers will be deeper in thought and broader in sympathy. I never believed the grange a failure. It taught people by its failure. I'm going to Kansas to speak for them there. The alliance is very strong there. This order will become political. Its leaders are very enthusiastic."

She passed on to write of other things, but Bradley was deeply affected by this news. He had heard of the alliance obscurely, but had felt that it was only an attempt to revive the old grange movement, and that it could not succeed. But her letter set him thinking.

He wrote away on a speech till nine o'clock, and then went out for his usual walk about the Capitol and its grounds, which had never lost their charm, as the city itself had. He had grown into the habit of going out whenever he wished to escape the paltry decoration, the hot colors, the vitiated air, of his boarding-place and the importunities of his fellow-boarders. He went out whenever he wanted to think great and refreshing thoughts, or whenever he felt the need of beauty or the presence of life.

THE BROADENING HORIZON OF CIVILIZATION.

"There sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrongs, the Eternal Right,
And step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man."

THE UNREST OF THE HOUR. Nothing is more apparent at the present time than the rapid growth of the revolutionary spirit in almost every department of thought. The crumbling of the throne of France, the death blow to the idea of divine right of kings, and the emancipation of a nation from the blind sway of the Roman church were scarcely more clearly presaged in the turbulent spirit of revolt, which assumed such tangible form in the early months of 1789, than are coming revolutions of inconceivable moment to humanity heralded by passing events. To the thoughtful student of man's progress who believes in the ever onward march of life, the present conflict is rich in promise. He notes the significant fact that the general unrest and signs of growth are along the whole line of human development. As in spring all nature responds to the invitation to grow, so to-day a general advance is indicated as a logical result of the universality of education, the demonstrations of science, the world fraternization, resulting largely from inventions and the steady growth of that which is highest and noblest in the nature of man. The cold crust of ancient thought is everywhere giving way before the radiant new life.

THE RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION OF TO-DAY. In the religious world, there is in progress a wonderful quickening of conscience, a determined revolt against the old-time, accepted letter of the law, against form, right, dogma, and ostentation, which, while they may awe the ignorant, necessarily offend the cultured; while hand in hand with the breaking away from the gorgeous phylacteries of other days, we hear, as never before, the great heart cry of the people for pure, true religion, which rests on deeds, and recognizes the brotherhood of man.

This religious revolution now assumes such gigantic proportions that it can justly be compared to the Reformation, which in the sixteenth century was regarded with such universal indignation and alarm by the dominant thought of the age. In all civilized countries the same spirit of growth and unrest is visible,

yet at the present time America seems to be the storm centre. Here we find the most scholarly and conscientious representatives of the most orthodox churches frankly advancing — as the only conceptions worthy a just and wise Deity or helpful to the race — views of man and his relation to the Creator which two centuries ago would have been denounced as criminal presumption, meriting the death of all who advocated them; while only two generations ago they would have elicited the universal condemnation of orthodoxy. Imagine, for example, what result fifty years ago would necessarily have followed the frank declaration of a leading professor of a great Presbyterian theological college, that a man might find God in other ways than through the Bible; that while a Spurgeon found Him through the Bible, a Newman found Him through the Church, and a Martineau through nature. Imagine a great Episcopalian divine advocating, for the sake of religion and good morals, an *expurgated* Bible, or an equally famous Biblical expositor of the same Communion boldly proclaiming the doctrine of restoration after death. Let us imagine, for a moment, the mental condition of Dr. Lyman Beecher, if in 1826 an orthodox clergyman in good standing, to say nothing about being the pastor of one of America's greatest churches and the editor of one of the most influential church papers, had uttered the following words* :—

“ Christianity has been a struggle of spiritual life for existence, a battle of the spiritual with the physical, of the higher with the lower. Christianity is not a pellucid stream flowing from its source to the sea, but its waters are intermingled with muddy currents. Christianity is a civilized paganism, and will always remain so until the paganism in man's nature is eradicated. We find much paganism in Christianity, in its creed, practices, and ceremonies. Christianity is the growth of the life of God in the hearts of men. If we are Christian evolutionists, we shall not go back to the Westminster Confession, or to the Thirty-nine Articles, or to the Nicene Creed, or to Peter's Confession, or to any creed of the New Testament. We shall not go back to the fourth century for our ideas of the church of the future. We shall not be surprised to find errors and imperfections in the Bible. The Bible is the word of God, as expressed through the imperfect medium of the human intellect. Nay, we shall not be surprised to find the limitations of human ignorance even in Christ himself, for Christ was God manifest in the imperfect human flesh. ‘What!’ the uneducated religious man may exclaim, ‘an imperfect religion! an imperfect Bible! Where is your authority to come from?’ Truth is not in a book. Truth is

* These quotations are from the daily press reports of lectures recently delivered in Boston by Dr. Lyman Abbott of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

in the heart and the mind, and the book only communicates it from one mind to another. It is often said that theology is not, and cannot be progressive, while all other sciences are. But the Bible sets the face of man toward the future, and fills him with hope. The Bible is not so much a revelation as a means of revelation. Evolution and redemption are only two words for the same thing; or in other words, redemption is evolution in the spiritual realm.

* * * * *

"All scientific men now accept, or assume as true, the doctrine of evolution. Evolution has given us a new philosophy, a new biology, a new sociology, a new astronomy, a new geology. It will not *finish its work until it has given us a new theology!* The time has come for all religious teachers to recognize the doctrine of evolution. It is the solvent of the problem of faith. Theology must apply the law of evolution to spiritual as well as to material phenomena. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man."

And yet these words were recently uttered by the great divine who holds the pulpit made famous by the magnificent talent of one of Dr. Beecher's own sons.

The unsuccessful attempt to convict Dr. Briggs of heresy, the magnificent defence of that great Biblical scholar by many of the most illustrious names in the Presbyterian denomination, led by Dr. Philip Schaff, are significant hints of the nature and magnitude of the intellectual revolution in the confines of a single church, one which has long prided itself in being ultra-conservative. Perhaps the power of this growing sentiment of humanity and liberality is even better illustrated by the recent action of this same church, in expurgating from its confession of faith the long-cherished doctrine of infant damnation.

These illustrations, though only a few of many which might be cited, indicate the trend of religious thought at the present time.

THE ONWARD MARCH IN THE EDUCATIONAL WORLD.

In the educational world the signs of progress are as striking as they are hopeful. The old conception of education was as narrow and soul-shrivelling as the ancient conception of the universe was petty and absurd. The intellect alone was trained, and it, for the most part, was driven in old-time grooves. Originality of thought was necessarily dwarfed and genius hampered. Great educational institutions seemed to face the past rather than the future, and the young were treated much as grain which is poured into the hopper of a grist mill. Little heed was paid to individual development, while the inquiring mind of the youthful philosopher and inventor who presumed to suggest some pertinent

question was met with the contemptuous query, "Do you suppose you know more than the author of this work?" and this question, often put in the presence of a roomful of children, ever eager for permission to laugh, resulted in the utter discomfort of the inquiring pupil. It is frequently noted that many of our great original thinkers, men who, like Herbert Spencer, tower above the scholarship of the age, and great inventors like Edison, who give the world more that is of practical value than ten thousand graduates of the best universities, have never enjoyed the advantages of finished scholastic education. Indeed, it is unquestionably true that our old-time system of education frequently shrivelled instead of developed genius. So marked has been this influence that one of the greatest orators of the age truthfully observes that our "Colleges are polishing the pebbles, but dimming the diamonds." Recently, however, there have appeared signs of a general awakening, even within the precincts of conventional educational institutions. President Eliot of Harvard University and other leading educators have boldly expressed themselves in favor of radical reform in educational methods, whereby the individuality of the scholar might be preserved. But apart from this, a movement of far wider significance, and what is even more suggestive, is the daily increasing demand for a more catholic education,* — one which will include physical development, intellectual training, and ethical culture,— appealing at once to the body, mind, and soul.

The old system, in spirit if not in theory, discriminated. The intellectually trained were apart from the great rank and file of bread-winners. Not so with the new theory; it holds that to be properly educated, the child should be brought into perfect rapport with the artisan, and also that the utility of manual labor should be impressed on the mind of the young; hence it insists that industrial training form a part of the education of the future. Some phase of this grand conception of education is being discussed in almost every educational paper of the hour. The old system is fading away in the light of a broader and nobler conception of life and its responsibilities; and this new education, when it comes into universal operation, will prove the most effective of all factors in checking poverty and crime, and ushering in a nobler civilization, for it will develop a vigorous manhood, with intellect ballasted by a developed moral nature; and until the great fundamental principles of ethics are systematically inculcated, we shall continue to skirmish on the borders of true civilization.

* When Professor Jos. Rodes Buchanan published his magnificent twenty-eighth-century work, entitled "The New Education," a decade ago, it attracted little attention, and was thought visionary; but to-day every point he emphasized is being championed by the best and most advanced thinkers.

**PROGRESS IN SOCIAL,
INDUSTRIAL, AND
ECONOMIC PROBLEMS.**

Probably the most significant illustration of the strength of the revolutionary spirit among the intelligent masses of the present day is found when we enter upon the discussion of social, industrial, and economic problems. Here we find millions of people who live by manual labor, reading, thinking, and preparing to act with that unswerving determination which settled convictions of right inspire. At no time in the history of the world have the people studied social, economic, and political problems as to-day; and while this is true of the people of all civilized lands, it is particularly true of our American masses. Professional politicians view with genuine alarm the unusual spectacle of the industrial classes thinking and acting for themselves. Since the appearance of the masterly writings of Henry George, which aroused in thousands of people an interest in social and economic problems, the presses have been laden with works dealing with different phases of the new thought with which the air is rife. "Looking Backward" immortalized its author, and reached a sale of more than a quarter of a million copies, because of the general social unrest and the hunger of the public for some plan looking toward bettering present conditions. "Cæsar's Column" instantly scored an immense success, because it dealt with the plutocrats and proletariats in a startlingly vivid manner. The "Strike of the Millionnaires against the Miners," "Driven from Sea to Sea," and "Main-Travelled Roads" are pen-pictures of social conditions as true as they are painful and portentous, and the avidity with which the people have devoured them proves unmistakably that we are in the presence, not only of a mighty army of intelligent people who are at once discontented, but aroused; who know they are being wronged, and who have ceased to place any confidence in professional politicians, who have more than once proved Judases. "The Coming Climax" and "Bond-Holders and Bread-Winners" are bugle calls to action. Strong, clear, and bold, they voice in no uncertain tones the spirit of the present industrial revolution. Almost every week witnesses new works upon these great social and economic problems*; indeed, in this respect the present strongly suggests the closing days of the reign of Louis XV., when the philosophers and pamphleteers literally carpeted Paris with literature inculcating broader views of life and a nobler conception of humanity; theories which, if the aristocracy had been less blind and the masses less starved, would have resulted in a bloodless revolution

* Another fact, not generally known, is that the industrial reform press to-day numbers almost one thousand weekly papers in this country, many of which enjoy large and rapidly increasing constituencies.

instead of a reign of terror, with an outcome more glorious than that which has followed the establishment of republicanism in France.

Those who persist in asserting that the great industrial revolt of the present is a transient protest, destined to exert no permanent effect upon the political future of this republic, make, I think, a serious mistake, in classing the present movement with spasmodic protests of the past, which have appeared at intervals, as general waves of discontent are likely to come, but having no deep root in settled conviction or in an intelligent comprehension of the prime cause of conditions which are operating against the masses. Such is by no means the case at the present time. The literature of discontent has permeated the minds of millions of toilers. A decade of education has been carried on, which has resulted in bringing social, economic, and political problems before the masses more clearly than ever before in the history of any nation. There is no confusion on the part of the people as to their fundamental demands, a fact which was strikingly illustrated in the great Industrial Convention which convened in St. Louis in the latter part of February. The entire partisan press, it will be remembered, predicted with oracular confidence the utter impossibility of uniting the representatives of the South and the West, the blue and the gray, the mechanic and the farmer, or the urban and the agricultural population. It was asserted and reiterated from day to day that division was inevitable, and yet seldom if ever has a great conference acted with such unanimity or stated its grievances and demands with greater force or clearness. The mistake that professional politicians and the partisan press make is in ignoring the influence of the educational work, upon which the great revolt rests. The discontent of the industrial classes arises from a knowledge of unjust conditions. General education has made the present revolt possible; the special education of the past decade has made it inevitable. That the outcome will be beneficent, I do not for a moment doubt; that it will be brought about without a struggle, is a question for those who have accumulated vast fortunes through special privileges, to determine; for from them, I apprehend, will come the overt acts if any are made after the battle has been fought. But whether this great industrial revolution come peaceably or otherwise, after the struggle I believe it will be found that justice, liberty, and fraternity will mean far more than at any previous period in man's onward career, for a new era will have dawned.

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